MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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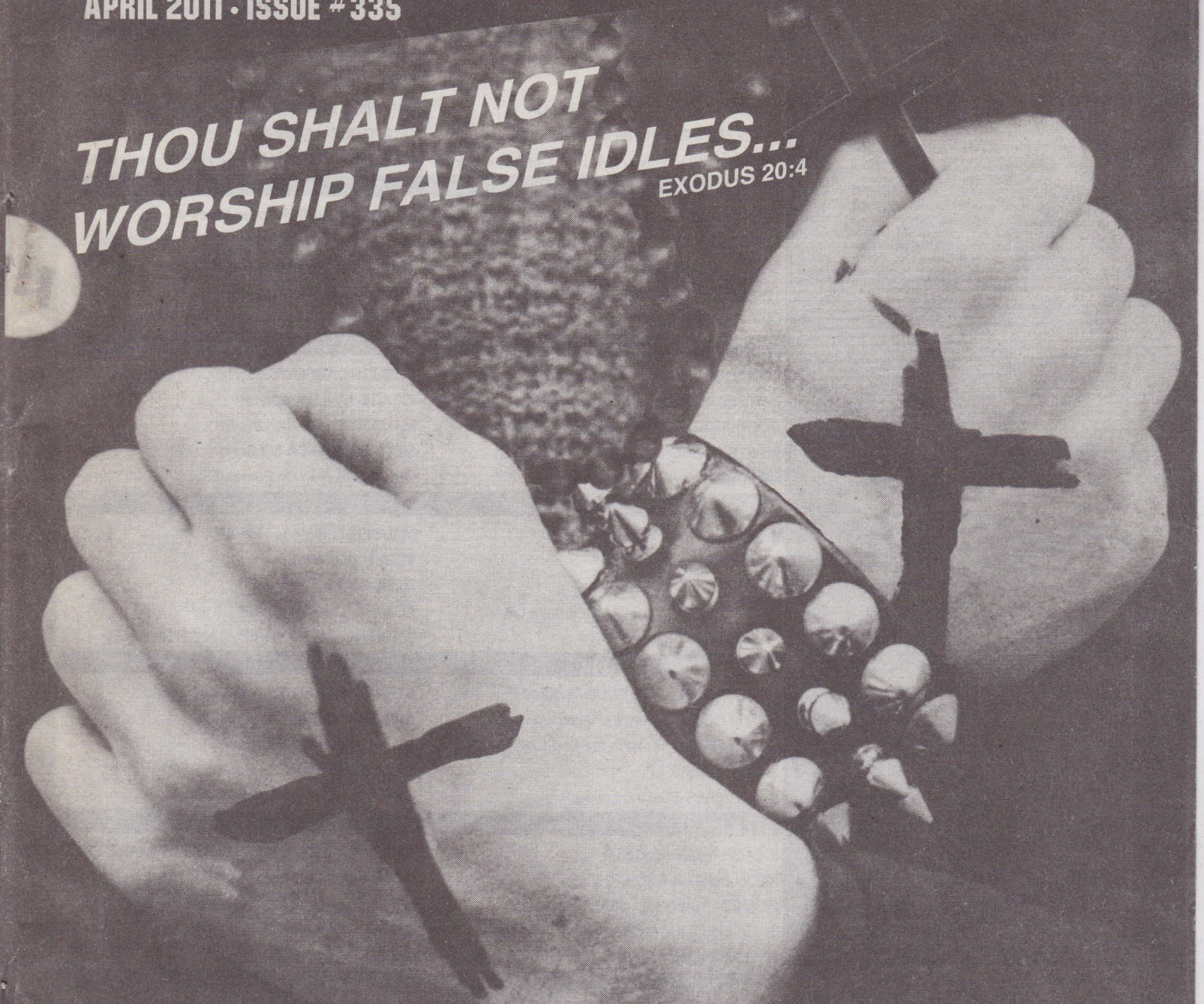

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
179-181, 186-191, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-306, 308-320, 322-334

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
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1/2 page: (7.5" x 5") $165
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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

MAUSER-End of the Line-EP	SECRET PEOPLE-EP / DESCARADOS-EP
ICEAGE-New Brigade-LP	SILLA ELÉCTRICA-No Controlo-EP
NO STATIK-We All Die in the End-LP	PINK NIGHTMARE-Ad Nauseum-EP
FIRMEZA 10-El Grito de la Tierra-LP	VEGETABLE-c.f./Sol-45
LIVID / WEIRD TV-live / RALPH-I Can't Breathe-EP	AMSTERDAMNED-EP / DISCHARGE-both LPs

BRACE BELDEN

ROYAL HEADACHE-Eloise-EP	UV RACE-Acid Trip/Speed Freak-45
BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS-Big in Adelaide-EP	ED NASTY AND THE DOPEDS-I'm Gonna Be-45
SHOCK VALUE-Yellow Peril-EP	CIRCLE PIT-Sewercide/Roll With the Punches-45
TIMMY'S ORGANISM-Rise of the Green Gorilla-LP	JUST URBAIN-Burning-EP
DISCHARGE-Why-LP	PINK REASON-Desperate Living-EP

TIM BROOKS

MERDOSO-In Silence-EP	STRAIGHT ARROWS-It's Happening-LP
BARE WIRES-Seeking Love-LP	ICEAGE-New Brigade-LP
OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB-Torture-LP	MAUSER-End of the Line-EP
MIND SPIDERS-LP	SILLA ELÉCTRICA-No Controlo-EP
NO STATIK-We All Die in the End-LP	OBN IIIS-Runnin On Fumes-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

RIDE AT DAWN-Chrome Pillars-EP	MAUSER-End of the Line-EP
ICEAGE-New Brigade-LP	VEGETABLE-c.f./Sol-45
BANRAN-Stop Kor-EP	MERDOSO-In Silence-EP
OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB-Torture-LP	ACID REFLUX-Moves-EP
RALPH-I Can't Breath-EP	WARNING/WARNING-EP / TANTRUM-2xEP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB-Torture-LP	STRAIGHT ARROWS-It's Happening-LP
SHARP OBJECTS-Another Victim-45	ICEAGE-New Brigade-LP
NO STATIK-We All Die in the End-LP	ROYAL HEADACHE-Eloise-EP
MIND SPIDERS-LP	SILLA ELÉCTRICA-No Controlo-EP
BARE WIRES-Seeking Love-LP	UV RACE-Acid Trip/Speed Freak-45

LAYLA GIBBON

ICEAGE-New Brigade-LP	VACCINE-Rat Race-EP / PINK NIGHTMARE-EP
NEON BLUD-B-Girls-LP	DESCARADOS-Deslumbra-EP
FIRMEZA 10-El Grito de la Tierra-LP	STRAIGHT ARROWS-It's Happening-LP
SILLA ELÉCTRICA-EP / BRAINF#-So Dim-45	TIMMY'S ORGANISM-Rise of the Green Gorilla-LP
KLEENEX/LILIPUT-box set / VEGETABLE-45	WEIRD TV-live / LIVID-live

DAN GOETZ

DISCHARGE-both LPs / VARUKERS-LP	WEIRD TV-live / RALPH-I Can't Breathe-EP
EXTREME NOISE TERROR-both LPs	BAD INFLUENCE-War's No Fun-EP
ACID REFLUX-EP / MAUSER-EP	NO STATIK-We All Die in the End-LP
NEON BLUD-B-Girls-LP	BARE WIRES-LP / LOGJAMMERS-EP
AMSTERDAMNED-Ballroom Dancing-EP	BIG EYES-Prefer to be Alone-EP

BOB GOLDIE

SHARP OBJECTS-Another Victim-45	HARBOUR-Gwalia Deserta-EP
THE BLITZZ-both 45s	MODERN PETS-Killing Sounds for Rotten People-EP
ACID REFLUX-Moves-EP	MIND SPIDERS-LP
DADDY NO!-Pavement Beach-EP	BAD INFLUENCE-War's No Fun Demo 1983-EP
WEAK TEETH-Welcome to Mensa-EP	SHOCK VALUE-Yellow Peril-EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

KENNY KAOS

RAMMA LAMMA-Tiger Don't Change Its Stripes-EP	FIRST BASE-I Saw Her First-EP
THE SAILORS-Guilty Pleasures/Let's Go Chromin-45	MIND SPIDERS-LP
FLESH LIGHTS-Jaye/Maybe Baby-45	NOBUNNY-Raw Romance-LP
IMPO & THE TENTS-Ugly Girl-LP	DUCHESS OF SAIGON-LP
MODERN PETS-Killing Sounds for Rotten People-EP	STRAIGHT ARROWS-It's Happening-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

LOS CULITOS-Déjame En Paz-EP	JUST URBAIN-Burning-EP
I.V. EYES/SCHILLER KILLERS-split EP	POP. 1280-The Grid-12" / DUCHESS OF SAIGON-LP
TIMMY'S ORGANISM-Rise of the Green Gorilla-LP	PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS / SLUG GUTS-split EP
TYLER JON TYLER-LP	ED NASTY AND THE DOPEDS-I'm Gonna Be-45
CIRCLE PIT-Sewercide/Roll With The Punches-45	THE BLITZZ-both 45s / PREFAB MESSIAHS-45

RAY LUJAN

20 BELOWS-For Better Days-CD	POP. 1280-The Grid-12" / RAMMA LAMMA-both 45s
BIG EYES-Why Can't I/Your Eyes-45	REAGONOMICS-Lower the Bar-CD
BYRDS OF PARADISE-Rowena/Kids In The Hall-45	SHARP OBJECTS-45 / TERMINAL GIRLS-LP
DEE CRACKS-Attention Deficit-CD	TORINO 74-CD / TYLER JON TYLER-LP
NO GIMMICK-Loss For Words-CD	UNFUN-LP / GOLLIWOG-CD

MARISSA MAGIC – NEW TOP TEN!!!

KLEENEX/LILIPUT-box set	NEON BLUD-B-Girls-LP
PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS/SLUG GUTS-	LIVID-live
LOS LLAMARADA-The Restless Light/A Current-45	NO STATIK-We All Die in the End-LP
VEGETABLE-c.f./Sol-45	SILLA ELÉCTRICA-No Controlo-EP
CIRCLE PIT-Sewercide/Roll With the Punches-45	WEIRD TV-live

KEN SANDERSON

HEARTLESS-Absent-EP	FIRMEZA 10-El Grito de la Tierra-LP
BANRAN-EP / PINK NIGHTMARE-EP	SILLA ELÉCTRICA-No Controlo-EP
CELLGRAFT-Deceptic Schematic-EP	V/A-Short, Fast and Loud #24-10"+fest
VACCINE-Rat Race-EP	DESERAT-Hardcore Deluxe-LP
MAUSER-End of the Line-EP	AMSTERDAMNED-Ballroom Dancing-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

FIRMEZA 10-El Grito de la Tierra-LP	BIG EYES-Why Can't I/Your Lies-45
SILLA ELÉCTRICA-No Controlo-EP	BRAINF#-So Dim/Symptom Set-45
DIRTY MARQUEE-Hey Larry-EP	ROYAL HEADACHE-Eloise-EP
MIND SPIDERS-LP	NEON BLUD-B-Girls-LP
PINK NIGHTMARE-Ad Nauseum-EP	WEIRD TV / ARCTIC FLOWERS-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

PINK NIGHTMARE-Ad Nauseum-EP	VACCINE-Rat Race-EP
AMSTERDAMNED-Ballroom Dancing-EP	SILLA ELÉCTRICA-No Controlo-EP
MAUSER-End of the Line-EP	NO STATIK-We All Die in the End-LP
ACID REFLUX-Moves-EP	FIRMEZA 10-El Grito de la Tierra-LP
BANRAN-Stop Kor-EP	BLITZZ-Go Now/You Got What You Want-45

ZINE TOP TEN

Langdon Olgar	*Music That Doesn't Suck #5*
Nuts #6	*No Thanks Fuck Everything #6*
Nancy #1	*Evil Minded #7*
Absolutely Zippo #47	*Razorcake #48*
Rocktober #48	*Short Fast and Loud #24*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waiffe, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob.

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitar, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Planet Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Vakivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Voetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories: Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kånger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January #'10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain)

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paul Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nu Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports. Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#329/Fall '10. Cock SParrer, UV Race, Veins, Kakka Hätä 77, Saint Vitus, Kontatto, De Høje Hæle, Moonhearts, Irritones, Beyond Pink, French Scene Report.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylmä Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#332/January '11. Punk Comics Issue! Shawn Kerri, Jaime Hernandez, Gary Panter, Mimi Pond, Ed Luce, Avi Spivak, Liz Suburbia, Eric Hone, Kaz, John Holmstrom, Bobby Madness, Dennis Worden, Cristy Road, Ben Snakepit, Ted May+Jeff Wilson, Janelle Hessig, Craig Bostick, Fly, Alex ratcharge, Caroline Paquita, Jaime Crespo, Josh Bayer, Ben Lyon, Liz Baille.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

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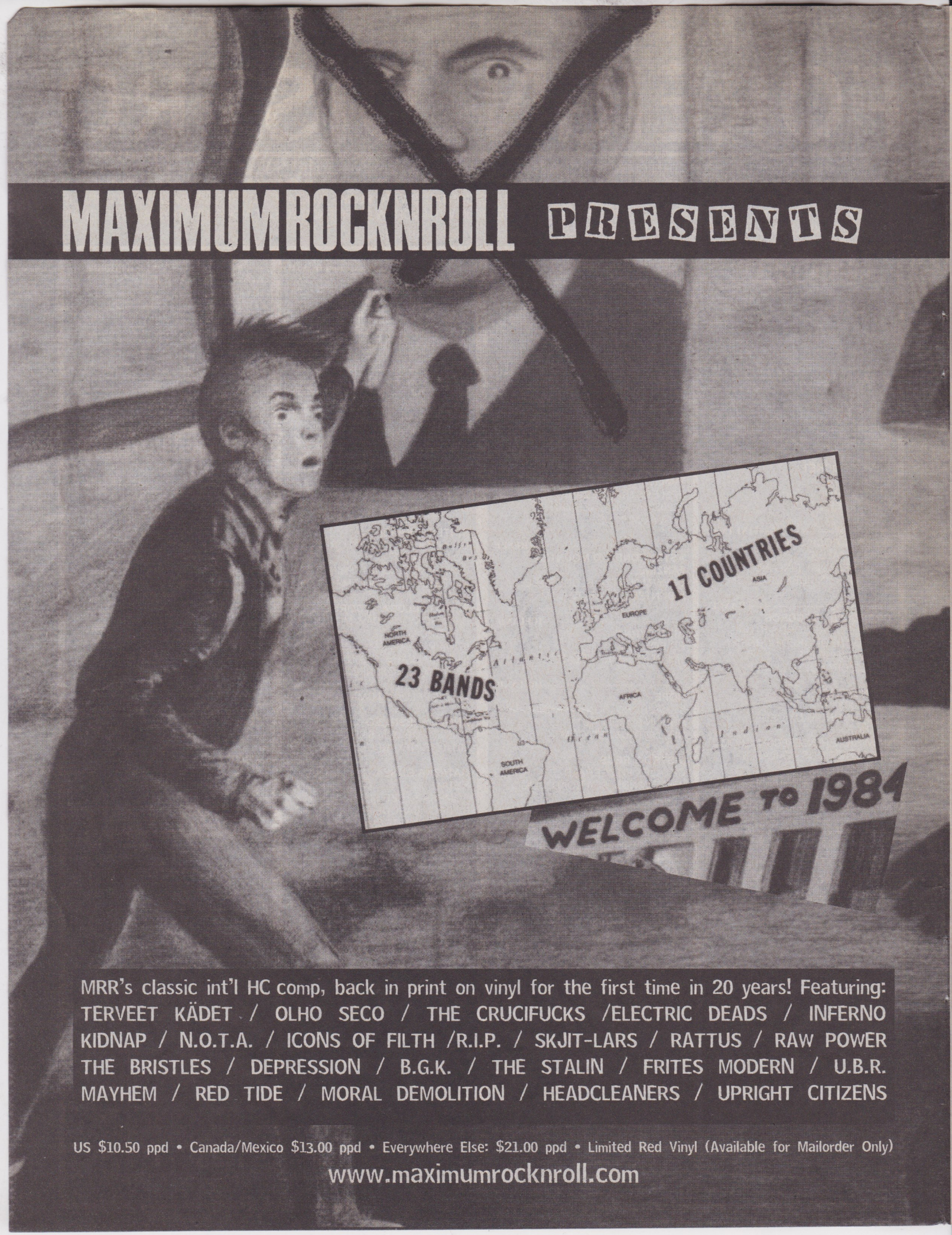
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LETTERS

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Hello Mariam—

I am writing you in response to your recent column in *Maximum Rocknroll*. I understand the distaste for these companies and questioning their motives in sponsoring bands that belong to an underground movement. Being someone that has been involved in punk for the majority of my existence, I sort of assume that the average garage, punk, grindcore, etc. kid is not going to go out and lease/buy a car because my band played one of Scion's festivals. Maybe that is giving too much credit to "punks" but I do not know one single person who owns a Scion car—that being said we do these events purely for the money. It is usually lots more money than we get paid for playing our usual shows. We have never claimed to be a DIY band, but we do most things ourselves. We record and release our own records, have booked the majority of our own tours and work within the infrastructure that has been built within punk rock and, frankly, enjoy doing so because we work hard and feel like we have accomplished something.

What I found offensive is that you questioned our integrity for accepting money from such companies. You must have no idea what a band like us (who do well compared to a lot of bands) has to do in order to tour and put out stupid little 7 inches in hopes that a few people come and watch us play and we might get mentioned in your magazine (which I have a subscription to, by the way). It is not easy and a lot of times not fun. I do not enjoy eating off of the dollar menu at McDonalds everyday while on tour. The only time I dine at fast food restaurants is while I am on tour and too poor to eat real food. I do not enjoy driving from city to city paying over $3 a gallon for gasoline. I do not enjoy sleeping on disgusting floors that inevitably get me sick and make it hard for me to play the crappy music that I make for people who are going to just talk shit about me in columns and message boards. The thirty minutes that we are playing our music to the few people that care makes all of this worth it. I understand that punk rock is a labor of love, but it is easy to judge when your contribution is sitting around typing shit you think about bands while getting free records. This a lot different than being in a touring band.

We came home from this last tour (where we played the Scion garage fest) completely broke, jobless, hungry, and those in the band who did not have help from loved ones to get by essentially became hobos. It took several months to get back to being able to live in a semi-stable lifestyle. Without taking money from companies like scion the lifestyle I mentioned earlier would have been impossible. I reiterate. It would have been *impossible* to live like SHIT without their money. You are not only attacking my integrity but my desire to play music and eat food on the same day. As soon as *Maximum Rocknroll* starts offering tour support I will stop accepting money from companies like Scion.

At least your guest columnist, who remained anonymous, tried to be objective in their column. They took a few jabs at bands, for example the joke regarding the band integrity, which you recycled in your column, but at least tried to understand where these artists were coming from. You on the other hand said that our music has no value, put us on a list as if we were child molesters living in your neighborhood and most offensively said that we should tour with Kings Of Leon. I understand when a band moves on to a broader and less punk audience and does not need to be covered in *MRR*, but to be treated like this because we took a little money from a car company in order to continue doing what we want to do is bullshit. I have supported *MRR* for close to twenty years and will continue to do so but I can't help but take your words personally.

Thanks for your time,
—Anonymous

Hey—

Thanks for your email: I understand that you take this personally, as do I. When you say that you don't think that punks will be running out to buy a Scion just because you played a fest of theirs and that you don't know any punks that own a Scion, that leaves me with little sympathy for you. If you really think that is the issue that I, and countless others, have with Scion sponsorship, I think you are missing the point. You yourself said you were not a DIY band, so what are you worried about? But if you belong to a DIY community, garage, punk or otherwise, and claim that you cannot tour or make music without corporate sponsorship, that is a flat out lie. For years and years various types of music based in DIY ethics have existed without corporate sponsorship. I do not claim that the presence of corporate sponsorship has never reared its ugly head within our world, but it has always been frowned upon.

I think your assumptions about my role in punk are presumptuous to say the least. I get it. You took this as a personal attack so you are trying to do the same. It's human. When you say that for me it is "easy to judge when your contribution is sitting around typing shit you think about bands while getting free records. This a lot different than being in a touring band." You underestimate me and the MRR staff, which I do not take lightly. The contributors, shit workers and coordinators all have regular jobs here. MRR is all volunteer. You also underestimate the thousands of punks in bands that tour every year. I do not feel that I have to give you my touring pedigree, but each band I have been in has toured extensively and we have managed to remain healthy, not eat shitty fast food, have jobs and even bring kids on tour on working class wages. Again, I am not saying this to prove to you that I am "down," but because by constructing a black and white argument (which it is not), in which those that criticize bands that take Scion money are somehow out of touch and unaware of DIY and punk lifestyles, you have disrespected every punk that works hard and believes in their music while still keeping it DIY. So perhaps you do underestimate punks? Your situation does not exist in a vacuum and trying to justify the need to make money from Scion is not convincing. I don't buy it. Perhaps this is your questioning the community in which you belong, but really I think it's perhaps your expectations of what DIY is supposed to deliver.

In addition, the guest columnist you refer to is KC/DC a staple in the DC punk scene (who ironically has roadied for my band). It is not an anonymous column. I will not speak for her, but I can pass on your contact to her if you would like to discuss this with her as well.

In the end, you guys make your own decisions and I respect you and your band mates as human beings, but I cannot overlook your rationalizations that touring and making music can only be done "comfortably" with Scion money. It's bullshit. I don't deny that it is tough all over, but I know for a fact that bands that have some very tough situations have not only survived, but thrived with the support of DIY show spaces, shops, venues, etc... and above all else, friends that share the same ethics. If you really feel like my listing your band that has in fact played a Scion fest is the same thing as being listed as a child molester in my neighborhood—that has nothing to do with me or what I said. That is a ridiculous claim. I guess we will have to agree to disagree. I have no hard feelings and realistically, if this conversation was

had in person, I have no doubt that we would end up on a friendly level. I wish you and your band the best.
Thanks,
—Mariam

[redacted] *Hey Mariam—*
I appreciate your reply. I would like to apologize for the guns out email. I read the column yesterday and was super pissed. The bottom line in listing all of the bands who were sponsored by Scion was to tell people not to support them—intentional or not. That's why it angered me.

I also am not exaggerating on our shitty tour lifestyle. Granted we were on tour for three months straight which is more than most DIY bands do in one stretch. Shame on us for touring that long, maybe? It was four different tours that all ended back to back with bands that I love and have great friendships with. I understand the tour for a couple weeks, go home and save money, then go back on the road idea. I did it for ten years, but our sponsor money got us a little further on that trip and I chose to take it. But I am not lying about our situation. We were broke. I'm still broke actually. The *MRR* subscription was a Christmas gift from my girlfriend.

At the end of the day it is an agree to disagree situation. We work really hard as a band. We have been denied record deals because we refuse to record in proper studios. There is most certainly integrity in our music. That is all I want to point out.

Also I mean no disrespect to the *MRR* staff. Obviously I'm glad everyone there donates their extra time to the magazine. I read every issue.

If we ever meet in person, let's just talk about records. Deal? No hard feelings...
—Anonymous

Hey Anonymous,
Thanks for the email. My intention with listing the bands that have done something with Scion was not to imply that you shouldn't support them, but to tell people who exactly has done something with Scion. There is no clear list nor is it easy to find without sifting through the Scion website. Not surprisingly, most bands that have done something with Scion have curiously omitted that from their website/info, etc... People can make up their own minds, but with out the information they are at a disadvantage. This isn't about creating some sort of anti Scion campaign, but to give people the information to decide for themselves. In my mind, there is a right and wrong answer about accepting this sort of sponsorship; our readership can make up their own minds. This is not to imply that the people in these bands should be treated badly.

If we ever do cross paths, I am sure that it will be cool. I would like to print the letters we have written back and forth in the magazine. If you don't want these published, I understand. We could make them anonymous or if you'd like to write another response, you are welcome to. I just think this is a pretty interesting subject that people are talking about behind closed doors with out hearing each side out.
—Mariam

[redacted] *Dear MRR / Yosef—*
Thanks for the kind reviews of my zine *Accept the Darkness*, and your support, but I just wanted to clarify that "Shiva" is a male's name and I am also, a male. Keep up the great work, *MRR* has been one of my favorite things to read lately, I've been a subscriber since I started *Accept the Darkness* zine.
Cheers!
—Shiva

[redacted] *Dear MRR—*
I am very angry. Well, perhaps angry is not the right word. Perturbed. Agitated. Riled up, as I might say if I were from the great state of West Virginia. Displeased? Not strong enough. Furious? Too violent. Whatever term you choose to use, my feelings on my fellow young people are quite negative after what I experienced on February 2nd.

I awoke late that morning, missing my first class of the day at Podunk Community College, ostensibly due to a faulty cell phone alarm, but if we are looking at this objectively, relying on a cell phone alarm in the first place is a rather major lapse in judgment, and thus I only have myself to blame. After resigning myself to an unproductive morning, I went on with my day, showering and preparing my coffee before sitting down to the check out the latest happenings on the internet, where I quickly noted what was happening in Cairo, Egypt. I will assume that anyone reading this will already be familiar with outbreak of violence and protest in Egypt, so I will spare you my amateur second-hand retelling of the bullet points. I am very strongly in favor of the common people, and revolutions to overthrow corrupt government is always something I can get behind and this one is quite warranted, as Egyptian President (read: King) Hosni Mubarak has been rigging elections and referendums to keep himself in power for the better part of two decades.

After about an hour of gluing myself to the Al Jazeera's constant live online coverage (American cable news outlets couldn't be bothered to peel themselves away from the usual drivel for more than a few minutes at a time), I was forced to peel myself away and head to class. Before leaving, I decided to scrawl "Free Egypt" in masking tape and sharpie on the back of my jacket, figuring this would get some interesting responses at school. Sloganeering and attention-whoring are not usually "my bag" as Tricky Dick might say, but it seemed like a good way to generate some discussion on the subject. How wrong I was. The phrase did not generate a single comment, negative or positive. Perhaps if I had written something about Justin Bieber or the new iPhone I would have garnered more interest. It is at this point in the story where we veer off into an "American Has Gone To Hell" section.

Arriving a few minutes early for class, I ducked into the student center, which has, to my knowledge, the only television on campus that can be controlled by the students, to check out the latest news coverage on the riots in Cairo before my hours-long exile in dank and dingy classrooms. My romantic view of the college experience, colored heavily by my father constantly exposing me to documentaries of Vietnam War protests and the 1970 Kent State riots as a young child, caused me to assume that the center would be packed to the gills with concerned young people, huddled inches away from the television waiting for the latest news updates from the front lines. Instead, what I saw both shocked and saddened me. On the big screen television, there was fighting, bloodshed, and copious amounts of painful screaming. But this was not live news footage from Cairo. A handful of students were playing some sort of Mortal Kombat style video game, the true title of which I could not tell you, as video games passed me by some time ago, to be replaced by other life pursuits that, like video games, are occasionally pleasurable but soon degenerate into tiresome repetition, such as females and gainful employment. I contemplated voicing my disgust to the brainless masses, but after many years of pulling my hair out in rage over such things, I have learned that trying to educate such people is as fruitless as trying to milk a banana. I merely hitched up my backpack and headed off to class, shaking my head in disgust.

The classes were no better, because although the rooms were full of young people discussing current events, I quickly learned that the current events they were discussing involving the possibly exposed nipple of one of the seemingly endless Kardashian sisters, and the latest episode of *Teen Mom*. Another fellow briefly brought up the Egyptian conflict, but once having mentioned his status as a Marine reservist, moved on to more interesting subjects, such as his "fucking outstanding" Trans-Am automobile, and the Pittsburgh Steelers football team. Of course, I had surmised these two things well beforehand, based on his smug attitude, '80s facial hair, and shaky grasp of the English language. It was at this moment that I realized why Jello Biafra is so angry all the time. America, or at least my small corner of it, really has become a confederacy of switched-off, self-absorbed dunces.

I ended the day fearing for the future of the human race. Not because of the conflict in Egypt, which could result in skyrocketing oil prices or even another war in the Middle East, but because of the complete lack of concern that I saw from the young people I encountered throughout the day. It is not hard to see why most of the world hates America. We're going to be in major trouble if we don't wise up and start thinking beyond our own lives. As it stands now, I intend to gather a few of my closest Socialist friends and start the People's Republic of Ryan as soon as possible. Postmaster General and Sergeant-at-Arms are already taken, but I'm accepting applications for all other positions.
Thanks
—Ryan Heimberger

[redacted] *Hi Maximum—*
I wanted to write about the letter in issue 332 from Little Jimmy Forbes of Meth Bog Records who is blind. I haven't worked for *MRR* for a long time, but when I did, layout was done with PageMaker. I assume you use InDesign now. You can export any layout or spread to a PDF which will have

live "text" which a blind person can read using Adobe Acrobat Reader (it has a built in "read this to me" thing). I don't know if the extra work on your end is possible, but it should be pretty straightforward. Not sure if you'd want those files getting out before the issue hit stands but I'm sure you could figure something out.
Take it easy!
—Chris

Hey Chris—
We do plan on making the magazine available to blind readers, we're just still figuring out how we are going to go about it. Watch this space!
—Layla

Dear MRR—
Thank you for the positive review of my band's 7" (Natural Law). It warmed my heart! Anyway, I'm writing for two minor reasons. First, the address you provided for the label, Katorga Works (which I run with my roommate Adam) is slightly incorrect. It is 538 Johnson Ave, not 538 Johnson St. And the unit # is Apt. 203.

Secondly, the reviewer suggested that there is a member of Nomos in the band. This is true. The singer of Nomos, Gareth McGorp, plays bass for Natural Law.
Hope this helps. Thanks.
Sincerely,
—Corman Darhee

Dear Brace—
Usually I skip on past your column but my eye caught the words "trainhopper/traveler" and so I went ahead and brushed the lice-infested dreads from my tattooed face and read from the start. Hey, you are fckn pretty funny. There's a lot of dickhead traveler kids, sure...but we're not all that way. Yeah, uh... that's all.
With love,
—Matt 57

Well I would usually skip past a letter from a criminal, but in this case your prose was so succinct and beautiful that I'll take the time to remind you that I'm never wrong and you should be ashamed for thinking otherwise
—Brace Belden

Dear Brace Belden—
About your column in #334, I always thought patches looked real cool. So you must be wrong about that.
—Bobby

Take a bath...
—Brace Belden

To the fine individuals at MRR—
I'm ugly, broke, addicted, horny and highly caffeinated. I'm currently in a court mandated long term drug rehab and came straight to this fine facility from jail. I spent the last couple years smoking crack and playing Crucifucks and Los Crudos covers on thrift store guitars with three strings in subways for change to get some coffee and LSD and vinyl. Was homeless for a little... no punk-a-sfuck squatter Lower East Side daydream just patches of dirt with my trackmarked arm serving as that evening's pillow. Tried my best to stay me despite it all. Tried not to steal records, just stole from large companies. Helped out at Food Not Bombs and they made sure I got some goodies as well because I usually sold my food stamps. Read *MRR* religiously... Stood up front at the punk shows even when the band was horrendous and even when I was dopesick and broke and contagious and suicidal. I'd give the random touring avant-folk-crust-hippiepunk twosome from one of the Portlands, probably not Maine, something—maybe a few cigarettes or a fucked up poem about unidentified cattle mutilation phenomenon or point them in the direction of some scumfuck guy who could sell them oxycontin.

I rolled up my sleeve in the precinct when the pigs asked if I had piercings /tattoos/ brandings/ identifiable marks and let them photograph my Black Flag bars. Listened to plenty of Bent Outta Shape, Replacements, Dropdead, Scared of Chaka, Sinkhole, and Crime. Defended GG Allin when the cool kids knocked him. Hung out with longhaired Black Sabbath and Devo loving alcoholic dude who makes serial killer sculptures and watched his VHS copy of Necromantik all the fucking time. Wrote about the beautiful flowers in the cracks of Gotham. The way the sunlight recoiled from my grasp when I tried to illuminate something broken but fixable. Smoked cigarettes in an old Muslim woman's apartment while we danced drunk off malt liquor to a warped Phil Spector record that skipped like a heartbeat in a dream wrapped in static. Saw the Ergs! in a church and pissed in the sink. Handwrote zines in the basement of the halfway house: *Neurotica*, *Hard Drugs n' Soft Women*, *Cockrings and Jawbreakers*... Nobody read them but some crazy girls who liked watching me debase myself.

Now I'm trapped in the confines of the building with no music or zines or dreams and illegal substances. I just play spades and smoke cigarettes and eat instant coffee grinds and write erotic stories about punkrock southern girls in high heels and Johnny Thunder shirts. If anyone happens to have any extra back issues or present (I have #333) of *MRR* to contribute to a non-existent library I'm trying to create here. Tapes or mix CDs would be sweet too but now I probably sound like a junkie pushing his luck. Anything would help us. I could return the favor by spreading the gospel of punk fucking rock'n'roll to the underbelly of society in the jails, psyche wards, squats, park benches and rehabs. Stay real, I will too.
—Ryan Uellendahl
Odyssey House
219 E. 121st Street
New York, NY 10035

MRR—
My utmost rudimental regards are penned to all at the house of *MRR*. Another revolting day plagued with these absurd tyrannous hells over in these barren lands of rot and decay inside of this malignant purgatorial swine's lair that rapes my liberty. This life as a prisoner in this Jerry Springer show aka California's max-security housing unit "S.H.V." is most repetitive as the system contaminates our minds with their recycled idiocy and they watch in glee as we lose our scruples and forfeit our sanity in this inhumane razor wire chaos. *N/E Rage* on the last nite whilst doing a transcendent job of portraying a zombified corpse in this long disease I call my life. Paying some tribute to some of this ungovernable mindless boredom that parades about like clockwork a member of the dreaded Green Team (Cops) slid a punk rock mag under the door of my cement coffin. I shan't say what fanzine it is that came, what I will say however that is a long running zine from So-Cal and when it went by another name it was the most sought after zine, along with of course *MRR*, for most of us punx in California in '80s and '90s and now their name's been changed and it seems they just tow the line in order to sell their big name zine. I used to only buy the mag for their columns, now it is a disappointment to read their words. I would be most honored to be able to put a voice to some of this punk rock nostalgia that is housed in this brain of mine in some big punk zine. I've been imprisoned for sixty months. I try to read all punk mags and *MRR* is still second to none.

N/E Rage I forget the reason for this diatribe I am penning as memory eludes me. Hell I get excited to talk about punk rock. In this S.H.V. we are allowed no music. No fucking music is the hardest to cope with. 23 months left to force my punk rock ways upon these powers that shan't be. 23 more months and I will be liberated. Seven years for conspiracy and fraud. This system is broke.

I've got unlimited time and love punk rock; me and Natasha who ironically enough I met through *MRR* a few years ago after she answered a letter I sent in. So naturally I must say thanks for printing my idiocy and in turn finding me a good punk rock buddy. We are working on a zine called *Blinko's Army* (a Nick Blinko tribute). In hopes that these words can get printed and that we can get help with columns, letters, drawings, or if bands wish to get reviewed send a demo to Tash or zines and books to me c/o her. Tasha lives in Montreal and is putting 100% towards *Blinko's Army* and spreading punk rock news. If you wish to be part of something new and you're a punk or skin or rockabilly and got a voice, we'll trumpet your madness through *Blinko's Army*. Well thanks for your time. I'll cease this for now.
Long Live Death!
—Brody 737

Brody Davis #F57379
FAC 4B-3B-106
CA Corr Inst
P.O. Box 1906
Tehachapi, CA 93581

Yo MRR—
I do a Friday night punk rock radio show with my co-host the world famous Nate Dungeon, and we're trying to find ways to bring all that is fast/loud/rules

and new to good old Wisconsin. We need demos, tapes, 7"s—whatever people want us to play.

In addition, any time people are in Eau Claire Wisconsin, on a Friday, they're welcome to drop by the studio and play live or at least talk shit with us. And we can totally get them a show. For your viewing pleasure, please indulge in what everyone who hasn't been to Eau Claire is missing out on:
www.youtube.com/watch?v=j-UkcIoZ63Q
If you need more info, or have any concerns / suggestions / recipe ideas, let me know!
—Thanks!
Christ Almightyhofer
WHYS Radio
ATTN: Increase the Pressue
405 South Farwell St. Suite #23
Eau Claire, WI 54703
Listen Live Friday Nights 10-12 central
www.whysradio.org/listennow.php

[redacted] *To all Worldwide MAXIMUM-ROCKNROLLAHS—*
Comrades! After almost a decade of contributing my PEOPs portraits column to *MRR* it is with a heavy heart that I have to tell you that PEOPs has been cancelled as a regular column. I am writing this letter just to let you know that it is not my choice and I would personally like to continue to contribute monthly. PEOPs is a portrait project that highlights punk, radicals, artists, activists & DIY-ers from around the globe—telling their stories, inspiring others to action and connecting them to like-minded people—as far as I know PEOPs has been one of the only *MRR* long-running graphic columns.

Recently *MRR* put out a comix issue, which was a huge success—I was personally really happy to see this issue because I have always thought there should be more art in *MRR*. Unfortunately my happiness was short-lived. Due to the great success of that issue the *MRR* folks decided to cancel PEOPs—the only art column—in order to make room for more art. It is true I am an old punk lady and I do not understand the new math. But it just did not make sense to me. So I suggested that PEOPs be reduced in size to a half page or even a third of a page & be more integrated with the rest of the columns and maybe everyone could shave off a few lines in their columns so we could all still co-exist. My *MRR* comrades did not want to do this because they said they had already hired new columnists and needed the space.

So, it is curtains for me, although I've been promised that once in a while they will run some PEOPs or my comix or whatever. Now, I want to mention that pretty much all of the kids I have been in contact with over the past decade who work on *MRR* are really great kids; hard-working and intelligent, with their hearts in the right place. (Many of them have been PEOPs'd!). I know what it is like to be a zine shit-worker and bust your ass for very little thanks. They are doing a great job and you all should send them some cookies!!

But I am a cranky old punk lady and I just have to call it like I see it. Canceling the only art column in order to increase the art content just does not make sense. But you know I still love you and I will send you that Star Fucking Hipsters Interview before the new album drops this spring and I have an ABC No Rio Article for you that is really important!

At the end of the day *MRR* reminded me that they could run PEOPs on their website, so I hope that will happen soon. It's a luxury to be on the printed page these days and I feel good that I am reducing my carbon footprint—thanks to everyone who has written and sent support for PEOPs over the years and I hope you all continue to support *MRR* and PEOPs and worldwide DIY
—Fly
Seriously, email me: fly@peops.org. Someday my website will exist: www.peops.org

Fly—
While we at Maximum appreciate the years of work you have put into the magazine, the decision made in regards to no longer running PEOPS on a monthly basis had nothing to do with space issues. You have been contributing PEOPS to the magazine for at least eight years, maybe more, and we simply felt it was time for a change. It has nothing to do with the success of the comic issue, nor your age or status in the scene, we simply wanted to give a voice to less established artists, to feature different people in the space formerly occupied by PEOPS each month. As we stated in our email to you we are happy to run PEOPS on the website and occasionally in the magazine, just not on a monthly basis anymore. Canceling the only art column in order to increase the art content may not make sense to you, as someone who has valued having a continual venue for their work on a monthly basis for many years in the pages of MRR. I understand your disappointment. But to us as editors who want to maintain the magazine's radical tradition while continually finding new voices in the underground DIY community to represent it in the modern age, it makes perfect sense. You have had a good long run, and are a published author with books and professionally published fanzines to your name, it's time to give other artists exposure. We appreciate all you done for the magazine and hope that you will submit comic strips and PEOPS in the future, and that you will enjoy the new artists whose work will run in the magazine.
—Layla

Dear Fly—
As Layla said, the decision to discontinue PEOPS is not a space issue, but to give the opportunity to others to share their artwork. You are a well-established artist and I know you would agree that in keeping with the spirit of punk and DIY giving other lesser established, talented people a venue to reach the MRR audience is a worthwhile endeavor and much worth the sacrifice. As we said in the original email to you, we would still like to have contributions from you that we can run in the magazine and online along with other fellow artists. Your voice is appreciated and valued here and we hope that other artists can enjoy some of your same success.
—Mariam

[redacted] *Dear MRR and Punks Everywhere—*
I'd like to address here, publicly a criticism of my scene that I have to assume applies across the board to the punk scene at large, In the interest of not embarrassing anybody, I will keep peoples names, bands, and my city, to myself.

Back in January, my band, which at the time had a female guitarist, played a show with a touring all-girl punk band. The other band that played that show also has a female guitarist. A 1:1 ratio of female musicians to male musicians, and as best I could tell, female showgoers were having a blast in the pit as well. Basically the show fucking ruled. My roommate booked the show and we flyer-ed for it heavily. The show also had an "event page" on a certain popular social networking site. Yeah, lame. Whatever. It gets people out.

Anyways, somewhere in the mix of comments left on said page, someone left a snide, sarcastic comment about the show, and basically making fun of punk in general. The kind of shit I could usually care less about. The person who booked the show responded by saying "if you don't like it, you should book some shows yourself." To which a female friend of mine (who I really associate more with the activist scene than punk, as I can count on one hand the number of shows I've seen her attend) replied, "Maybe ladies would. if bro-punx boys didn't over run and take over everything."

A classic stupid internet debate ensued. It became personal between some people, grudges are held, and there is lasting drama over it today. Dumb. Anyways, while I pretty strongly objected to the comment, and all that it catalyzed, I can't deny it's at least partial legitimacy. *Of course* the punk scene is male-dominated. Everything is. Patriarchy and Patricentricty (look it up, or listen to Propagandhi) are *not* dead, even in DIY punk. I'm not arguing that because its plain as day. I take issue with the attitude.

This criticism came from someone who has lived in this city for about a year and a half, and in that time I have seen her at *maybe* three shows. Does this nullify her critique? Not entirely, but it illustrates a certain attitude pretty well. Some people are so caught up between cynicism and idealism that they actually expect all the work to be done for them. This chick is just sitting around fetishizing the riot-grrl scene of a couple *decades* ago, and wants to blame those of us who are *doing things* for not having that here and now. Imagine for a moment that a bunch of male-bodied punks, in total agreement with the notion that women are under-represented in the scene, decide to do something about it:

"Uhh hey you should come to this show, 'cause there's never enough chicks." "Yeah, you know, I could give you some free lessons sometime..." Come on! Even with the purest of intentions, it's just going to sound like a bunch of frat boys complaining that their party is a sausage fest. Of course, I'm not claiming that dudes should just be indifferent to it, or that there's nothing they can do; but if a woman is dissatisfied with the gender balance, she can't just sit around behind a computer, complaining, and

expect things to change. Fucking *duh*. If she, or anyone else, is interested in things being different, then act. Do something.

Talk to her feminist sisters about going to shows and looking out for each other. Book shows herself. Learn an instrument. Start a band. Teach others to play.

Our scene here has undergone a pretty incredible (to me) transformation in the last year or so. A lot of us felt like the scene, for too long, had been overrun with dime-a-dozen gimmicky grindcore, powerviolence, and thrash bands. And it was. Look, I love my grind and thrash and all that, but I'm a fucking PUNK, and I wanted some fucking PUNK ROCK. Some fucking hardcore. And so did a lot of my friends and fellow punks. So we started some bands, taught each other to play, started booking shows, and opened our homes up to shows and touring bands.

This time last year, I could barely drum a one-two punk beat. Now I can d-beat at crasher crust speeds. My bassist couldn't double-pick to save his life, and now he can keep up with any riff the guitarist throws at him, *while singing*. I'm not bragging, though, in the grand scheme of DIY punk, this is normal stuff. The point is, we saw a need and we filled it. We wanted something different, or better, and we made it happen. My female punk comrades, with their many male allies, can do the exact same thing, and without diving the community, either. But if all you contribute is TALK; all you put in is criticism, then don't expect any fucking results. How many times does it need to be spelled out? D.I.Y. = DO. IT. YOURSELF.
—Bro punk?

Hey Bro—
Hmmm, after reading your letter I can see why girls feel discouraged from taking part in you local scene. It's cool that you and your friends have made your local scene into what you wanted it to be, that's what punk is all about, DIY, not accepting what you're stuck with as entertainment etc... But maybe you don't even notice the things that keep girls away from participating and making it theirs. If someone dismissively referred to me as a "chick," and wrote off my criticisms, and the feelings of alienation that often occur after you have had your voice silenced and ridiculed in public by a prominent "bro-punk," as merely being some chick complaining about stuff but not doing anything about it... What exactly are those "chicks" supposed to do to be regarded as "legitimate" punks, whose opinions matter in your eyes, as punks who are "actually doing something." If some girl says something and it's not backed up by Propaghandi lyrics is it not a legitimate concern?

I would also like to point out that doing bands and putting on shows is not the only way one can participate in punk. The classic book about early DC hardcore, Banned in DC, *was put together by three female photographers, zine makers who were integral to the DCHC scene, even though none of them actually ended up in bands on* The First Four Years *or whatever. Not to say every girl has to do a book, but just that going to shows, taking photos, making zines, writing letters, sending off for demos and hanging out with your friends is still punk activity! Sharon Cheslow (whose early '80s DC punk band, Chalk Circle were deemed too arty for Dischord) talks about this in the interview she did for the magazine in MRR #298, which I would recommend you read to get a female perspective on fitting into a very macho HC scene.*

Ultimately, you have no idea what it's like being a "female bodied punk" in a male dominated punk scene. That doesn't mean you can't have an opinion, but it also means you can't judge women for feeling uncomfortable and out of place somewhere that you have made to suit your own needs. Have you ever been sexually harassed at a show? In good humor of course, it was just a joke, relax babe! Have you had your mere presence commented on and your legitimacy as a punk called in question? Had the appeal/lack of appeal of your appearance commented on by a stranger at a punk show? Or been followed to and home from a show by a fellow punk? Had a hardcore dude put his hand down your pants in the pit? All of this has happened to women I know, to myself, to my friends, to girl punks that have written into the magazine. Nothing we do is ever enough to prove our legitimacy in the eyes of the ever present bro-punk authority. Our opinion is always biased and our feelings of displacement are always our own fault. Our own lived experiences are written off—we don't try hard enough, we don't go hard enough. For some girls it's easier to give up, to stop going to shows, to stop participating in DIY, since riot grrrl happened fifty decades ago, what's the point?!

I totally understand why girls do Riot Grrrl cover band shows, it's a language a bunch of other girl punks can relate to, songs they know the words to, and have lived. And while I wish they would form their own bands and make their own version of Riot Grrrl, ultimately how different is girls referring back to that subculture to something like the '80s HC revival??!! There are tumblr blogs devoted to pictures of Bikini Kill, but there are ones full of pictures of the Cro Mags and Life's Halt. Who cares?

Seriously, reading your email was depressing on so mnay levels, the slight degree of understanding about the existence of the patriarchy, but then the total denial that its ramifications could possibly exist in the scene that you and your friends made. If women are not participating in your scene, there's probably a reason. You seem to write off the lack of participation of the few female punks in your scene as somehow being their own fault for not trying hard enough to fit your standards of what a punk is! I don't live in your town, but I am writing from my own experience, as a 33 year old woman who hs been going to DIY punk shows since I was 13, and has had to have this boring conversation continuously with friends and with random punk dudes and havng my words written off and dismissed.

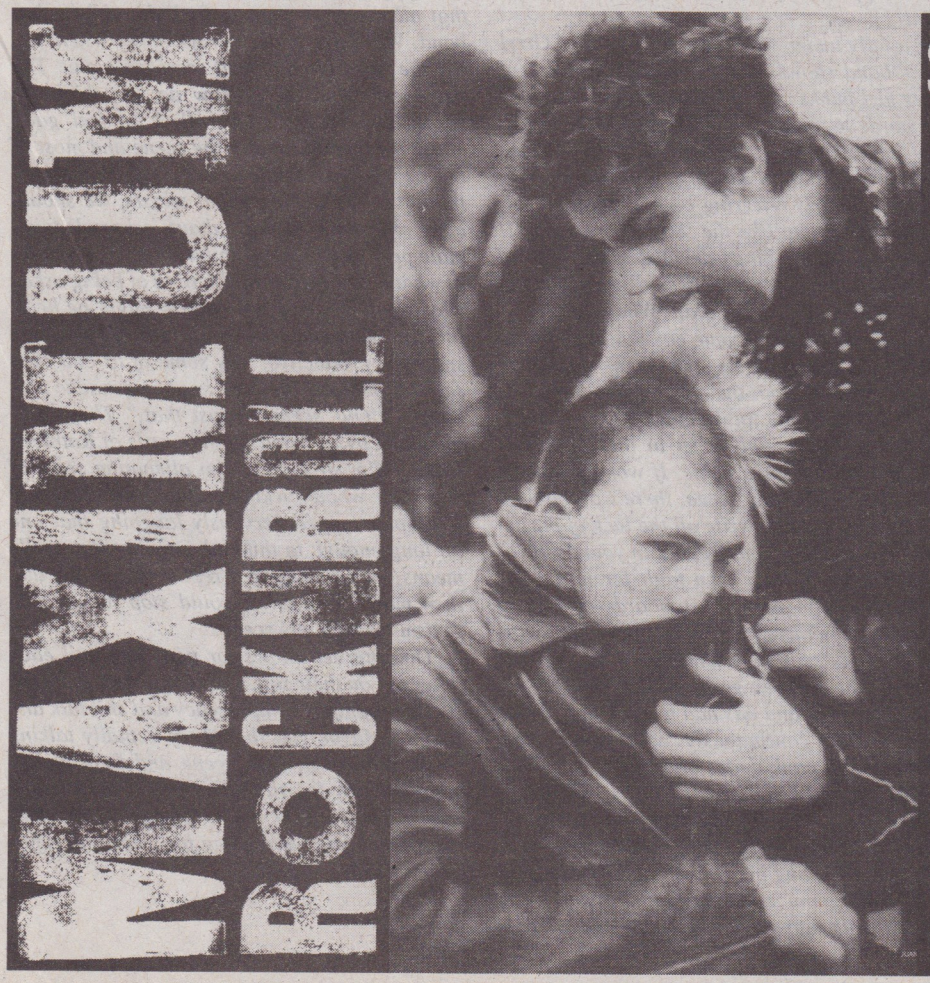
Not every woman in punk or hardcore wants there to be a separate safe space for them to like, do their thing in, away from the male gaze, as Mariam, my co-coordinator says "Every room I walk into should be a safe space."BUT not every woman in hardcore or punk is in a position to own their space, to own the room at the show where some dude is commenting on her sexual activity, on her appearance on her authenticity before he has even had a real fucking conversation with her. Sometimes you have to adjust your gaze to take in other people's experiences and accept that your experience might not match theirs, so it's not your place to trash them for not being "woman" enough to do what you expect of them.

This writing from ilivesweat.tumblr.com by Lauren of the band the Measure (SA) offers another take:

"I think part of the problem is that a lot of guys don't understand the things that women find threatening because it's not obviously dressed as a sexist act. What I think of when I imagine a scene without sexism is a scene where we consciously make an effort to create a safer space for everyone, no matter who they are. So while we might not be saying "you can't be in a band or go to this show because you're a girl," there are plenty of other things that go on that I consider to be sexist, because they're blatantly not considering what would make women in the scene feel safe. So, for those who might not know what I'm talking about: you know what makes me feel unsafe? When you're the only guy in the pit who doesn't get the message to not fly full force into someone half your size or strength. When you take your shirt off at a show. When you ask me if I'm "IN the band or WITH the band" after a male bandmate says the four of us are all IN the band. When you tell me I play guitar well for a girl. When you say that all the guys want to fuck the girl in that band. When you make a rape joke. When you use the word bitch or call someone a slut. The list doesn't end there. Now do you think the scene isn't sexist?... Overall, I do feel good about my involvement in the scene and most of the people I associate with (of all genders). I think if we're talking about sexism, we should also really be talking about acknowledging male privilege, which I think is the root of a lot of what I've mentioned. I'm tired of being asked why an all female-fronted show might be helpful for women, why creating women-only spaces is productive, why some of us call ourselves feminists. They're "not being macho assholes." "Our scene is past that." They "feel alienated by it." Well, in the words of Kathleen Hana, "I'm so sorry if I'm alienating some of you. Your whole fucking culture alienates me." If people stopped nervously laughing that one off long enough to think about what it actually means, we could have a real conversation and then maybe one day I could stop feeling like sexism exists in my scene."

The internet allows for people to call each other out on their shit, to dialogue instantly, but it also magnifies complacency and shit talk and cruelty. Maybe you should try actually talking to the women in your scene and figuring out what you can do, without being patronizing and offering to teach them how to be punk, or whatever it was you were going for when you referenced guitar lessons...

HEY PUNK! TIRED OF BEING A LAZY COMPLAINER?!
SUBMIT TO MRR! SCENE REPORTS, INTERVIEWS, GUEST COLUMNS,
LET THE WORLD KNOW WHAT YOU THINK!! MRR@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM
SEND US LETTERS, TOO!
WE ALWAYS ANSWER IN A NICE AND FRIENDLY WAY. WORD!


MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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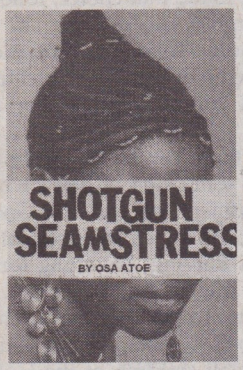


My friend Jesse has wanted to be in a band for as long as I can remember and she finally did it with Cat Vet, this new all-girl band out of Philly. It's so cool seeing your friends finally do something they've always wanted to do. I've got a lot of girl friends who are finally making their own dreams of being musicians come true, but we're all in our late twenties and thirties. Seems like 27 is the new 17. I know women, including myself, finally taking the music they make seriously and playing shows, making recordings, going on tour... Finally taking ourselves seriously as musicians and artists in our late twenties and thirties, even if we may have been playing music in one way or another all of our lives. I know moms in punk bands that go on tour. This sort of self-expression is a necessity that you make time for no matter what. Maybe we're figuring it out later than the average boy musician, but at least we're figuring it out, right?

Okay, now let's get down to business. Show reviews and reviews of recordings are what you're getting this month. Let's return to Cat Vet, a brand new band with a self-released tape out called *Yr Wild!* My band joined theirs for a few days, starting here in New Orleans and going through north Florida. Cat Vet reminds me of Bratmobile or Excuse 17 with less trauma and anger. They are, for sure, the daughters of riot girl, even taking on subjects like consensual sex in one of their songs. They're also all about inside jokes, weird cat humor and having a bunch of people dancing up front while they play. Dawn and Jesse switch off on guitar and drums, while Kirstin sings and shouts, banging an egg shaker on her leg the whole time. All three of them are friends and housemates and share the same total weirdo sense of humor. If you're into Brilliant Colors, I think that you'll probably like Cat Vet.

Speaking of bands that actually sound like "riot girl" bands—rather than girl bands that are compared to other girl bands merely because they're girls—don't you think Son Skull sounds like Bikini Kill? That song, "Boston Girls" sounds like a BK-style riff to me, for sure. Mary, who sings in this band is one of the mamas I was talking about who still plays shows and goes on tour, along with her baby daddy, Hayes who is also in White Boss. When both Son Skull and White Boss came to New Orleans and played Nowe Miasto warehouse a couple months ago, Mary had her two kids with her and I ended up helping one of her daughters look for a purple barrette she dropped on the ground outside the show while her mom set up to play.

Son Skull are from Olympia, as you may have learned from the Olympia scene report that just ran a couple issues ago. So are Hysterics who I got to see play at the public library in Olympia, Washington with Broken Water for Ben's *Nuts!* zine release party. Ben's zine is stellar when it covers local bands and has articles like the one Tobi Vail wrote about meeting Mike Watt when she was a teenager, but is less so when it features long-winded penis torture porn. The newest issue is awesome and also includes of flexi disc with tracks by Milk Music and Carrie White of Gun Outfit. Getting back to Hysterics, they rock. I have a crush on that band. They're obsessed with the only kind of hardcore I like at all: the '80s DC stuff. They cover Artificial Peace and have an original that sounds lots like Minor Threat. The singer is even wearing an Embrace shirt in a picture on the inside of their tape sleeve. Very obsessed with '80s DC punk, these girls. They all seem to be in their early twenties but most of them, if not all of them, have been in other bands before. They've got a self-released tape with songs about gender roles within the punk scene and capitalism. Their singer, Stephi, has great energy and attitude. You already know all about them, if you read their interview in issue #333.

I grudgingly attended the Crackbox/Tranny Shark/Crows Foot show because, while I really wanted to see all those bands, I really dislike the bar that they had the show in. It's one of those places that feels like a warehouse for the wasted, you know what I mean? Just a big, cold, black box of a room that you cannot have fun in unless you get trashed. No ambiance to mention, and the owner of the place has a reputation for being a nihilistic dick. Crackbox, please let me book you a house show next time. Corrina, their singer, has all the power and heart to warm up a space like that, if only for the duration of their set. Crackbox's guitarist lives in a different state most of the time so they've been playing their hearts out (raw pop punk style) since he got back into town several weeks ago. Tranny Shark is a new all-girl band from New Orleans with a member of New Orleans' Most Heinous and also with, lead singer, Alison Gaye, running her mouth, delivering snarky humor, while the rest of the band tries to keep up. They were raw, sloppy and engaging that night, and I'm excited to see their band get better and better the longer they play together. Gotta admit, I do have a difficult relationship with Tranny Shark. For instance, some of the members might have issue with the fact that I call them an all-girl band in this column, cuz, you know, why does it *matter* that they're girls and what's the point of putting on shows with all girl bands? Whatever, that's fine. We don't all have to agree. The last band to play that night was Crows Foot and I left, like a jerk, during their first song.

The recent show at the Peach Orchard Skate Park was pretty dreamy. It's January and it's still just barely warm enough to be able to have a show outside at night. If the winter hadn't been so sad here, it would've been so easy. Every other day it's 70 degrees! They strung Christmas lights all around the skate park, which was just built within the last year in the perfect spot, out of the way, near a highway and some train tracks. Suddenly that night, out of nowhere I heard the voice of a goddess! I thought it was some pre-recorded music playing through the PA but it was in fact this lady named Ami Dang from Baltimore. She played electronics, with all of her waist-length hair draped over her left shoulder, seated on an orange blanket, with a sitar in front of her. Ami is Indian American (her family's from New Delhi) and she sang in a popular Indian female vocal style that most people are familiar with, and played the sitar along to some dirty, blown-out beats coming from the bass amp behind her. Later on in her set, she did this really awesome thing with two dissonant layers of vocals that sounded kinda creepy like in *The Exorcist.* Lydia Lunch does something similar in one of her songs on *Queen of Siam.* Very creepy, bizarre and awe-

some sounding. I smoked AMI DANG out after the show.

Will Neonates ever come to New Orleans? What will Layla's new band sound like after she's done coordinating at *MRR*? If I listen to Sonic Youth and the Rats too many times in a row will I stop liking them after a while? These are the questions that weigh heavy on my mind these days. Waiting for the heat to return....

shotgunseamstress@gmail.com

You might have noticed it's been a couple of months since I contributed a column to this magazine. I've been doing a lot of soul-searching and have discovered a few truths about myself that I think I'd been avoiding, to the point that I debated whether or not I should really continue writing this column; whether or not I really have a place here. But I've discussed it with Layla and Mariam, and they've assured me that *MRR* is a place for diverse views and opinions, and that they welcome all sorts of opinions.

I've mentioned in this column before that I grew up in a Protestant household, and I went to church regularly as a child. I was a member of an after-school Bible study group called Scripture Union, and have read the Good Book cover to cover. In fact, even as I grew disillusioned with organized religion as a teenager (primarily due to the ugliness of religious sectarianism in the west of Scotland) I still have always turned to the Bible for support during difficult times. As I became a punk rocker and involved in the class struggle I soon learned to keep this part of my life a secret, as religion was extremely unpopular amongst the punks, but I consoled myself with the realization that who was Jesus, if not the first punk?

More recently, I have branched out; towards the latter half of 2010 I was having something of a crisis of spirituality. A lot of evil is said and done in the name of Christianity. I had a hard time reconciling the Jesus I thought I knew with so many of the acts done in his name. In something of a tailspin, I reached out desperately for solace. First, I studied the Torah and the Koran. Then, I attended introductions to Zen Buddhism and practiced yoga. I read the Bhagavad Gita, the sacred text followed by the Hare Krishna. I devoured books on Rastafarianism. With each chapter, with each class, I was slowly realizing something that, deep down, I knew all along: at their core, all religions share pretty similar tenets, but each has seen their message distorted along the way to serve the needs of some human leader. Religion is not the problem: hierarchy, leadership, and human frailty. The scales had fallen from my eyes.

My calling, then, seems to be to create a world religion that distills the natural goodness from the existing religions, but which has no hierarchy, no difference between the oldest sage and the freshest acolyte. Since the beginning of the year I have been holding daily prayer meetings with similarly-minded people I have met here in San Francisco: disillusioned Christians, alienated Muslims, angst-ridden Buddhists, and assorted soup-kitchen celebrities. We have been sharing ideas, thoughts, and fears. Fear is probably our biggest enemy, but the very depth of our fear tells us we have stumbled upon something righteous and holy. Something essential: something that will finally change the world for the better. We call our group The Children Of July, for reasons that will become clear later.

Anyone with any experience of working in cooperatives will tell you how difficult it is to run any kind of organization without a hierarchy. For the purposes of keeping things moving efficiently, the group unanimously voted to appoint myself as temporary "coordinator", or de facto leader. Everyone involved has accepted my assurance that I will step down as soon as we feel we have a sufficiently strong grassroots organization.

The reasons I was chosen so unanimously are somewhat important to the story of the genesis of the Children of July. While the group started with around twenty members, the less committed among us fell away as the pressures of daily prayer meetings became too demanding; eventually we were left with a hard core of seven members. As I learned about the world's major religions, I discovered that the number seven is significant not just in the Bible, where it appears many times over (Seven days of creation, seven days of famine, seven spirits of God mentioned in Revelation, the seven deadly sins, etc) but also in Hinduism (seven Chakras), Islam (e.g, seven levels of heaven and hell) and Judaism (the seven branches of the Menorah to give but one example). This felt especially significant to me, as I was born on the seventh day in the seventh month (July). In fact, I was born in 1970, so I turned seven years old on the seventh day of the seventh month of the year 1977. Therefore, the number seven has always carried a little extra weight for me. The more I read the holy scriptures of the world's religions, the more I realized why: I was put on Earth to unite the people of the world under one umbrella of peace and love. I say that not as any kind of religious guru: I am just a regular guy. I'm not the second coming of anything. But I feel this as my calling and I can no longer fight the urge to share this with as many people as possible, starting with you, the readers of *Maximum Rocknroll*. I hope that over the coming months I can use my column to disseminate some of the findings that come out of our regular prayer meetings, and to encourage readers to form their own chapters of the Children Of July.

So far, we have tried to distill the basics of what we believe to be the foundation of the future one world religion. We have come up with some basic tenets, but they are not commandments in the traditional sense. Being part of the Children Of July is a choice, and once you've made that choice, following the tenets is almost self-fulfilling. In fact, our tenets are more like group affirmations, with which we begin every prayer meeting.

1. We will honor our Mother and our Father.

By now, there can be no doubt as to the existence of some kind of deity, who for the sake of argument we will call God, or the Holy Father. However, we also feel strongly that there is a living, breathing force at the heart of all life on the planet; for now, we will call that force Mother Earth. This is central to the belief system of the Children Of July: we are all children of the Holy Father and Mother Earth. Everything we do must honor them. For two long, humans on this planet have disrespected our Mother, and as such have enraged our Father. War, famine, "climate change", disease: these are our punishments for continuously mistreating our Mother. We feel that this can go on no longer. The first step in changing the planet is to adopt a completely vegetarian diet. All members of the Children of July are encouraged to follow this path.

2. We will drink the wine.

Unlike more orthodox religions, we see nothing inherently wrong with enjoying pleasurable foods and substances, as long as they don't infringe on the first tenet. Growing up in Scotland, I was introduced to a particular brand of wine made by Benedictine monks at Buckfast Abbey in Devon. Acolytes of The Children of July find that sharing the wine leads to a more convivial atmosphere at the prayer meeting and will be an important factor in the future unification of all world religions. A word of caution, though: over-indulgence in the wine led to some heated arguments at early meetings and may be one reason our numbers have been so greatly reduced.

3. We will spread the word.

It took me a while, but eventually I figured it out: From the earliest Gospel singers, to the most conscious Reggae musicians, to the Bad Brains, by far the most intense music is made by those who are answering the call of a higher power. Each member of the Children of July has vowed to start a band as a way to get the message across, and we ultimately envisage COJ bands and musicians of all genres and types in each city and town across the world, spreading the word and unifying the people scene by scene, until we are all living in peace.

4. We will love each other.

It sounds so simple, yet we make it so complicated. Just love each other. Learn to forgive. Drink the wine (See no. 2). It feels good. The number seven crops up again here. As I said, there are seven core members of the Children of July. The possibilities, the miracles that can be achieved when seven people just *love* each other will blow your mind. I encourage anyone who is interested in anything I have to say, to go out and start their own chapter. Find six more like-minded people and watch the sparks fly.

5. We will actively seek the seventh son of the seventh son.

As I said earlier, the number seven is significant. While I have written a lot about peace and love, the truth is the world is at war, and unfortunately, no one is listening to you or me. What the masses respond to (besides TV talent shows) is a miracle. We intend to do all we can to bring one about. As we grow a grassroots network, especially one built on love and peace such as we are, I have no doubt that couplings will arise and families will naturally develop. We feel it is beneficial that male acolytes father as many children as possible, with the express intention that ultimately one lucky female acolyte will carry the miracle baby, the seventh son of a seventh son. The arrival of such a child will cast shame on those who continue to wage war and disrespect our Mother Earth. While it contradicts many Western codes of decency and morality, in order to maximize the chance of this happening, we have agreed that each male acolyte may keep up to seven wives.

This may sound as if we are emphasizing procreation over recreational or homosexual lovemaking: on the contrary. See tenet 4: We will love each other. If we can do it in groups of seven, all the better.

So those are our first five tenets. I have to admit, it is difficult for me to share this with the public so soon, but I feel that it's time. I hope that at least some of you can appreciate what we are trying to do; with any luck, you'll be inspired to get in touch and start your own chapter. I would like to host a gathering of all world chapters of the Children Of July here in San Francisco, if not this year, then hopefully in July 2012. See you there?

If you are interested in receiving transcripts from our prayer meetings, send $10 (cash only) to cover postage and handling to Children Of July, PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609.

Oddly enough, I've been receiving a lot of e-mails and letters regarding my columns. Most of them are pretty mean and some just out right cruel. Truth be told, I'm slightly into it. Usually makes my morning (afternoon) when someone is willing to take time out of what I'm sure is a busy day to drop a little ol' "fuck you" e-mail on me. I'm so flattered in fact, that due to overwhelming boredom and a severe lack of anything better to write about this month as a result of a) not having a fucking life these days and b) just not having the time to be bothered with anything pertinent to this magazine, have decided to share some of these precious gems of critical praise and persecution with all of you, my loyal readers. A little advice before we begin, if you wanna listen to TLC's smash hit "Fan Mail" in its entirety, that's your business, but I highly recommend it.

Dear Logan Dean Worrell,
In your *MRR* column for issue #323, you refer to yourself as the "King of Punk"—what exactly gives you the impression that you are worthy of such a title? From what I hear, you are an ex-emo kid who at one time contemplated getting a Jawbreaker tattoo (alleged from a reliable source might I add). Also, while I'm wasting my time writing you this stupid e-mail that you will undoubtedly only open in the hopes that it is an effusive missive penned by a former "Suicide Girl" you used to hook up with, let me dispel this fantasy and assure you that you are a terrible writer and make you aware of the fact that *MRR* gave you a forum to regale us with you bullshit stories or grandeur and self deprecation takes virtually all validity away from the magazine and makes me want to simultaneously read *Razorcake* while slitting my wrist to a Grabass Charlestons soundtrack.
Fuck you, you fucking loser.
—Dropkick Stacy

Dear Stacy,
Thank you so much for writing. Hearing such positive feedback from fans is the only reason I do this. It's what I live for. You make me feel like, well, a punker Mother Teresa. You see, Mother Teresa really helped people and frankly I like to think that I help people too. Near as I can tell, I was able to help a fucking mongoloid like you open your computer, look up my e-mail and truly, openly express yourself. I'm honored, flattered, and humbled by your kind words. As far as the emo kid thing is concerned, you are correct. Not so much "ex" but just the same... Come to think of it, I've seen two amazing shows in my life. One was the Get Up Kids at a Christian club in Dallas, TX in 1999 and the other was Jay-z and Usher in Houston, TX at a giant arena. Man, that brings up some old memories. Man, those were the days. In case you were wondering, I also had a brief foray into the rave scene. The year was 2001, and the Dallas rave scene was really popping off. Any who, a couple of my new AA friends were really into the shit and seeing as I didn't have a whole lot of options in the friend department, being a prick and all, I figured I'd give it the old college try. All and all, I still have mixed reviews about the whole experience. I did hook it with a girl sporting multi color dreads. That's another one I can check off the bucket list.
Thanks for writing,
—Logan Dean Worrell

Dear Logan,
I dunno—every month I choke down another few poorly written paragraphs of your self-indulgent bullshit. You think it's cute talking shit about everyone like you are so high and mighty and your shit don't stink. You make out like you are some rock n' roll lothario when you really are just another loser living in your friend's closet. You even had the gall to write a column about being a good houseguest. Wanna talk about the used condoms in the kitchen rubbish bin? Or the crashed car? Come on man. You are always talking about the punks, but you aren't punk, just another fucking hipster wanna be with shitty tattoos and a beard. Why do you hate kids? Why do you hate *the* kids?
Love,
—Tim Brooks

Dear Tim,
Where to begin? I guess I'll have to start at the whole condom in the trashcan thing. If yes, it was a place where the kids (or my then roommates) could have possibly discovered the soiled prophylactic, so I'm gonna go ahead and say my bad. I could have given you the 22 year-old Logan treatment and tied that shit in a knot and placed it under a couch cushion only to be found at another, probably more embarrassing time. You should really be thanking me. Still feel bad about the car thing. Honestly, I was going to the beer store for *you* so I'm gonna go ahead and wash my hands of that shit right there. The whole tattoos and beard thing get me action, so I have no regrets or justification on that one. Send Lu and Eli my love and give the Misses a hug for me.
Thanks for writing.
Love,
—Uncle Lolo

Dear Logan,
I'm writing you this from London, England. I hear you were just over here on this side of the pond recently and regret not being able to track you down to confront you in person about the atrociously offensiveness of your column for *Maximum Rocknroll*. It seems to me that you are only interested in talking about your sexual exploits in hopes of furthering your reputation as a scumbag and making it that much easier for you to convince young, impressionable women into having presumably awful, awful sex with you. Your column about "Bears" made me sick to my stomach. My brother is a gay man

and all the ostracism he had to endure during his youth hardly seems like the type of subject matter one would choose to poke fun of in a publication of this magnitude. Shame on you. Mr. Worrell, do the world a favor—go back to whatever suburban shithole you came from and stop wasting our time with your unintelligible rants lambasting lifestyles you don't have the intellectual capacity of grasping. It's a good thing you enjoy talking about your masturbatory habits in print because I'm pretty sure that's the only action you get.
Regards,
—Judy Stench

Judy,
Thanks so much for the kind words. Hearing from readers such as you makes this whole rock'n'roll lifestyle worthwhile. Judy, I'm just a simple man from plain ol' Texas. No more, no less. Do I enjoy the fine ladies? Yes, I do. Did Timmy urinate in my mouth at a party last weekend? You know he did, Judy. Let me tell you a little bit about my life, Judy—more importantly, let me tell you about what I did last weekend. First, Timmy and I went to go see the premier New Orleans bounce rapper big Freedia. As TJ is putting a record out for her, why not hit that up and steal the beer out of Kool Keith's dressing room? After that, we headed to Emo's to see Madball. During the second song, the entire band left the stage and fought a dude. As soon as the fight was over, we got bored, hopped into a cab, and went to some house party. Shit got weird and I convinced Timmy to piss in my mouth. Ran into an ex-girlfriend from about eight years ago at the party. Not so much an ex so much as a woman I was obsessed with when I was nineteen. Tomato, tomato, feel me? I digress. Hammered, I jumped at the opportunity to talk to her, trying to rekindle an old flame. When the words came out of mouth, they came out slurred and garbled, yelling god knows what. The next 60 seconds is when the shit really hit the fan. Alex, our friend and driver, crushed a beer can on his head, letting us know that the keg was floated and it was time to bail. The 21 year old girl I was sleeping with at the time put her arm around my waist and announced to me that "Baby, it's time to go", and on my way out I got into a fight with a giant redheaded kid because he had red hair, and I didn't like that. So yeah… Now you and the women from eight years ago know I'm doing pretty well.
Thanks for writing,
—LDW

On the real tip. Thanks guys you have given me hope in the people again. Rejoice in the power of print media. I'm not going anywhere so don't worry your pretty little heads about it. I got this. Fuck all of you.
Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com

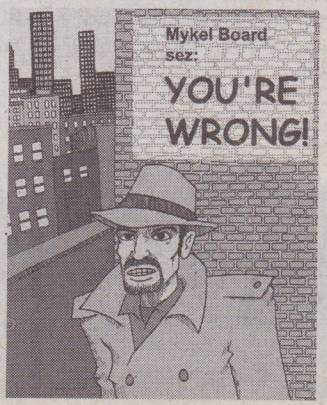
So it all started with this discussion of the band Girls. I love Girls. But as is nature and in accordance to natural law, I feel this weird need to hate them (though Garret is the only man I'll ever love) because they will *always* sell more records than the Younger Lovers. But seriously let's talk about it—some twinky straight boy is all "I wish I had a boyfriend," and it's the fucking shot heard round the fag world. *All the fags just ate that shit up*! And I felt sooooooooooooooooooo irritated. It's like *no honey*—how about you spend years in the gay capital of the world inducing early arthritis by spending two hours a day on the treadmill, eating quinoa (even though you *fucking hate quinoa*), and not making assholes use rubbers cause you want them to "like you more." Yeah bitch. live my hell, *thhhhheeeeeen* talk to me about "wishing you had a boyfriend." (Do I sound bitter?) Anyway, I was talking to a friend about it, "Yeah, like it's sooooo hard being gay (sniff, sniff) and *then* that bitch had the nerve to be "Ummmm, I consider myself QUEER not GAY. Gay is a construct set up by the patriarchy....blah blah blah"

So just to be a TOTAL MOTHERFUCKER why I'm not so sold on the term Queer...

1.) All umbrella terms are bullshit and don't really explain much...
2.) All people I know who *absolutely insist* on it are all privileged fucks who've had access to the very *academic* terminology.
3.) I hate the fact that if I *dare* refer to myself as "gay"—that I'm treated like I just called myself "a negro."
4.) I liked it better when it was called bi-sexual.
5.) How come it feels like in this whole gay vs. queer language we're only arguing semantics?
6.) It's like it's saying that we are *all* on this undecipherable journey of sexuality pressed on some plot on the continuum ready to embrace sexual anarchy at any given moment and like, do whatever. BULLSHIT. Sorry, turning in my flower child card and admitting I'm not that fucking free. I want sex with a wiener, then I want pizza. If I'm too boring for you well then don't fuck me.
7.) Why isn't there a stronger gender analysis for this? Like, how come most bio girls can transition from dykes to tranny boys to bio boys in ways I *never* see the boys do? One dyke said to me "Girls can fuck whoever they want cause they don't have to get hard"—but didn't accept this cause it felt hateful. (BUT seriously most tranny boys I know wouldn't fuck with dick if you paid them but their bio-girl-friends can do it without thinking twice... What's with that?)
8.) ALL SEX IS KINDA DUMB (I mean a little bit, right?)
9.) I feel like ultimately accepting a "queer" identity in the ultimate grand scheme of things is accepting a "gay" identity (seeing as how people outside of the major queer urban hubs won't know what the fuck you're talking about if you try to insinuate a *major* and *unforgivable* difference between the two)
and
10.) There's something WAY too utopian about this idea that if we just call it "QUEER" and give it a really vague definition that this will tie up all the universal sexual "ends" and we will all be FREE. ummmmmmmm, hmmmmmmmmm...

I want to destroy the notion of "GAY" too! Like right now people say "gay" and think of like the BRAVO channel or Lady Gaga or moving to the Castro and adopting kids and *yes* this definition of the construct *has* to be destroyed... but not at the expense of the truth.

So, in closing and in short—why can't we just admit what the term "queer" really is—the term "queer" is a bi-sexual lady who dated some anarchist dude in her teens (who was *way* too old for her) who gave her a copy of *The Ethical Slut* and turned her into a perv too. "Queer" is a bi-sexual lady burnout (and her bi-sexual boyfriend) who is wanting to sleaze out on you. "Queer" is a bi-sexual lady perv burnout (and her lady boyfriend) who learned how to properly roofie someone at the first Queeruption and is going to turn you into her little bitch. My personal take? This is all totally fine! Whatever. You *should* eat her pussy (and his too—you fucking *square*) but I just lament that these facts cant be celebrated in and of themselves instead of treating the segment of the queer/gay population that are strictly/mostly dickly like were just a bunch of squares sucking the patriarchy's dick just because we don't do the switch-hit-(unless there's drugs involved) There has to be a better way. Did I mention that identity politics make me fucking barf?



Let us, however, in our plans, direct our attention not so much to what is good and moral as to what is necessary and useful. —Protocols of the Elders of Zion

"And you're just going to tell everyone?" he asks. "Pretty soon word'll get out.... Ruin everything... It would destroy thousands of years. Let me tell you: Forget it! Only don't come running back to me. Once you do this, it's over. Like I said before, you won't survive."

"I'm an old man, George," I tell him. "I don't have much time left anyway."

I'm talking with George Tabb. We're in the dressing room of *The Continental*. I'm there for **Revival Two**, the second annual reunion of ever-older farts. Downstairs is the dressing room. In a corner of that room, George and I talk about... well, you'll read it.

"After this *blood libel* thing with Sarah Palin... I gotta speak out." I tell him.

"Ya gotta do what ya gotta do," he tells me. "But you're destroying 5000 years of history in the process. It's worse than the holocaust. It might even lead to another one."

I nod grimly. We hug. It's like we're parting forever. Maybe we are.

Flashback: The year is 1952. Six months before my bar mitzvah. As with every Jewish boy, it's during this time we're introduced to the wonders and mysteries of Jewishness. My parents have driven me to the synagogue.

"You won't forget today," says my father as I get out of the car. Are his eyes wet?

It's early April, a week before Passover. An air of solemnity... awe... fear... blankets the inner chamber of the synagogue. There is no Hebrew school teacher today.... just the rabbi, Rabbi Alterkake.

Looking back, I guess he wasn't a very tall man, but to me, he seemed like a giant. A fierce looking face with a long gray beard and big eyebrows... two fat caterpillars above deep set eyes.

"Mykel," says the rabbi. He speaks with a slightly Eastern European accent.... like my grandfather. His deep voice sounds like the voice of GOD.

"You will never forget today," he says. "It is time for you to know what it really means to be a Jew. You might have heard whispers... rumors dismissed with a wave of the hand. Still, you wondered. Today you will know."

If you've ever been inside a synagogue, you'll remember that on the Eastern wall, facing Jerusalem, is a tall boxlike structure. It's called an ***ark***. It contains one or two scrolls... dressed fancy with chestplates and crowns. If you've attended a Jewish service, you might have seen the rabbi read from one. When not being read, the scrolls rest on velvet in the back of the ark.

Rabbi Alterkake takes me by the hand and leads me up to the ark. He removes the two scrolls and sets them on a stand. Then he reaches to the blue velvet. There is a snap or zipper or some kind of fastener. I'm not exactly sure. Whatever it is, he unfastens it and pushes against the wood underneath. It is a door. And it silently swings open.

On the other side, a staircase leads downwards. It looks unimaginably old... wooden... rickety... like those staircases in horror movies. The rabbi leads, entering the back of the ark and going down the stairs. I follow.

If this were a movie, the rabbi would have a candle in his hand. We'd be casting eerie shadows on the wall. It isn't. We aren't.

I'm not exactly sure where the light is coming from. There must be bulbs in the staircase ceiling that I don't notice. What I do notice is that the stairs end at a large door... like a giant refrigerator door... white, with a metal handle. Rabbi Alterkake pulls the handle and it silently swings open. We step inside a room.

It's dark. Before my eyes can adjust, the door swings shut behind us with a little whoosh! I feel like I'm in a church crypt... like those I read about in old European cathedrals.

As my eyes adjust I make out a very plain room: four concrete walls. On each of the four walls is a white scroll with a giant Hebrew letter on it.

Aleph, Peh, Lamed, Feh. And hanging from the ceiling in the center of the room is another giant ***Lamed***.

In the middle of the room is a cross. It's on an alter, and it's big. Bigger than my 4 foot eleven inch self. A Christian cross. Why?

I wonder if the synagogue is constructed over an old church. But why did they keep the cross there? Why would the rabbi take me to visit it? I can't imagine what Jesus has to do with getting ready for a bar mitzvah.

We approach the cross, circling around to the other side... facing the ***Aleph*** on the wall.

It is not Jesus on the cross. It is a little boy... naked... tied to the cross beam by his wrists.

"This is the fate of the goyim," says the rabbi. "God made us His chosen people. In every generation, the goyim have tried to destroy us. We survive because we respect God. We follow God's instructions."

He walks to a shelf attached to the concrete wall, just to the right of the ***Lamed***. On that shelf lies a huge pair of scissors— like the Jewish tailors use to cut cloth in midtown New York.

"We survive," continues the rabbi, "because we follow the rituals of our fathers... and our fathers' fathers."

He walks up to the Christian boy... a blond kid, about five years old... Dutchboy haircut. The rope around his wrists is red with blood. He must've scraped the skin off trying to escape. His knees are about eye level to the rabbi... His face wrinkles in fear. Tears smear his cheeks. His nose drips snot.

A small bucket lies on the floor, directly beneath the child. I recognize the Hebrew letters etched into the metal. One looks like a fiery **N**. I recognize it as Aleph, the first letter of the alphabet. The other is long, a bit like a **P**. It's the Hebrew *Feh*. The F-sound. I have no idea what they mean. They must be related to the symbols on the wall. It's all mysterious... foreign.

A drop of blood falls from boy's tiny wrists to the floor. The rabbi reaches up between the boy's legs. The kid tries to twist his knees to protect the tiny glands he will eventually surrender. Slapping the offending legs, the rabbi presses onward.

Pushing his right hand between the child's legs, the rabbi uses the scissors in his left hand to point to the bucket. Then he points to a spot on the cross, under the legs of the naked boy.

"Hold that here," he says.

I lift the bucket and hold it where I'm told.

The rabbi's right hand is tight between the kids' legs. He hooks his fingers around the tiny testicles. He pulls and a horrible scream comes from the kid's mouth. Reaching up with the scissors, he puts the two tiny glands between the sharp edges, then presses the handle together. A worse scream issues from the child's mouth. Worse than anything I've ever heard.

That sound still haunts me, 60 years later. It was a scream like the pain of the world. A scream that pierces every bone, like the cold of a wet winter day. A scream that made my twelve and a half year old body tremble as if it were happening to me.

"And they think matzo ball soup is made from balls of matzo," says the rabbi with a small ironic smile.

The scream dies to a whisper. A kind of sob/hiccup. The bucket I'm holding fills with the blood dripping from the open wound between the boy's legs. At first it's a torrent, splashing out, over my hands, onto my shirt. The torrent turns into a river. The river to a stream. The stream to a trickle. Time slows as the flow of blood slows. TICK... TICK... TICK... DROP... DROP... DROP. Eventually it's over.

The boy is quiet now, his naked legs covered in red rivulets, like a Jackson Pollock painting. The terror is gone from his face. It's almost like he's sleeping, his chin resting against his small chest. His skin is as white and pale as the paper I'm typing this on.

The rabbi walks to another shelf, this one next to the giant ***Alef***. He takes a book from that shelf. It looks like ***The Koran***. At least my twelve-year-old image of what the Koran looks like. The writing is certainly Arabic, not Hebrew. The book looks old— but gilded... and holy.

He rips a page from the book and places on it the two little testes he's snipped from the goy on the cross.

He folds the paper around the glands and puts them in the pocket of his long coat. He then spits into the book, rubs it on the seat of his pants and puts it back on the shelf.

I don't know what happens to the little body. My guess is that it's taken down, and

walled up behind one of those giant Hebrew letters. It's one of the many things I never find out.

I follow the rabbi back up the stairs. The blood of the little blond boy swishes in the bucket I'm carrying. Kerblub! Kerblub! Telmwirl! Telmwirl! It sounds like it's talking to me.

Tell the word! Tell the world! it's saying.

It's a scene that every Jewish boy has witnessed for the past thousand years. Two thousand. Five thousand. And until now, no one has ever told... or if they have, their reports have been ridiculed as *blood libel.*

Now you know. Blood it is. Libel, unfortunately, it is not.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

—>*Credit where its due dept:* There are very few big internet corporations that I like... though I use them. *Facebook* is a privacy horror. *Apple* has turned itself into a God. *eBay* spawned the Meg Whitman monster. But sometimes, you've got to give credit.

In December, the U.S. government got a court order demanding *Twitter* turn over information about people connected to WikiLeaks. The court order added a gag demand that prevented *Twitter* from telling anyone, especially the targets of the order, about the order's existence.

Instead of caving in Google-like, *Twitter* successfully challenged the gag order in court. Then they told the targets that their data was being requested. That gave the victims time to try to quash the order themselves.

Twitter's move comes as a ton of spineless companies, including *PayPal, MasterCard, Visa,* and *Bank of America* banned donations to WikiLeaks. *Amazon.com* voluntarily threw the site off its hosting platform, though there's nothing illegal in publishing classified documents.

By standing up for its users, *Twitter* showed guts and principles. Ten punk points for you, *Twitter.*

—>Did it happen to you? dept: If you have a website that has been threatened with a suit or received a letter asking that material be removed... there's help for you. A website called Chilling Effect (chillingeffects.org) will help you stand up for your first amendment rights... and least the few you have left.

—>*Telling a man by his friends dept:* TV preacher Pat Robertson was told he may not have to testify in the war crimes trial of his business partner, former Liberian dictator, Charles Taylor. Robertson got ten percent of the profits of a Liberian company ironically called *Freedom Gold.* In 2003, Robertson pulled some strings for his pal by criticizing GWB for "destabilizing Liberia," which meant trying to get rid of the dictator. Robertson had made no such similar comments when GWB tried to get rid of another leader... Saddam Hussein.

—>*Secular sectarianism dept:* The French government has banned the burka in France. The excuse? "We're a secular nation." They have not, however, banned Jesus bling or mezuzahs on doorposts.

I drove into a valley of fog last night to say goodbye to my mother before she is deployed to Afghanistan, before she is sent back to war. She lives in a little cow town in the central valley. I woke this morning to a day sticky and warm for winter, but with grey cloud cover that refuses to burn away.

Children who seem like they ought to be in school and jobless men sit on the sidewalks talking, passing two liters of soda around. Smaller children pedal lazy circles in the empty streets.

I ask my mother why her neighborhood looks so empty. The short of it is "foreclosures." She points to a particularly forlorn house at the end of the cul-de-sac, dark sooty trails creep up the stucco from the boarded windows. She tells me it was the site of a recent attempted murder-suicide. An estranged husband stabbed his wife and set fire to their house. She awoke in the smoke filled house, crawled out, and lived. He was pulled from the house minutes later, but didn't live to be arrested.

The police found the body of a missing four-year-old boy in a nearby canal last week. Kidnapped by a man in a silver corolla. I remember that I saw the amber alerts flashing about him on the highway all last week. The corolla was found ten miles further up in the canal, along with sixteen other cars. I wonder if the children in those cars were swept to far along to find.

The air is filled with an eerie near constant buzz. The bees, whose numbers have been dwindling for years have returned, not to the budding almond groves nearby, but to the "regular ol' trees" of the tract my mother lives in. It's raining pollen on her Buick SUV in the driveway, dusting it in pale gold.

Inside her house the revolution in Egypt is unfolding on a TV no one is watching. Hundreds of thousands of Egyptians are standing in Tahrir Square demanding change, demanding a new Egypt, demanding self-determination.

My mother offers me a glass of cold water from the tap. I can't help but think of the silver corolla, the little boy. "No thanks, mom."

She needs to pick up a few items before she leaves. We are shopping for extra long twin sheets, a shower caddy, and a special mattress cover to keep the bugs in her mattress from biting at night. Not quite like bed bugs she says. Not quite. A woman browsing next to us is explaining to a store clerk that this particular shade of violet sheets aren't going to work with her bedroom set. She has a look of tightlipped concern as she asks, "Do you have anything warmer, but more neutral, like a mauve?"

A small collection of punks lounges on benches at the entrance of the mall in Modesto. A small ipod speaker set blasts a tinny version of the Dead Kennedys' "Forward to Death."

I can't take another day/It's such a bore/It gets me really sore/I don't need this fucking world/I don't need this fucking world /This world brings me down/Gag with every breath/This world brings me down/I'm looking forward to death.

One kid in a Casualties shirt skates up talking on his cell phone and gives me a reserved nod. I nod back, but I clutch my mother's hand, and look away. I can't relate right now, and I don't really want to.

Not so far away people are fighting to live, fighting for a chance; boredom is a luxury they can't afford. But I won't blame the punks for being self indulgent, or isolated, or spoiled. Their rejection is still important. Rejecting the kind of life that uses the rest of the world's poverty to prop itself up—a life that depends on subjugation, manipulation, imperialism, and war. Important, but out of step with where I am now, to small for the stark and terrible world I contemplate today.

My mother says she wants to make a stop on the way home, so we exit the highway and join a large straight farm road on its course toward the hills. A family sits on the edge of the canal fishing. I wonder if that is how the missing boy was found.

We turn into a gated expanse of tree dotted rolling hills and she tells me, "This is where I'll be buried." It annoys me when she tries to script sentimental moments, so I tell her it smells like cows. She drives up to the overlook and I tell her it's a nice view she won't get to enjoy. She is annoyed, but I feel a little better in my snarkiness. In an effort to appease her I tell her it's pretty, and quiet. She smiles with a quick glance sideways to see if I've got another smart-ass comment to add. I keep my mouth shut.

Looking out over the graves I think about my mother's life and feel sad. Sent back into the fray after just having resumed normal life, after just ridding her sleep of nightmares. She will take the terror and neurological damage of her time in Iraq to Afghanistan with her. She insists that by providing medical aid to both soldiers and civilians she will be doing good, she will be mitigating the damage of war. She speaks of sacrifice. I wonder if she knows her sacrifice is not for a better world, but as a tool of that same US machine that ensures the complacent life of those upper middle class women worrying over shades of sheets, and her punk kids too busy rejecting her way of life

to see there is a wider world to react to. Each of them has the privilege not to react if they choose not to; the privilege to ignore.

I don't want my mother's life, but I don't want her to lose it. I reject her way of life, her choices, but I want her to live, I want her alive to make more of the choices I reject.

As I near thirty, I have changed and not changed. I still refuse the life the world my mother fought to give me, tried to bequeath me. In rejecting it I must reject a complacent life, a prosperous life, I must reject the privilege to boredom. It's not hard when I think of the anger the resolve of the hundreds of thousands of Egyptians gathered half a world away. My sympathy is with them, my heart and hope with them.

So many people want to live, to be free, but they don't get the choice. For now, I get that choice, and I want to live. I want to fight.

***

By the time you read this the revolution in Egypt will have played out, and however it has ended I hope you have been inspired as I have been inspired.

Please direct all manifestos, treatises, and rants to arielawesome@gmail.com. I'm looking forward to it.

GOTTA STICK TOGETHER...

"...gotta stick together, gotta stick together, gotta stick together like glue!"—SS Decontrol, "Glue," from their *Get It Away* 12" EP

This past August, there was a huge reunion show of sorts featuring most of Boston's original crop of hardcore bands—JERRY'S KIDS, FU'S, GANG GREEN and, for the first time in nearly 25 years, DYS. A few newer local bands also played and, in lieu of NEGATIVE FX, SLAPSHOT performed. This was held at Club Lido in Revere, an expansive club that had little in the way of charm but was large enough to handle such an event. The occasion for this show? There's currently a documentary about the early '80s Boston hardcore scene, *XXX All-Ages XXX: The Boston Hardcore Film*, that's in production with a release slated for sometime in 2011. It's the brainchild of some of the "pioneers" of the original Boston hardcore scene—Katie "The Kleening Lady" Goldman, who was one of the first hardcore DJs in Boston, promoted some shows and helped found *Forced Exposure* 'zine; Duane Lucia, who ran the Gallery East, a space that hosted a number of early hardcore shows from '81 to '82. This was one of the spaces where all the CRUCIAL Boston bands got their start and was also the venue for the first local appearances of MINOR THREAT, NEGATIVE APPROACH, NECROS, MDC and plenty more. The film is being directed and edited by Drew Stone, current vocalist for ANTIDOTE and, back then, locals the MIGHTY CO'S. Drew runs his own film production company and has shot videos with such artists as RUN-DMC, TYPE-O NEGATIVE, ONYX, BIOHAZARD, MADBALL, etc... The film will feature interviews with people who were involved in the scene back then, be it playing in bands, DJ-ing, running spaces, promoting shows, publishing zines, etc. I was honored to be interviewed to talk about my zine and involvement. To bring it up to date or full circle if you will, this show was filmed and some of it will be used in the documentary.

Anyway, the show was a lot of fun, as people came in from all over the country and overseas. I saw people I hadn't seen in ten, fifteen, even twenty years. It was a multi-generational event as some of those who went to shows "back in the day" brought their kids. It was overwhelming, in fact. As for the bands, I thought JERRY'S KIDS stole the show, as they played *Is This My World* straight through with a relentless barrage. The FU'S played their first show with original members Steve Grimes and Wayne Maestri in years. DYS sounded tight and had three-fifths of the original lineup although the songs from the self-titled album (aka *Fire and Ice*) have *not* aged well. In retrospect, they weren't that good to begin with except for "Late Night" and "No Pain No Gain." Despite the fact that DYS said it was a one-off performance, that ended up not being the case and they're now playing shows from time to time.

But besides the aforementioned NEGATIVE FX, you probably noticed the absence of another band, that being SS DECONTROL. Their vocalist David Spring or, Springa as he's known to the rest of the world, was in attendance and performed SSD's "Boiling Point" with one of the opening bands, REFUSE RESIST and also acted as something of an unofficial emcee at times. Springa brought up his ludicrous statement from 1984—back then, at JERRY'S KIDS final show at the time, he announced something along the lines of how "hardcore ends today. We started it and now we end it." I might have gotten the exact wording wrong but that was the gist. And on this hot August day, he now says, "we ended it back then and now we start it again." Quite the bold statement, eh? Just dismiss everything that's happened in the past quarter century.

I'm not here to write a dissertation about the ignorance or elitist nature of what he said. Rather, I'm here to tell you about an interesting project that Springa discussed with me afterwards. He wants to create his own document of that era but it would have to take a different form than what Duane, Drew and Katie are working on. A different twist, if you will. That's when he came up with his idea—his own film called *Glue: A Boston Hardcore Fable*. Springa will be the executive producer and screenwriter. He's had some acting experience over years. His film debut was in the 1992 movie *Hoffa*, the biopic about the Teamsters president Jimmy Hoffa, as portrayed by Jack Nicholson. Springa's role was uncredited (I think they call it being an extra) but you can clearly see him with a club in his hand during a key brawl sequence between Teamsters and the authorities. Steve Blush from *American Hardcore* will be brought in as a production advisor. The director of photography will be Springa's brother Phil aka Phil 'n Phlash, a renowned photographer who documented the early Boston era. A director has yet to be hired and filming has yet to commence but it should begin in the coming months.

Glue: A Boston Hardcore Fable is a fantasy piece, of sorts. The Gallery East show was referred to as a hardcore high school reunion. People who hadn't seen each other in years or had faded away from the local hardcore scene (that still exists, by the way—I have proof) reconvened. To reminisce, to perhaps rekindle the eternal spark of youth that still existed within them. Sometimes, it's pretty far in there as some of the "old-timers" have put on a few pounds since back in the day. I resemble that remark.

So the loose concept of the film is what used to be called the Boston Crew, the tight group of friends who, as the SSD song said, gotta stick together like glue, gather for a special tour around the city. They would revisit their old haunts and try to recapture those feelings that had inspired them in the first place. The film will open with these folks arriving in Boston—some by plane, some by car, some by train and they converge outside of the South Station subway stop. Accompanied by the strains of DYS' "Wolfpack," they all march, 30 or 40 strong, over the Summer Street Bridge and head for the Channel, the home of many memorable all-ages hardcore shows during that era. Allegedly mob-run, it was an expansive venue populated by overly aggressive bouncers but one of the few options when bands like BLACK FLAG or SUICIDAL TENDENCIES came through town. I have wonderful memories of falling off the stage backwards during MINOR THREAT's final Boston appearance and chair legs being used as weapons during a spirited brawl at a 1983 YOUTH BRIGADE show. The reunited Wolfpack turn the corner onto Melcher Street and take a right onto Necco Street, the location of the club. And then they stop, incredulous expressions cross their faces—the club is gone, torn down and has been replaced by a parking lot. Springa had considered using Joni Mitchell's "Big Yellow Taxi," which laments how, *"they paved paradise and put up a parking lot"* but he didn't think the original version would fit the film. So he put together a band of younger, up 'n'

coming Boston hardcore musicians that he'll front—SPRINGA'S GLUE CREW—and they're going to record their own version.

Dejected but not defeated, the Wolfpack decide to return to one of the places where it all started, the legendary Gallery East, which is close to South Station. So they go back across the Summer Street Bridge, "Wolfpack" once again on the soundtrack, past South Station and onto East Street. More disappointment—the gallery is now the home of the Boston Health and Swim Club. One person suggests stopping in for a workout to get back into fighting shape. Many people in the Boston Crew had always been enamored of vigorous physical activity. Skateboarding, weight lifting—it made for an intimidating presence in the pit.
DYS's "No Pain No Gain" plays subtly in the background but the increasingly frustrating tour must continue.

Next stop: the Media Workshop, another early DIY space that hosted shows, starting in the summer of 1981. The Wolfpack exit the Arlington Street T (for MBTA) station on the Green Line and are once again slapped in their collective faces. The original building had been torn down many years before and the new buildings on the renovated block had an overpriced cafe on one side of where the workshop once existed and a Jos. A. Bank clothing store on the other. Music in the background—the PRETENDERS' "My City Was Gone," performed once again by the GLUE CREW.

Now the Wolfpack are in that region between depressed and enraged. Some want to take out their frustrations by smashing the windows of the clothing store or running through and trashing the outdoor part of the cafe but they were never really into anarchy or chaos back in the day so they get back on the Green Line and press on to what they hope will be a satisfying destination. It's on to Kenmore Square, forever immortalized in LAST RIGHTS' "So Ends Our Night": "We all go to Kenmore square/All of our friends are waiting there/Trouble is brewing whenever we're around." This song plays in the background as a determined Wolfpack climb the stairs after disembarking at Kenmore Station. But there are no friends waiting there and trouble is indeed brewing but not the kind mentioned in the song. The trouble is Kenmore Square has long since been gentrified and *everything* is gone—the legendary Boston punk club the Rat and hangouts like Nemo's Pizza, the Pizza Pad and Charlie's Cafeteria are nowhere to be found. That entire block was bulldozed sometime after the Rat closed in '97 and the luxury Hotel Commonwealth was built in its place. Across the street, the building that was once the home of the Radiobeat studio, where the compilation *This Is Boston, Not LA"* had been recorded, is now an Uno's. Hell, it's enough to make a straight-edger start drinking booze instead of the Coca-Cola mentioned in "So Ends Our Night." By the way, LAST RIGHTS never played at the Rat. They never even played Boston—their only show was in the western part of the state, at the Guiding Star Grange in Greenfield, forever immortalized on the cover of their 7". Quite an interesting bit of trivia, eh?

It was a trip to nowhere. Everything was gone, all the old hangouts. Except one... not so much a hangout but an icon of Boston hardcore, forever immortalized on the cover of SSD's debut 12" *The Kids Will Have Their Say.* The steps! The steps of the Massachusetts State House. The kids charging up those steps ready to do battle with the powers-that-be. Or, at the very least, get in their cardio workout for the day.

It was back onto the Green Line, to Park Street Station, then a determined march through Boston Common, a mini-army of angry (former) youth, as the strains of "Wolfpack" once again surge over the visuals. And there they were, the Boston Wolfpack in front of those iconic steps. Much like Rocky Balboa ran up those steps in front of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, this was a moment of victory for the Wolfpack, for the Boston Crew. Only you don't hear Bill Conti's "Gonna Fly Now," like in *Rocky*. In their charge to the summit, the song "The Kids Will Have Their Say" is heard like a clarion call. The charge takes a bit longer than it did in 1982 because, let's face it, guys in their 40s can't get up those steps as quickly as in their salad days.

Once they've reached the top, the Wolfpack spontaneously break into a rendition of "Glue" and the song eventually fades into the original recording. They gaze triumphantly over the city below. The Wolfpack realize that while those physical locations have been lost to history and they've scattered into different locations and largely gotten on with their lives, the inseparable bond still remains. Like glue, like crew!

As I said, Springa is hoping to start filming in the coming months. Once it's completed, Springa will host screening in select cities around the country. SPRINGA'S GLUE CREW will also perform a variety of SSD classics, with the set list thankfully restricted to the first two records. To paraphrase DYS's "City to City," it'll be a plague that continues to spread. So watch out—the Wolfpack is back! *Glue: A Boston Hardcore Fable.* Coming soon...

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Ev'rywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet, boy
'Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting in the street, boy
But what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fighting man
No

Written about British Pakistani New Leftie Tariq Ali, this tongue-in-cheek *Rolling Stones* ditty remains a rousing anthem to a familiar type of political testosterone. I remember that, during the 1970 Isla Vista riots, a local record store hoisted massive speakers onto their roof and blasted "Street Fighting Man" full blast as students battled police in the winding streets of that soporific beach town. Covered by folks as diverse as Rod Stewart and the *Ramones*, the version done by Zack de la Rocha and *Rage Against the Machine* embodies the bombast, if not the fury, intended by the *Stones*.

An acquaintance once commented that politics is a young man's game. From the Paris riots of 1968, which inspired my initial interest in politics, to the current Cairo riots, young people dominated the streets. And by young people, I mean young men. For while the 60s saw a considerable uptick of female participation in what, at the time, we all considered to be revolutionary activity, the campus occupations and street fighting were still a man's world. Similarly, reports from Tahrir Square at the beginning of the anti-Mubarak uprising described a surprising sexual equality in the numbers participating in the occupation. But when Mubarak's supporters, with the help of the secret police, assaulted the protesters with horses and camels, and then laid siege to the square with rocks, molotovs and guns, the complexion of the protest quickly changed to mostly male. Excuse me, but since I don't give a flying fuck about what's politically correct, I'm not beyond crediting biology for differences in strength, and testosterone for increased levels of aggression to account for the dominance of young men in street politics.

Hey! Think the time is right for a palace revolution
But where I live the game to play is compromise solution
Well, then what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's no place for a street fighting man
No

Street politics is the crucial referent here. To be young, able to hurl abuse and more at the cops, then to outmaneuver and outrun their fat, riot-gear-encumbered asses; that's what's thrilling about being a street fighting man. It's what, approaching 60, with bad feet and a bum knee, I can appreciate only vicariously, or as ever-receding personal memories. I mean, it's not like I can't participate in politics *per se*. Much like war, in which old men make the decisions while

young men do the fighting and dying, politics entails the young in the streets and the old in the smoke-filled back rooms. But politics without the streets—the politics of meetings, deal making and compromise—was always an absolute bore to my way of thinking. So, that leaves me on the sidelines, taking in the only politics that truly matter—street politics—as a spectator sport.

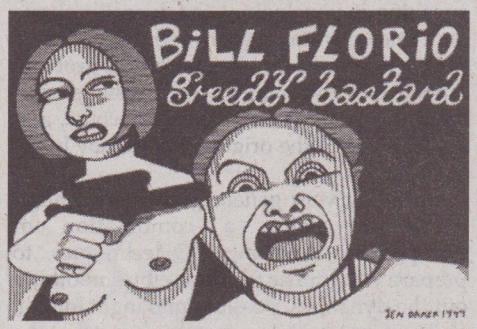
Whether as a spectator or as a participant, being a partisan of those who take to the streets to fight the powers that be can produce a skewed view of things. Siding with rioters against the police is like being a Mets or a Red Sox fan in that you're bound to be on the losing side most of the time. For every Cairo, there are ten thousand Tehrans. Yet such persistent defeat never seems to dampen an irrational optimism among sympathizers whenever and wherever rioting breaks out. I'm in a radical reading group whose ultra left members invariably go into paroxysms of adulation every time a bunch of students go on a rampage, break windows, block traffic, burn dumpsters, and generally make a nuisance of themselves. This exercise in youthful excess, in turn, has been elevated to the absurd heights of a revolutionary strategy by the current crop of insurrectionary anarchists and left communists. Oddly however, Glenn Beck seems to be the only one serious about a specter of permanent insurrection, seeing in Egypt the hand of the Invisible Committee and "the beginning of 'the coming insurrection.'"

Such surprisingly naïve enthusiasm, and sadly infantile rebellion, is far better than the opportunistic instrumentalism of much of the Leninist Left. When not considered cannon fodder for the party and the revolution, street politics are judged progressive so long as they strike a blow against US hegemony, and insurgents, whatever their political persuasion, are defined either as "objectively anti-imperialist" or in terms of "the enemy of one's enemy is one's friend." Thus, Leninists of various stripes defended the Islamic students who took American embassy personnel hostage in Iran from 1979 to 1981 as radical, even as those students pledged their undying loyalty to Ayatollah Khomeini and his Shiite revolution.

Hey! Said my name is called disturbance
I'll shout and scream, I'll kill the king, I'll rail at all his servants
Well, what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's no place for a street fighting man
No

Leave it to Leninism to squeeze all the juice, all the insurrectionary spirit, out of street politics. If the Left were honest, they would take Bakunin's infamous remark that "the destructive urge is a creative urge" and admit that the destructive urge is sufficient unto itself. There is something absolutely elemental about the whirlwind of destruction unleashed by taking to the streets, and taking them away from the powers that be, even momentarily. We're not talking about simple hormones here, but about something deeper, Freudian, archetypal; something that transcends human biology to reach what is essential to life. The desire to reduce illusions to ashes, power to shambles, civilization to smoking ruin must be seen in the light of the sheer aesthetic joy in the conflagration itself. It is the stuff of the demiurge, which in Christian mythology goes by the names Satan and Lucifer. Or, as it goes in the Bhagavad-Gita: "I am become Shiva, destroyer of worlds," which Robert Oppenheimer paraphrased upon witnessing humanity's detonation of the first atomic bomb. I've communed with this deity of destruction perhaps a dozen times in my life thanks to my involvement in radical street politics. An intoxicating experience each time. Which is why this armchair stuff is such a drag.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



MOST FUCKED UP TOUR PART 1

In the past eight days I've slept in parking lots next to snoring bear-like men in over a dozen states. I've tried to shave and wash myself under the tyrannical thumb of the HyTronic Automatic four ounce water-saving sink faucet. I have eaten mostly Special K energy bars and hit-or-miss BBQ joints. I've sang in the middle of a chilly North Carolina street for an hour or so spare-changing whereas to where phlegm guides all good-morning responses. What the fuck have I done with myself? Did my band sign to Planet-X or something? No, somehow over the past year I've found myself at the forefront of the improvisational comedy scene of the Upright Citizens Brigade Theater in New York City and it's most punk rock superstar Mr. Chris Gethard.

To tell the truth, while I've always been a fan and devotee to all that is silly and juvenile, I've never been a fan of comedy or jokes or comedy clubs or comedians. A friend of mine summed up comedy as, "Seeing some comedian tell jokes isn't funny, a fat guy slipping on the ice is funny." And I've pretty much held this sort of philosophy in everything I've been involved with, be it bands I've been in that taunt the audience with food or insults, zines and columns that stirred up emotions of the simple-minded for my own entertainment or videos filled with fat people slipping on ice or drunk people diving into duck shit. I don't try to be funny, I think all of us are funny if we just be honest and say what is really on our minds rather than building a constant suppression because we fear whatever we're made out of won't comply with what others think is cool or acceptable etc. In that, some people are always trying to be funny as part of this suppression, and generally, they are not funny, at least to me.

So, I have a band that I sing and serve as principal songwriter for called Lost Locker Combo, where we have a high school theme and song titles like "Homeroom Hot" and "Bake Sale". The basic philosophy behind this band forming was to focus on putting on a really stupid live spectacle and have members that would hang out and have a good time with each other without being in a band above all else, tightness, musical ability originality etc… A couple of years ago my friend James Cahill came back to New York from his overseas studies and recruited half of LLC (including myself) to fill out the 2009 version of the Kung Fu Monkeys his on and off band for the past twelve years or so.

I only formally met Chris Gethard about a year and a half ago although he's sort of lingered around friends of mine for over ten years. He added me as a friend on Facebook and immediately started spamming me with invites to his various comedy shows. I asked my band mates who he is and they tell me this show he does called Magic Box of Stories is pretty funny, I let myself continue to be spammed. In October we're invited to be part of his new show at UCB called The Chris Gethard Show. It turns out Kung Fu Monkeys has been one of Chris' favorite bands since college and he wants to try doing a comedy show in a talk-show format that includes a band. Chris starts out the first show stating that he felt I was the wild card to keep an eye on in the band as my reputation preceded me. We go on to do the show once a month for a year, highlights include:

Chris interviews his Brazilian Jujitsu instructor, they go over his lackluster fighting history then instructor wrestles wind out of Chris multiple times until he's humiliated, exhausted and injured. Comedian Shannon O'Neil does slideshow presentation of various shits she's taken.

Chris interviews a woman whom he went on the worst date of his life with, it is revealed that they really liked each other and Chris' own anxiety is what caused the terrible date and ended any possible future romantic hopes. Chris ends interview by asking her to act as herself in a seven page

mini-play including someone playing the voice in Chris' head.

Sad sixteen year old with aspergers is flown in to be star of the show. Standup is performed by his favorite comedian, the cast goes out of their way to create videos of them trying to hook him up with women and a tour of mass death sites of New York. Although he is incapable of showing emotion the crowd seems touched.

Several members of the cast, audience and people in the wait line are blindfolded in something called Musical Electric Chairs. The band plays a song and randomly stops whereas someone is shocked in the neck with a sex toy.

Members of the cast wear diapers and whoever has heaviest diaper wins a $20 Boston Market gift card. I am caught cheating.

Chris does the show in his small Queens apartment, 75 people seated in living room, band playing in bedroom and projected on living room TV screen. Seth Myers from SNL is guest.

In June, the band talks to Chris for about three hours on a Manhattan street corner about plans for his 30th birthday show. These plans includes but are not limited to, chartering several busses and moving the entire show to another state, inviting very minor New Jersey celebrities to perform. Possible car crashes and faked deaths, helicopters and creating some sort of newsworthy incident. Two days later Chris is chosen as the star of a sitcom on Comedy Central. We are told the show will go on, but due to an imposed 90 hour work-week others involved with the show will need to help out.

In October, the sitcom Big Lake is not renewed for more episodes; Chris asks if we would be willing to do the show in LA. Then asks if we'd be willing to drive to LA in an RV. This begins the end of my sanity, sanitization and probably some sort of change in my general outlook on things. I'll continue next month on some of the details of this adventure, but some of the highlights include:

•My first encounter being publicly nude.

•Probably risking my life on a daily basis in the interest of making people laugh.

•Changing the life-path of an impoverished teenager from Detroit.

•Hippies, rednecks, hipsters, automatic weapons and Pizza Hut and how they are all related.

•Manipulated into joining Twitter.

Somehow I will derive an interesting view of life and punk rock from all this, sorry to be so damn long-winded.
Stay tuned. bill@candids.com or @billflorio on Twitter, what the fuck?!

Last week I spent all day in a mastering studio. One of my least favorite activities on Earth. Something about the mastering process rarely leaves me feeling satisfied at the end of it. In fact I find it really can be extremely draining to spend your day having the same sections of a record blasted over and over into your ears with subtle changes in rates of compression, stereo width, equalization, etc. The struggle really becomes just hearing what's being done to a record during the process, and being able to judge how happy with it you really are as it happens. It takes more concentration than you might expect, and leaves me pretty exhausted.

Most people know that there's been an ongoing criticism in the music "industry" as well as within the realms of audiophile enthusiast types, regarding overly loud mastering on current day releases. Generally speaking if you look at the overall volume on a release from 20 years ago, compared to now, it's significantly less loud. The problem with this is the louder your music is mastered the more distorted it can become, and the less true to the original mix it may begin to sound.

Speaking very generally, mastering engineers are using a combination of Compression, Limiting, EQ techniques, to prepare your music for release by smoothing out the dynamics, possibly making it louder, perhaps emphasizing certain aspects in the finished mix, etc. Starting in the mid-'90s and more or less continuing today, there's been a huge trend in trying to get music as loud as possible, probably for a few different reasons. Firstly as compact discs became the medium of choice in the '90s it became possible to release music at louder volumes without noticeably distorting the sounds that would be heard. Big time record business hot shots were always looking for their finished product to be louder than the other guy's, in part because they hoped that, by making the music louder, it might stand out more during radio play, and general listening. To sum it up very simply, this is achieved basically by minimizing the difference between louder and quieter sections in a song, boosting the quiet parts, bringing down the louder parts, and then raising the overall level of this more smoothed out version of the track as much as possible.

For the most part the trend has continued for pumping the volume as much as possible on a finished mix during the mastering stage. The trend has moved from CD to Mp3 and now a lot of people want their track to be the loudest on your iPod's shuffle function. Most people involved in the recording "industry" agree that this is done at the expense of the music's integrity, and the quality of the mix, by sacrificing dynamic range, overall clarity, the width of the stereo field, and so on and so forth. Pretty much every mastering person you talk to or read an interview with exerts a great deal of energy discussing their commitment to preserving the fidelity of a recording, of not mastering it to be overly loud, of not distorting the overall level in the places where it peaks. So it becomes more and more frustrating over time, as I find that very few of these people really hold much to their word. Time and again, no matter how much is said to the contrary I find myself playing back a recording, post mastering that just sounds overly crunchy, unnecessarily compressed, and basically just mastered in the exact way that everyone is supposedly trying to avoid.

In some cases I think this is just a function of working with engineers who hear a noisy recording with distorted instruments in the mix, and figuring, "*might as well just blast everything through the roof*". I get the feeling those not terribly familiar with the more "extreme" side of the musical spectrum, hear everything the way my parents do—like TV static. Now by all means if distortion is what you want added to your mix, go wild. Tell the person mastering it to go wild. But it can be a real downer when they simply assume that's what you want, and even after you tell them you don't, they continue to indulge their loudness fixation. I'm to the point of considering bringing CDs that I think are mastered in a tasteful way, almost invariably I'm finding myself saying "turn it down" when something's sent for approval after mastering. Unfortunately this has to be the end (for now?)...

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mastering#cite_note-mixmagazine-1
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www.digido.com/mixing-tips-and-tricks.html
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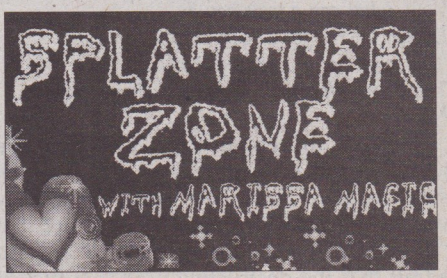


I was getting ready to go to the last ever show at 21 Grand when my mom called.

"What're you up to tonight?"

"Playing the last show ever at this space that's getting shut down"

This is not the first time I've had this conversation, nor the last. 21 Grand was a place in Oakland that worked as an interdisciplinary art space, hosting everything from photographs to installations to performance art to plays to bands. It functioned as an art gallery, a practice space and an all-ages venue. It had existed as an Oakland entity in different spots for ten years. The founders are exhausted both emotionally and financially, the kids mourning the loss of another venue. My mom wanted to know why it was being shut down. As with a lot of all-ages spaces that fly under the radar, at some point around last year the cops started to take notice and though 21 Grand took a couple steps to get the permits to be legit, ultimately trying to get up to code once you've been caught is a futile process. One night I stood outside noticing that the bourgeois smooth jazz bar across the street had live music blaring out of its doors. They're still open. They're just some bar, a for profit business selling booze and coffee and bar snacks while people shell out money and snap their fingers along to the beat. When the cops stumbled upon 21 Grand they probably ambled right past their open doors. It's not the bars fault, but most likely they don't get the authorities dropping by to check if everything is up to code.

"How do they make money?"

Well… they don't. They looked at where they lived and they saw a void, and then they filled it. My mom asks me occasionally if I'll ever try to find a full time job, a fulfilling career. As I've mentioned before, money grosses me out, and therefore I try to keep it as separate from the things I enjoy as possible. I have a dumb part-time job that makes it so I can get by, it's nothing I have any interest in, it's just something I can do mindlessly and they pay me. I'm glad it exists, but it's really the tiniest facet of my life that I try to ignore most of the time. My mom sees this but has no grasp on it. I realize that in a lot of ways I exist in a bubble and forget that there is a whole world out there that looks at every action as a career movie, every risky move as a get rich quick scheme. They have no concept of the non-career move move. When I talk to bands one of the things I hear over and over again is the idea of creating our own culture separate from mainstream culture, separate from things we don't agree with. The idea of creating something so it simply exists instead of creating something to make a profit is entirely foreign to a lot of people. It boggles their mind. I've picked up the habit of lying about getting paid for writing to my extended family in order to avoid the barrage of jaw-dropping questions such as why would I put so much time into doing something for free? But you don't get paid? It's easier to just say I do and then change the subject. There are people who see their life as a career move and that's ok, that's for them. 21 Grand was one of those places outside of career moves and profits charts that attempted to build something outside of that growing/expanding business model only to have the strong arm of the law come down.

But sometimes all age's venues emerge out of the dust and they work and survive. Gilman lives on, recently Olympia started a space called the Northern that seems to be flourishing to some degree, the Che Café in San Diego lives on. And duh, there's other places across the nation. It can be done, but I've never heard of an all ages venue that started out as underground and illegal and lived through the fire and storm of getting caught by the man or whatever and successfully coming up to code. When I lived in Olympia there was a moment where a place called Manium existed. They got caught and spent lots of dollars to get up to code, but every time they fixed what they were told to another problem would appear. At some point they gave up. This is the life of most all-ages spaces that aren't somebody's living room. They appear for a second, the cops come around and shut them down, the rent money runs out they get shut down, people burn out and give up.

On top of the cops coming to call, having an all ages, volunteer run space is a guaranteed burn out. I spent a year booking shows at an epically failed spot called Yes Yes in Olympia. It was born as an idea similar to 21 Grand, a gallery space/all-ages venue/studio space. It ended up featuring gallery hours no one showed up to run, I'd book shows and recruit volunteers only to end up by my lonesome and trying to cobble together a PA that had been strewn about the building. Doing sound, promotion, running the show and working the door often landed all on me for lack of volunteers actually showing up. Though we never actually got shut down by the cops we ran smack into the other shit storm that happens to all ages spots: lack of funds. A bunch of weirdo slacker artists aren't good at writing grants or finding fund-age and really, charging at the door of a show only brings in enough cash for one or two tanks of gas for touring bands, if that. Nothing goes to rent. Shit equipment is cobbled together for a PA. Punks try to haggle in for free with an iron grip on their tall cans. Burn out indeed.

These are things, like all-ages spaces, underground art venues, attempts at creating our own culture, that we try to maintain so the world isn't eaten alive by Starbucks, so kids have a place to go besides the mall, to hold fast to anti-assimilation and stay weird. This is what makes the entire world interesting. Britney Spears might be really fun to dance to drunk and on the floor, but really no one listens to a Katy Perry album and has their mind blown, I highly doubt that it brings about any epiphanies or really changes anyone's life. It's just dumb fun, mindless profit. When the idea of building a successful business and homogenizing the world gets taken off the table that's when minds get blown, rebellions happen, revolutions spark—Its not just the same old question with the same old answer. It's a space to question the powers that be. It fucks with the man waaay more than your band getting money from scion for some such bullshit.

So there was one last show. Most of it took place in the practice space in the back. Business Etiquette, Slaughter High, Mind Cemetery, Chowser, No Babies and Primary Colors played. It was a nice night, a ton of people for the tiny practice room in the back. The bands ranged from hardcore to industrial to drone to skronk and everything in between, and lots of different types of people showed up. It was nice to see what the place had birthed and it was sad to see it finally go. I guess (I hope) at some point someone will show up to pick up the slack.

I am the greatest human being in America; likely, I am the greatest being of all time, human or otherwise. I'm smart, svelte, charming, possessing the twin treasures of a great yet unobtrusive wit and winning smile. My sexual prowess is near-Olympian, though tender and sensitive, and I'm in all probability the best looking thing, not even just person, that's ever been and will ever be.

That unnecessary bit of truth being said and acknowledged, I also make mistakes. It is with great trepidation and fast-beating heart that I write these words, my perfectly-formed fingers slipping off the keys they tap due to the sweat collected upon their tips. But I must, I simply must, get this off my chiseled chest as soon as I can, and I can't help but smile that great smile of mine when I admit, when I proclaim, when I write: I am to be, of all things, oh glory and God, a father. I'm having a baby with the most fertile girl from Signal Lost.

I realize that this likely comes as a shock to many of my loyal readers, though ones who have met me and realize I'm a tender and loving person might not be so surprised. My well-publicized tirades against so-called "Punk Parenting" in the pages of this very magazine drew heaps of criticism and little praise. For this, I apologize. I've written a lot of dumb things in this magazine, from trivial shit like calling the racist band Crazy Spirit decent, to telling people to stop wearing patches (what was I thinking??), and I'd like to make a change, I'd like

to reverse the damage I've done and I'd like to begin right now.

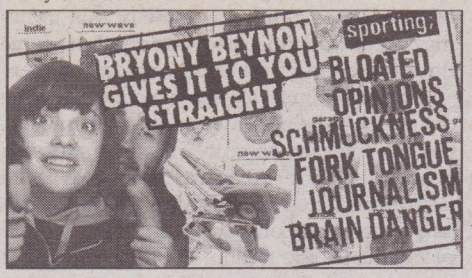
At the behest of my psychiatrist, and after months spent soul-searching in the darkest recesses of my heart, I've decided to enter a rehabilitation facility in Los Palmas, hopefully to be out by April 1st, the day this magazine hits the streets and sixteen days before the birth of my child. I've been in AA for a month now, and most of my spare time has been spent apologizing to those I've hurt in my years as—and this is hard for me to admit—a drug addict and alcoholic. Part of the First Step in AA is rectifying the damage you've caused to all those you've hurt during your years as an addict, and from the Korean guy I used a racial slur against in Montreal to my father, I've been sorry-ing like mad. But it's worth it! I feel lighter, I've been hitting the gym more, and I've got a smile as big as the Hoover Dam.

I realize, too, that I must be able to provide for my child upon his birth. I've been jobless since age sixteen, mostly living off of my parents (they pay my rent and for most of my food), and I've finally gotten it together and landed myself a real job. The guys in Fucked Up were nice enough to let me do drum tech for them on their North American shows (once I'm out of rehab, of course), so for $30 (US) a night I'll be up there, spinning nuts and tuning snares, living the dream and getting paid for it! Once I save up enough for my kid, I'll be back home in Texas, taking him or her (or zhe!) for walks and to the park and shows. I honestly can't wait!

Geeze, with all this stuff I've been doing, I've hardly had time for the other things that make life brighter for me, though I've managed to squeeze in a Critical Mass here and there and a few LBGT Sensitivity Workshops on the side. Boy, it's hard to keep up, especially when you've got a Baby on Board. I must apologize to Layla and Mariam for this columns tardiness once again (BTW, congrats on finally getting together you two!), but I think they understand. I just wish everyone would be so forgiving. For instance, in the course of my cross-country apology marathon, I apologized to every single person I have ever called a "wigger" (which, by the way, is a word I'll no longer use, and never should have in the first place). Some, like Ian Dickson and my uncle, were forgiving. Others, who shall remain nameless (but let me just say it rhymes with Bogan Dorrel) not so much. Oh well, you win some, you lose some! Say La Vee as they say over in Old Blighty!

Anyways, I apologize for such a short column, but I've gotta get down to the big T.H.U.G. show in Santa Cruz tonight. It's looking like it's gonna be a rager! Au revoir, adios, ciao, arbeit macht frei, salud, goodbye!

P.S. Write me c/o *Maximum Rockroll* (or *Vibe*, if you're reading this there), and let me know what you think we should name my baby!!!! Thanks!



Squinting eyes, mousy brown hair cropped unevenly around a small head, leather boots proud and dirty at the end of two gangly legs, moving independently of each other but somehow leaving their owner stood in one place. He writhes now, at the front of this small, assembled crowd, rarely facing us. Blinking, twirling and twitching, he is constantly twitching, consumed by something not present in the room. He's pale with a smattering of moles, and you can see his collarbones through his shirt. The three men behind him are expressionless but for furrowed brows and a look of palsied fear as this, their first public expression, starts to overpower its reigns. When one songs stops those charged, lean limbs slump momentarily, as another begins he could be operated equally by stomp pedal or cattle prod. His is not a violent dance, at least not in the traditional sense. No one is touched, or moving out of his way, there is no question of interaction because we are watching through a vast impenetrable wall of booming, gnarled and twisting warmth, sounds too loud to even attempt to speak through. Changes in movement are unpredictable and uneven, and occasionally his mouth will open, a dark purple hole full of teeth as imperfect but real as everyone else in the room. At irregular points, he exhumes a rasping, wheezing expression that repeats itself far below the highest frequencies of the guitars either side of him. His sound is the echo of an echo, persistent and narrating a play no one has seen or heard of. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine. The convulsions of St. Vitus embodied in a boy that wants only to levitate, an expelled ballerina that cares nothing for the crowd. Loud and lush in tone, it's a dazzling output that seems to have partially replaced the air in this room. There are perhaps fifteen people watching. All they can do is witness these throes, submit to them. There is no bass guitar and this is somehow absolutely right. Those oversized boots belie their owner's light-footed steps, as the daintiest stomp uproots a cable from the end of a string of connected colourful pedals that refuse to stay in line. For a brief second that deafening duvet sound sea drops half its tog and, still rasping and barely audible over just one of the guitars that are now functional, the boy says "oops" into the microphone. As signal rushes back through the circuit within a second and the jolt of now comfortable pain returns to jaw sockets, rattling through sinus cavities and now coursing through limbs all loosened and out of sync, the rasp returns and it's very clear that it doesn't matter.

Despite personal promises that I would tune my own guitar, at the eleventh hour I succumb to the patient "Like so…" tuition of someone who could do it faster and with a modicum of certainty, watching in powerless desperation as the shifting orange lights turn green. I am, however, armed with the accidental acquired knowledge that touching the headstock lightly against this borrowed guitar head brings me to the very brink of bearable in terms of piercing feedback, and I take full advantage throughout our set. With the cheapest distortion pedal you can buy blinking playfully in its pink plastic housing at me (I have only recently become its master) hands start to move. Something about muscle memory. I don't remember anything but the buzz between strings making contact and its quite conceivable I suffered an electric shock as it was roughly 20,000 times louder than I've ever played before. Set free by amplification, I realize I'm drowning out the drums, for better or worse, I hear me plus a rumble, which I think must be Ash, stolidly rhythmically reliable in a way I will never be, plus Ellie's hateful but well-enunciated (and, I notice for the first time, somehow delightfully *British)* growls. I see suddenly why everyone plays that bit faster live. Moving hands in what I know is the right sequence is strangely hypnotic. I realise after we finish that there was a mirror facing me to the right, covering the whole wall, but I do not see myself. We cover the Weirdos – "Life of Crime" and Black Easter – "What the Fuck". Ellie says she forgot the third verse, I did not notice. I try to move, propelled by the distant crawling bass, and feel the balls of my feet rock backwards and forwards, and this is all my body will do. It feels enough. We played a song I had written the riff for 48 hours prior, alone in the garage, freezing and mildly terrified at what would happen if my hands forgot everything. The next song begins with me. My hands.

"WE ARE ANTI-MUSIC! WE DO NOT NEED YOUR CLAPS. YOU CAN SHOUT WITH US AND YOU CAN MOVE…. YOU CAN BROKE YOUR SHIRT BUT WE DO NOT NEED CLAPS!" The message has been understood and received to varying degrees. The sound that starts now will inform the rest. The ensuing wall of feedback barely penetrates the industrial and unforgiving buzz of a guitar through a small black box that will remain engaged throughout proceedings, with the words "MetalZone" in a rounded font on its lid. There are two dark-haired men, one with glasses and one without, begin to shout—mostly in Spanish. Sweat is already pouring

from the man with the guitar's forehead, but he does not remove his glasses. The glasses are small, round and dignified. His trousers are worn high on the hip and secured there with three bands of metal studs, where a plain black guitar (the make and model of which is of no consequence, but is an Epiphone Special II) has been modified to read "Odio Al Musica" on the top part, and "Odio al Sistema" on the lower part, separated by a circled capital 'A'. The material used to write this is electrical tape. Most of the crowd here cannot speak Spanish. This is of absolutely no consequence. The first fifty seconds of sound are punctuated by both players shouting, "VIOLENT! SHIT! VIOLENT! SHIT!" Because we have seen both the promotional material for this event, held in the corner of a pub in South London, and also the small table adjacent to the bar, which is covered with a large illustrated flyer, that reads VIOLENT SHITT, we know that they are actually shouting, "VIOLENT! SHITT! VIOLENT! SHITT!" The request of no applause proves unnecessary, as there will be no appropriate gap for these kinds of formalities. No let up—atonality as a manifesto. They are both going fucking mental, dear reader. During what turns out to be the last ten minutes of the set, the woman who sang for Good Throb is invited to take the mic. She had been informally asked to make "animal noises" at a previous point, but had been given no further instruction. Without hesitation she begins to pant and groan like an animal in slaughterhouse death throes. This mutates into rabid canine crowing, the wheezing squall of her voice already broken from the exertion of a previous set. Suddenly the barking stops and is replaced by a more identifiably female scream. Insistent comes the command: "FEED ME LIKE A DOG." More noise, more feedback, the Spanish men are all but oblivious to her presence and yet the three are totally locked in. "FEED ME LIKE A DOG." Peace in decibels. "FEED ME, FEED ME, FEED ME LIKE A FUCKING DOG."

Wolf with two "ohhhs" take to their instruments (cuz there's no real stage this time) with a certainty as yet unseen. It's not like, routine, never no never, but its got a lets-do-this air that's imposing and powerful without the unnecessary nerves, Psychic no wave power jams for Dulwich witches scratching uncontrollable itches. Every band you ever wanted to form but didn't because you couldn't wouldn't shouldn't and the pressure that stopped you distilled into a static buzzing sudden quiet loud explosion that doesn't matter what pitch or how shrill the scream is just that it propels us forward. Yeah its "all girl" if you must, but not token or g-d forbid ditzy or droll or aware of anything but the cataclysm-rhythm of a drummer that stays standing throughout, using her whole weight against the floor tom, punishing it for unspeakable sins, sometimes with a maraca. Sometimes songs will finish with whispered refrains that leave the assembled crowd (still shifting from foot to foot with uncertain pace that changes just as a hand gets used to tapping, so you admonish your limbs for being so certain) wondering when to clap. Woolf don't need 'em either, but they don't even need to say. Instruments switch between members but not too many times, hands often cover over mouths as they warble and sputter into mics, not in embarrassment, more a sort of ownership, denying that spectacle, of sounds not yours to see. "This is a lesbian folk song" the now-familiar intro that announces one moment hurrying into the next with a frenetic pace that you wish was a tiny bit slower, just to spite the members of assembled crowd who will crow on about not "getting it", when what is there to understand, those who are waiting for this to be over with impatient desperation so they can get back to their pints and their record collections, and so you silently will that last triumphant buzzing scree to reverberate a little longer, just to, you know, annoy the squares.

Noel, Ralph, Tom and Jop – Satellites of Love / Ellie, Louis, Ashleigh and Me – Good Throb / Paco and Teo (featuring Ellie) – Violent Shitt / Irene, Sophie, Colette and Georgina – Woolf / The Bird's Nest – 4th February 2011.

Postscript: Made a new blog didn't I: www.modernhatevibe.com

Driving down Chicago Ave in Minneapolis I spied some graffiti "Tunisia, Egypt, USA?" As long time readers know I'm "into" revolution. I'm especially into the Russian Revolution of 1917, but in general as a student of history I find revolution and civil unrest to be fascinating. That's why I always tune into the news when some political upheaval breaks out somewhere around the world.

By the time this goes to print, events in the Middle East will have far outpaced what's going on as I write. But I'd like to look at the bigger picture of social unrest and revolution. First I'd like to differentiate between a political revolution and a social revolution. There has been a spate of what I would call "media revolutions" since the collapse of the Soviet Bloc. To my mind, most of these "revolutions" are political revolutions only, not even starting on the path to social revolution. A social revolution totally re organizes the relationship of political and economic classes within society. A political revolution is more like a change in government. The media likes to talk about "people power" or give protest and civil unrest titles like "orange revolution, rose revolution, jasmine revolution". However, most of these so called revolutions are more like cabinet re shuffles than the revolutions of old (like the French or Russian Revolutions) Perhaps a new cabinet is sworn in, some new elections held, possibly a new constitution is adopted. However, in almost all cases the old elite remains in power. Perhaps a few figurehead politicians are removed, but the elite tends to stay the same, occasionally changing parties, or putting new, younger faces in the fore. I think the media likes to simplify things and focus on a dictator or figurehead. Typically the dictator is only the most public face of a network of interlocking elites who control the economy and stay in power through a vast internal security apparatus. Orwell was right to focus on "big brother" as a magnet for the hatred of the dissidents, when the system is made up of a large apparatus of people who support the regime and benefit from its control over society. The media and the public both seem drawn to simple explanations for complex problems, hence the popularity of conspiracy theories that reduce complicated social, political and economic issues to the sinister actions of a few people.

Time and again the best way to understand politics is to "follow the money". To see where power lies in any country look at who controls the "commanding heights" of that country's economy and where the profits from these enterprises go. Take a look at who controls energy, transportation, banking, natural resource extraction and the like. In most western countries these are controlled by large corporations. For all their negative aspects, these corporations are at least subject to some regulations and have a degree of transparency via financial reports and such. In most "less developed countries" the commanding heights of the economy are typically in the hands of a small group of families tied to a ruling party, dictator or military clique. These are subject to little or no regulation and the profits are amassed in Swiss or Emirate bank accounts. In many countries the economy top to bottom is tied to a party / state bureaucracy that seeks "rents" from these enterprises through subtle and not so subtle bribes and extortion. The government and police are parasites that extract wealth and prosperity from a country and its people rather than "serving" them. Education, health care, and security for the masses are neglected and the wealth and power accumulates to a few. These remain in power by buying off a segment of society with minor perks to serve in the police, and internal security apparatus as well as a party bureaucracy. This creates a repressive and loyal apparatus that keeps

society in line and prevents any dissent. This pattern repeats itself around the world and especially in the Middle East, where corruption and autocracy is the rule.

Most people if given the choice would prefer to live in more open and egalitarian society with some political freedoms and a chance to improve living standards. This is why revolutions did away with aristocratic privileges in Europe over a century ago and most "developed nations" have thrown off rampant corruption, repression and authoritarian rule. That said, many regimes are able to strike a balance with their population where political repression and corruption are tolerated in exchange for rising living standards, Russia and China are the clearest example of this sort of balance. Indeed, I've talked in this column before about how some have suggested that government tolerance of "cyber hedonism" has been a big boost to the tacit pacification of the youth who traditionally would rebel. Facebook, internet porn, file sharing of mp3s and quirky online videos are tolerated by the regime and in exchange the youth stay occupied and don't question the corruption and repression of the state apparatus. In an interesting reversal of this theory, the same young people used the online networks to organize and rebel, first in Tunisia and then in Egypt. This grassroots online organizing of protests led Egypt to famously "shut off" the internet. I am sure nervous authoritarian leaders in Iran, Jordan and elsewhere are looking for the off switch for the internet too. In fact, there is a bill before congress here in the USA, which gives the president "special powers" over the internet in time of national emergency. I can only picture some president using widespread social unrest in several US cities to shut down the internet in the name of homeland security and thereby radicalizing a whole generation of social networkers and online gamers.

One of the most important things to remember in understanding why these corrupt and repressive regimes are so enduring is that the international economic and financial order thrives on "stability". What the global financial elite wants is not freedom, human rights, or democracy, but a stable climate for business. Low wages, lax regulation, and pliant regimes are how fortunes are amassed on Wall St. FDR allegedly said of Nicaraguan dictator Somaza that he was "A son of a bitch, but he's *our* son of a bitch". The United States famously supported Dictators like Franco, Duvalier, Samoza, Marcos, the Shah and the like because they were "anti-communist". In the name of propping up local regimes against alleged communist agitation they were armed to the teeth with US made weapons and their security services trained in repression by US advisors. Without the USSR to push around anymore the convenient specter of terrorism has been substituted for communism. This allows billions of dollars in "foreign aid" to go to repressive regimes in the Middle East, which are supposedly allies in the "war on terror". This so called foreign aid then comes right back to Wall St. in the form of purchases of American made weapons and technology that keeps these regimes in power. The "blowback" from these situations is perverse, in that major recipients of US military aid such as Pakistan and Saudi Arabia are also the main sources of terrorism directed against the USA.

Back to the events in the Middle East, so far as I can tell what happened in Tunisia was very much a political or media revolution. The long reigning dictator and a few of his cronies were packed into exile, but the underlying social and economic situation is the same. The secret police and apparatus of state repression are still in power. There will no doubt be some loosening of civic freedoms, perhaps a new constitution and some elections. But the same elite has maintained control of the levers of power and the economy. The specter of political change spreading from Tunisia to the rest of the Middle East has clearly terrified the ruling elites in many of these countries. And there will be a rush to grant compromises and concessions on one hand, while crushing dissent with arrests and executions on the other. Be prepared for a media frenzy of "revolutions" that are more like cabinet re shuffles that leave major commercial relationships and foreign investments intact. There will be just enough political change for politicians to make some speeches about freedom and democracy. But not quite enough change that people in nations that have a great wealth of natural resources start to question where the proceeds of those resources are going. A good example would be the oil and natural gas wealth of Iran. Iran has some of the largest reserves of hydrocarbons on earth. However, a cabal of military/security and clerical elites controls this whole sector of the economy. Deals are done with western oil companies, which enjoy having little or no transparency or regulations of their operations. Profits pile up on Wall St. and in banks in Dubai and Geneva, while the average Iranian lives in squalor and goes to prison or gets shot for the slightest sign of protest.

In a "real" revolution, the secret police and security apparatus get strung up or sent into exile. The enlisted men in the army turn on their officers and mutiny then aid the people in overthrowing the existing social order. The "commanding heights" of the economy are seized from their overlords and the fundamental relationship of social and economic classes is called into question. Dirty deals by previous regimes are torn up and industries are nationalized and assets expropriated. Be prepared to see nothing of this sort breaking out in the Middle East. If things do start heading this direction there will be probably be some kind of intervention in the name of a humanitarian crisis or to prevent terrorists or extremists from coming to power.

A final irony is that just a few years ago Bush Jr. and the neoconservatives who surrounded him were keen to unleash democracy in the Middle East by foisting "regime change" at the point of a gun on this region. American democracy is frequently a synonym for American economic control and so far this didn't work out for Iraq quite the way it was planned. Now when ordinary people rise up and rebel in favor of freedom and democracy, there is a great deal of back pedaling and concern even from the most liberal of American politicians. The elites who support them profit greatly from the status quo. They fear masses of people in Tunisia, Egypt, or the USA questioning why so few get to reap such great profits while so many see their living standards deteriorate.

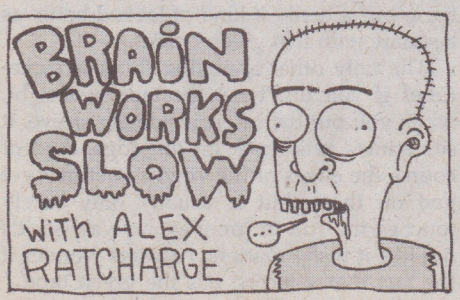
Ugh, I spent the last week sick as a dog. While I'm no longer burning with fever, I am now burning with envy for the one-man genius that is SYPHILITIC VAGINAS! Sure, though it may be one of the most serious cases I've ever seen of "great band, worst name" syndrome (GISM tribute or no...yuck), no one can deny he brings the goods musically. After a fair period of everything being out of print, Rescued From Life records has repressed both the s/t LP and the insanely limited *Night Desecrate* 9" (this time in 12" form). I was lucky enough to snag a copy of the LP when it first came out, but this is my first time hearing the *Night Desecrate* tracks, and holy fucking smokes do they rip! While the galloping drums and songwriting are definitely in the ZOUO/Detestation-era GISM vein, the melodic guitar lines seem to be as much informed by Chelsea/DEATH SIDE as Mr. Randy Uchida and the unhinged vocals are as much LSD as SKV. SYPHILITIC VAGINAS seem to have been squeezed into the metal-punk ghetto, but rest assured that this material is in a class of it's own. These reissues are limited so snap them up when you have a chance. (Rescued From Life Records, PO Box 14821, Haltom City TX, 76117, rescuedfromlife@ yahoo.com)

On the actually *Japanese* Japanese hardcore front, NOISECAT are back again with their third EP (well, technically two and a half EPs) in a year's time. This new one, entitled *Fucked Up Daily Life*, is amazingly enough even more primitive than their earlier recordings. The singer seems to be adopt-

ing a bit more of a sneering punk style, and while the fuzz is still abundant, the overall noize level seems to be a bit dialed back compared to the earlier records. It is as if the band is actually regressing over time, reducing punk to its absolute bare bones in a way that few bands outside of CHAOS DESTROY are doing these days. If you played me this record and followed it with the DISARM cover from their one-sided EP, I couldn't swear it was the same band at all. Perhaps this to their earlier records what SWANKYS was to GAI. Interestingly, while I was writing this, my neighbor's cat just waked in the front door and plopped herself down in my lap. Maybe there's something to this whole noize + cats thing after all. (Detonate Records, detonaterec@ gmail.com)

On the zine front, I finally managed to get myself a copy of *Negative Insight* #1, and I am very impressed. This is the product of total obsession by two dudes in love with UK hardcore. Excellent, in-depth interviews with Rat/VARUKERS, Tony May about SACRILEGE and Russ/DISASTER. While some people enjoy a bit of philosophy or politics in their interviews, I'm a sucker for the music/scene details and these interviews deliver in spades, focusing mainly on the who-what-when-where-whys of those band's classic releases and lineups. Total nerdgasm! A short piece on ANTISECT's *Out From the Void* EP, a couple of pages of politics, some vintage photos and a nice handful of reviews of classic '80s UK EPs round out the zine. The only thing I can compare this to is the excellent *Warning*, as the layout and general look is similar and the only interview I've read that in this vein that was similarly detailed was *Warning*'s interview with Dave "Bambi" Ellesmere. As if the content weren't enough, the zine also comes with two CD-rs featuring live sets by SACRILEGE (Leeds '86) and DISASTER (Newcastle '91), both of which sound better than expected given the source material and the age of the recordings. This is essential, and my hat is off to Aaron and Erik for producing the best zine I've read in ages. (Negative Insight, P.O. Box 4073, S. Chelmsford MA, 01824-0773).

Bit of a short one this month, but I'll be back next month with more, including the highly anticipated D-CLONE/NERVESKADE EP, the SICK EP and the new LASTSENTENCE demo! Until then, hit me up with new leads and harsh criticisms at agunderwood@gmail.com or write me c/o *MRR*.



If you've been reading *MRR* for a while you may remember a monthly column from a while back called "My Mother Wears Combat Boots." For a few years it documented the life of a young punk mom, from the day she got pregnant until the day her daughter was a teenager and she gave birth to her second kid (the mom, not the daughter). I thought it was a great read, like some kind of written version of a punk reality TV show or something, full of advices for young moms and dads struggling to stay punk while being proud parents. One thing I always wished she covered in that column, though, was the touchy subject of alcohol, drugs and how these things that are a big part of any self-respecting punk-rocker's lifestyle interact with being a parent.

See, that's something I don't write about often, but I'm a dad myself. Little Jean-Claude is now nine years old and while the first few years of being a single dad were definitely a nightmare of sleepless nights, dirty nappies and endless screams, Jean-Claude has become my best friend and, as I like to call him, my little bundle of happiness. Having a kid is one of these things that most people will experience in their life, yet it is also something you have to face completely on your own (or exclusively with your partner if you're lucky enough to not be a single parent like myself) in many ways. The most annoying thing I've had to deal with since becoming a parent are the endless criticisms and so called advices of people who *don't* have kids but still think they know something that I don't. True some of my friends have given me priceless advice at times, but more often than not a lot of them have crossed that fine line between giving an advice and just being careless assholes that don't know how to mind their own business. You shouldn't take your kid to punk shows, they say. You shouldn't expose him to loud noise, they add, as if I wasn't aware of that kind of shit. You shouldn't dress him with punk shirts, you should give him a proper haircut instead of that shitty blue mohawk, you shouldn't blah-blah-bloody-fucking-blah. Look, I've been having long discussions with Jean-Claude about that kind of stuff for as long as he's been able to talk, so if he's got a mohawk that's because he wants to have one, just like his dad, and if he's coming to punk shows that's because he's really into the Feederz and GG Allin, just like his dad. That's the most natural thing ever, seriously, most kids look up to their dad; for the time being I am his only hero, so obviously he wants to be like me. That's what I explained to my friends, and most of them ended up understanding, or at least shutting up and letting me raise my kid the way I wanted to. End of story? Nope, unfortunately not... That was just the beginning.

The main thing people have been criticizing me for is the fact that I'm an "alcoholic" dad. Ok, it's true, I love alcohol, I drink every day and have been doing so ever since I was a young teenager. So what? Alcohol isn't a problem in itself; it's all about the way one chooses to deal with it. Sure I get drunk every day and often end up passing out at night, but I've never ever gotten into a fight because of me being drunk; I've never insulted anyone, never did something I had to regret. Truth is, I'm of a rare breed—I'm a responsible alcoholic.

When my ex-wife Micheline was pregnant with Jean-Claude, I was completely freaked out about becoming a dad. I thought I was gonna have to give up alcohol and become one of these boring non-punk people who only drink on their birthday, Christmas or the 14th of July (National Day in France). I got really depressed about it, and even considered running away from Micheline (who was soon gonna dump my ass anyway) and the tiny little Jean-Claude still hiding inside her belly. Some people live for music, others for their job, their family, their passion, and no one has anything to say against it. Well, my passion is vodka (and beer, obviously) and, guess what, everybody's always giving me shit for it. I get intensely depressed whenever I don't drink, whereas with booze life instantly becomes some kind of awesome party, full of funny, awkward situations, where you just wake up everyday laying on some random stranger's couch after a night of dancing, puking and making out with unidentified people. Drinking is my fuel, and with so many people giving me shit I was facing a situation where my fuel was being threatened. That situation lasted for a few years in the wake of Jean-Claude's birth—I couldn't figure out what to do, what to think, who to trust, so on a cold winter day I decided to go and ask for advice to someone I hadn't seen in a few years, someone I knew would understand me as we shared the same passion for strong party liquids, the only person I could think of who was more of an alcoholic than myself: Dad.

So I asked my good friend Bernard to look after little Jean-Claude for a day (Bernard, if you read this, you're the best) and I took the train to visit my parents, who still live in the same old trailer in the suburbs of Paris. I don't see them often, as we used to fight a lot when I was still living with them, but these days we get along just fine, probably because we barely see each other, ok, but also because of our common love for whiskey and vodka (another positive aspect of alcohol, by the way: in case you haven't noticed, it brings people together). Dad and I talked for a few hours, quietly, just enough time to empty a couple dozens glasses of Jack Daniels on the rocks while mom was cooking dinner, and when he was drunk enough he told me something I will never forget; "Alex," he said, "you should stop giving a fuck what people think of you and the way you raise your son. Fuck people! He's *your* son, not anyone else's; so

if you think you're doing something right, don't let anyone pressure you into changing it. Obviously I know what it's like to be an alcoholic dad, I know the pressure. I know it's hard but think about it, son, I raised two boys while drinking almost every day and I think I did just fine, right? I mean, look at you and your brother." I thought of my twenty-two year old brother, who's already married with kids and a steady, well-paying job (he's a cook in the army), and then I thought about myself, a talented experimental writer and rock'n'roll musician, living a cheap (I'm on the dole) but fun punk-rock life; I realized I'm actually doing just fine—I'm broke all the time, ok, sometimes Jean-Claude and I eat more pastas than what is usually considered healthy but I'm also pretty happy with my life, and I know Jean-Claude is also a happy kid, so what? Ok growing up sucked, I hated school, I hated everyone, I hated my dad for beating me up every other day, but in retrospect I think the toughness of my childhood and teenage years turned me into a great adult, an adult who's ready for the worst, an adult who knows how to fight back and not take things for granted, an adult who knows how to appreciate life when it is good, and to fight to make it better when it is bad. Hopefully Jean-Claude will become the same kind of adult I am, and I can proudly say that if he becomes an alcoholic, just like his dad, I won't try to pressure him into changing his ways. Because he's as free as I am.

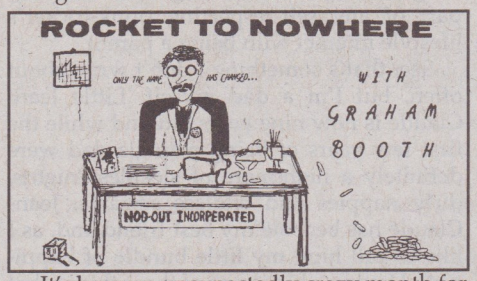
Bottom line is, I've recently realized that even my dad is more open-minded than so called "punk-rockers", and that's especially true of those PC types who claim to want to change the world and make it a better place and so on. A lot of punks claim to be open-minded, ready to fight for freedom, and they apply their "live and let live" philosophy to a lot of aspects of life, which I think is amazing, but then why give me shit for the way I choose to live my life? Being a dad is a gift, agreed, but it's not a gift I've chosen, it was an accident. Micheline and I simply forgot to use contraception one time, one night that changed our lives for many, many years to come. And who's fault is it? Who's to blame? Not me, that's for sure—I was drunk as fuck that night.

Endotes.

1. Drunk parents, get in touch! Let's share stories, cocktail recipes and hugs. (alex.simon82@yahoo.fr)

2. French label Vanne De Merde Records just released a very limited split 7" featuring two of the best bands in the world right now: Cheveu from France and Eddy Current Suppression Ring from Australia, with each band covering a song by the other (the Frenchies do "We'll be Turned On" and the kangaroos play a brilliant version of "Unemployment Blues"). This is a one time pressing of 500 copies but since the people at VDM Records are strongly opposed to online advertising I'm pretty sure they will still have a few copies available by the time you read this. Email the label at maxcall1947@gmail.com and thank me later.

3. Lately I've been listening to Dylan's Highway 61 Revisited, the third Velvet album, the Life During Wartime tape (Mixed Combat, featuring unreleased live versions of songs by No Hope For The Kids, Nerveskade, Exploding Hearts and Portland's best band ever, Nix), a dub of a dub of the second Crazy Spirit 7" and the noise of my downstairs neighbors arguing about him being a slacker and her being a jerk. Best live bands I saw in the past month were all french: the Feeling Of Love, Morgane Desbeet and Ecoute La Merde.



It's been an unexpectedly crazy month for rare records here at *MRR* HQ. Thus far things have been pretty hush hush around here, but I'm happy to report that earlier this month, *MRR* received a large donation of old punk 45s from a very generous secret benefactor on the condition that the records will never be sold.

As y'all may know, the *MRR* collection is quite massive in its range and depth, with literally tens of thousands of punk records spanning from punk's inception in the '70s right up through 2011. I can't imagine there is another punk-centric collection in the world that is larger. Even so, over the years certain key "cult" records (read: collectibles) have disappeared, which has created some aggravating holes within the most cohesive punk collection in the world. It's utterly shitty to think of the dozens of selfish fuckwads who've stolen pieces of the collection over the years.

Back when Tim Yo was around, he was constantly trading and reacquiring some of these records. After all, the *MRR* collection was Tim Yo's collection. And it operated like a personal collection. Once in a while, a record would come up, and he'd have to pay up for it to get it into the stacks. Unfortunately after Tim passed away, things changed: expensive records were off the table since there is no money to buy them. Now the only way a rare record can make it back is if someone is kind enough to give it to the magazine.

And that's what just happened this month. An old punk handed over some real heavy hitters! I still haven't even been allowed to go through everything! But it's really fun having a chance to help out processing things, green taping them so we can get them back in the stacks ASAP (well, back in the safe ASAP anyway). Earlier this week I got to help with the BAD BRAINS *Pay to Cum* 45. Can you imagine getting a BAD BRAINS donated to you?! Totally mind-blowing, especially when you consider the pricetag one of these things can fetch. It's like holding a museum object, quite literally!

As with every record in the collection, we have to process them, and do the "dreaded" green tape. Haha, the tape used to really mess me up when I first got out here. Like, why do we have to "ruin" every record in the collection with this draconian process, it's really odd. But after a while, somehow it doesn't really bother me, I guess I warmed up to the idea. Really it's just adding it to *MRR* and taking it out of the world, and hopefully it helps deter utter fucking shitheads from stealing things in the future. So I've actually been doing green tape for a few months.

The funny thing about the BAD BRAINS tho, is I actually had to do some additional modifications to it. One of the requirements of putting a record in the stacks is that oversized sleeves don't really fit. If they stick out at the sides or top they really get fucked up over the years. So if we get an oversized sleeve we have to trim it down to make it fit a standard 7.5" x 7.5" square.

If you've ever handled a BAD BRAINS sleeve, you'll know the sleeve is more like 8.5" wide, so I got to trim off half an inch on either side of the sleeve! Kind of exciting, I almost felt like I was defacing a piece of history. This copy was also the cleanest copy I'll ever lay my hands on (all of the donor punk's records are immaculate!). I probably should've done a tester cut, since the first pair of scissors I used ended up being dull, I got two ugly jagged cuts in before I switched to a better pair. It's always hard cutting a straight line on a folded piece of paper, but I got both sides to line up with a couple shaving passes, and I was careful not to mess up any of the text on the sleeve. Then I got to repeat the process along the other edge.

If there's one thing I've learned about green tape, it covers up most scissor mistakes so in the end it doesn't really matter anyway. It was still pretty crazy taping that sleeve up. We do tape on the two sides and along the bottom, with an opening at the top. As it turned out, I shaved a bit close to the graphics on the sides so, even though I didn't cut through them, when I folded the tape over the seam, a bit of the tape covered the edges of the photo of the band in the car and a tiny bit of the text on the left edge of the back, but actually it kind of looked better as a square with that green border.

The only other annoying thing is sometimes if you don't get the tape just right, when you put the insert inside the sleeve, it sometimes gets stuck on the edge. And of course the edges of the vinyl sometimes get goo on them, but it usually only barely touches the run-in grooves anyway, so it's not like it really matters. I always wonder if the fact that a record has the green tape /

MRR provenance, I sometimes think a record might sell for more money than if it was just a perfect mint copy since it has so much more punk cred. I guess we'll never know since none of these will ever be sold anyway. Food for thought, ha!

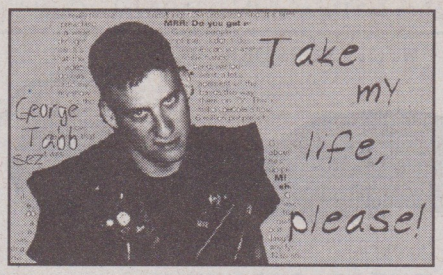
Actually, the first record that I got to see from the collection, they actually called me in to help with a little fix-up job. They're always training new shitworkers to help with the green tape processing since every month there are about 100 new records coming into the collection. This task is literally neverending. So they called me in as an expert to help. The record was a rare variation I've only ever seen before on the internet, the MINOR THREAT *Filler* 7" EP with a clear transparency sleeve. I mean, come on! You can find a scan of this uber-rarity on collectorscum.com in the "Where'd you find that" page. I never imagined I'd be holding one in my hands, but there it was!

So they had called me in because the new recruit had some trouble with the green tape. I guess he still hadn't learned the cardinal rule of green tape: you only get one chance with green tape! You need to be really careful when you finally put the tape down, since it's really sticky, and if you accidentally touch the sleeve with it, you can get goo all over, or pull up part of the image.

As it turned out here, the green taper did both, and I got to play clean-up. The guy had a strip of the tape ready to put on one of the sides, and he accidentally dropped it diagonally across the front of the sleeve. I guess he was trying to pull it up, when a supervisor saw him, and noticed a thin strip of the print coming up along with the tape! Nooooo! Needless to say, he was stopped mid-stream, and they put it aside for an expert to handle.

When I finally got to help, I tried to be as careful as possible, but that tape goo really liked that transparency ink, and there's a nice sized strip of ink missing off of Ian's trenchcoat on the cover. At least we didn't get any of the MINOR THREAT logo. But then again, part of the MINOR THREAT logo got covered by the green tape on the side (and the songtitles along the margins on the back got covered too, you can barely make out SMALL MAN, BIG MOUTH). Honestly I was pretty pissed that they'd let a new recruit handle such an important record, but this is the power of punk politics in action (Sorry if you're reading this, you've been warned! At least I didn't use your name!). After all, I guess it is just a record.

So that's been the excitement for me, just waiting to see what insane bonzer comes out next. Let's just say Layla and Merm have been taking their sweet time (hurry up!!! Ha ha). In their defense, they have provided me with the name of the next record on deck. I certainly could barely believe it... ROCK BOTTOM AND THE SPYS?! What's more, the copy we have comes with the Second Known Copy of the impossible picture sleeve!!! I still haven't gotten to see it, but I'm already trying to figure out how we're going to be able to green tape the edges, but still be able to open up the gatefold to see the images on the inside—usually an *MRR* no-no. Maybe I can cut out the inner gatefold panels, and trim down the edges so we can put them inside the sleeve like inserts. We'll see!



The Wig

It was almost twenty years ago and one of those cold April days where your breath still hung in the air after you finished talking. The sun, along with our winter jackets, kept us warm on our walk along 34th Street until we reached Macy's. As we entered the place, I could feel that stuffy, uncomfortable warmth that always seems to hug big department stores in the city during the winter. With me was my step-dad, Nick, and my mom, Barbara. She had only a few months to live because of the fast progression of the lung cancer she was diagnosed with some months earlier. She had finished many rounds of Chemo, and was now ending her radiation treatments at Sloan-Kettering.

The reason we had ventured to Macy's that day was, well, odd. We had gone there to buy her a wig. The cancer had spread from her lungs, throughout her entire body, and was now in her head. Her brain. This is called metastasis. Nice word for an ugly thing. Actually, there are lots of nice words that are used with cancer. To *soften* the blow. Wonderful.

As we walked through the ground floor of Macy's toward the rear elevators, I could smell all the perfumes and after shaves. But somehow, they didn't linger in my nose like they usually did. All I could smell was the stuffy uncomfortableness of the place.

We got off the elevator at the third or fourth floor and followed the signs to the wig department. It was just a couple of enclosed glass cabinets adjacent to each other, tucked away in a far corner of Macy's.

Behind one of the counters stood an older gentleman, and behind him, various wigs placed stylishly upon Styrofoam heads that were faceless and eyeless.

The man's smile was warm as he greeted us. Nick and I smiled back, but my mother didn't. There was a woman trying on wigs in front of a table top mirror, and when she saw us, she turned and smiled. We smiled back to her as we watched her adjust the wig on her head, with the price tag hanging off the back and all. My mom, again, didn't smile.

"It's all right sweetie," said the woman to my mom, "everything is gonna be all right." My mom, with a scarf covering her quickly balding head just nodded.

"You'll get used to it," she added, "really, you will."

I looked at Nick, and he looked at me. And we both smiled. But they weren't real smiles. They were smiles of fear, and desperation. We didn't know what else to do.

"Which one should I get?" asked my mom to Nick and I. We had trouble understanding what she said at first because her tongue was swollen from all the Chemo and radiation and shit.

We looked at the wall of faceless heads for a long time not saying anything. The reason my mom had wanted a wig was because I had planned a trip to Cancun with my brothers, Wendy, Nick and I that was to take place in a couple of weeks. I figured it would be our last chance to all be together, and of course, I was right. I fucking hate being right.

Nick and I and my mom looked at the wigs, and to tell you the truth, I had no fucking clue which one she should get. There were black straight ones. There were blonde curly ones. They even had a punk rock colored one. Somehow, I didn't think my mom wanted that one.

"Nice wigs, huh?" said the woman in front of the table top mirror, "I already have a couple, this is going to be my third!"

Nick and I just looked at her and smiled. My mom seemed off in a daze.

"It's really not that bad," explained the woman, "in fact, your mother can have the hair she has always wanted".

We nodded our heads, and I was surprised Nick didn't make any bad jokes. I guess it just wasn't one of those days.

We continued to look at all the wigs, lost in our frustration over this insane situation. A situation we thought we'd never find ourselves in. Ever.

"Why don't you describe the kind of hair your mother used to have?" said the woman to me. And to Nick.

Nick and I began to describe it to her as my mom stood there, listening. We explained that her hair was brownish-blonde and very, very beautiful. As Nick started to explain the texture and feel of it, I could see his emotions tearing him apart. He knew he'd never feel or smell the real stuff again. I felt tears welling up in my eyes, and saw them in Nick's.

It was then I think my mom somehow snapped out of that cancer-morphine haze, and told Nick and I to go shopping, and to leave her alone at the wig counter. She told Nick to take me to the electronic games department, and buy me whatever I wanted. She told us to come back in a little while, and she'd be fine.

Nick and I walked away from my mom, the woman with the wigs, and the guy

behind the counter, feeling very uncomfortable. We did not want to leave her alone, so we didn't. We just went around the corner, and peeked over at her ever few seconds.

I watched my mom try on all sorts of wigs. As she would try each one on, she'd look in the mirror and brush the hair as if it were her own. The man behind the counter smiled warmly at her as she brushed the various wigs she was trying on. I could see in the way that she brushed and stroked the hair, that she missed her own, and was feeling what it was like to have a full head of hair again. I quickly wiped a tear from my cheek, hoping Nick didn't see it.

Finally my mom put on a wig, and wore it for more than a few minutes. She just kept staring at herself in the table-top mirror, and brushing and caressing the hair. The man behind the counter just smiled, and the woman who was trying on other wigs was telling my mom she looked great in it.

Nick and I walked back to the wig department and to my mom. When she saw us, she smiled A warm smile. A smile I'll carry with me forever. On her head was a wig that looked exactly like her hair. Only it was shorter than she had worn it recently. It was the kind of hair style she had worn about twenty years earlier. And it made her look younger. Like the mom I remember when she pushed me on the swing set. Or when I sat in her lap. Or when she bathed me. The same hair. The same mom. She was beautiful. Like a mother. She was beautiful. Like a woman.

I felt a lump begin to rise in the back of my throat, and looked at my mom. She looked at me, and suddenly I wanted to be in her arms. To be hugging her, cradled in her warmth. Safe from the world. I wanted to be home again. The lump in my throat got bigger. My mom looked me in the eyes, then put her finger to her lip. And I knew all was said that had to be.

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I'll never forget my mom and that wig, that cold winter day at Macy's. That day my mom had stood up in the face of all that was wrong, and had reminded Nick and I about pride and courage. She had tried on wigs, majestically, and somehow, with synthetic material on her head, had shown us the true meaning of beauty. She took away our uneasiness and fears with just the smallest of a smile, and let us know that life was worth living.

Ennotes:
I've run this story before, but now it holds more meaning to me than ever. I got sick fighting for something unpopular, but very right... Please go to www.myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb for details.

I know many readers have gone through this exact scenario. God Bless you and your loved ones. What I learned all these years later is that while you can not save others when in a situation like this, you can be there for them – hold their hand...and let them know they are not alone. So simple, yet so profound and life changing. Take a stand. Make sure your loved one is comfortable and let then know they are loved. It's the BEST anyone can do....
It is Punk Rock to love one another and care! Besides, isn't there enough hate in the world already? Do something different – Care!

Sometimes in life we are surprised. What we believe to be possible and what actually is possible hold little company at certain times in life. It is a surprise to me that I am currently living in this, the city of San Francisco. Even more shocking to my former self is that I know the people that I now know. Yet most importantly I am living as who am, not hiding from the world.

I first came to San Francisco in the month of March in the year two-thousand and nine. I had been for four years living in the small town in which I grew up. I was surrounded, with few exceptions, by small minded idiots and there spoiled brat children. I was hiding behind the pretense that I was comfortable being male. Once you hide for long enough it becomes second nature. The idea that I didn't have to do so was almost impossible for me to conceptualize. I knew there were people in the world who had medical procedures to change their sex. I knew this wasn't exactly what I wanted for myself. However, there was another matter. I had been called "he" for so long. How could anyone be expected to adjust to me just all of the sudden changing that? Little did I know what lie before me.

A friend of mine who had been living in town would periodically call me and tell me about what an amazing place she was living in, and of all of the amazing people she was meeting. It all sounded so nice. But how could I do it? What strange twist of fate would allow me such a feat? I suppose my nihilistic tendencies wanted me to believe it to be impossible. Stagnancy is the killer of inspiration and hope. When we stop growing and changing and evolving we die a little bit inside. However, that creative energy will not be stifled it will have its own way. With out without our willing assistance.

One day my friend invited me to visit her and come see a concert. We were also, during that visit, to assist another friend with a show he was putting on. And so I came. Almost from the moment of I arrived in town I could tell it was a place of magic. She had been fortunate enough to become acquainted with Thrillhouse Records. And when first I came around, I cannot even begin to express how happy I was for my dear friend to have found such a life as she had. That first night we assisted her friend at his show. The experience was amazing to me. Everyone I spoke with was incredible, talented and above all else genuine. I felt the whole night as if I had escaped the false interactions I had become so privy to back home. The concert we attended the following evening was equally as inspiring. I was determined. I would move to San Francisco if it killed me. Upon returning home I sold my car and bought a one-way train ticket.

In my discovery of Thrillhouse Records I had come across a place in which I could feel comfortable to express myself. Nay; to be myself. Even in the city of all consuming acceptance there is still a certain air of pretension in certain circles that can be enough to make one want to run and hide. At Thrillhouse and, as I would come to find out, the Bay Area punk community in general there is this atmosphere of mutual respect that seems to cling to the fiber that binds it all together. The folks I would come to meet, I found in almost all cases to be not only accepting but also encouraging. It was through the record store that I came to be acquainted with such music as I had never heard before. I can distinctly recall the first time I heard Hey Girl and the feeling of personal power that it filled me with. Conformist society has a way of relentlessly shitting on you if you happen to not buy into it and it can be a bit discouraging at times. I feel as though this music—music that tells you in no uncertain terms that you don't have to play that game, has a way of reminding me that I am in the driver's seat of my life. During that first stint of time hanging about the record store I was introduced to the records of bands like Grass Widow, Songs for Moms and the Reaction. All of whom still hold much fascination for me. I adore bands that take seemingly unrelated styles of music and blend them together. It seems to me to suggest that punk is not one select thing or another it is whatever you want it to be. The soul behind it is what is important.

I would come to find that there is a pervading sense of community that binds it all together. The atmosphere at a punk show is, to me, far superior to most other engagements I have attended. The conversations I would hear and become involved in have always held such significance to me. At shows I've met such fantastical creatures such as I never knew existed. People who don't believe in the established mode of gender, artists who play a set and immediately following come off stage and engage in conversation.

My band, Von der Berc's Cabaret, had been together for a year and a half in our hometown. Aside from a few very lackluster

engagements at a certain piano cafe, we had not been well received. We have always played Cabaret music however, there is a certain bangy clangy aspect of it that is more appreciated outside of said piano cafe. I would have never believed that we would find a home as wonderful as the one we have here. I love playing shows that incorporate a little bit of everything and I've been so lucky as to have that opportunity repeated again and again. The atmosphere of anti-conformity never fails to be inspiring to me. We don't have to be like everyone else. When we are children many of us hear the message, "Be yourself." But often times the message you get from other children at school or perhaps your family, (although I have been fortunate enough not to have struggle with mine on that account) can be quite the reverse.

Gender identity is a vast and fluid conceptual sea. There are, to be perfectly clear, and endless number of genders to be identified with. The construct of exactly what constitutes "masculine" and "feminine" qualities isn't something that has to be relevant anymore. There are so many ways of being. We are all human beings. Each with our own experiences our own hang-ups, needs and motivations; this extends to our sexuality and to the way we see ourselves. I have been lucky enough to find a place I am comfortable with. I am half Jack and half Jill, or perhaps rather all of both. I don't buy into the concept that being a man makes me any less of a woman, nor visa versa. I tend to use alternating gender pronouns sometimes using "she" a bit more often. For so long I lived with being "he" even though I did not find myself perfectly comfortable with it. Now I am where I want to be. I am living my life the way that I wish to. The Bay Area punk community is directly responsible for teaching me that such a thing is possible.

I have been received in this community with respect, which is more than I can say of other supposedly "accepting" communities in this city. I feel like in many other circles an attempt has been made to pigeon hole me into one certain category or another. Although my manner of dress, and often times of conducting myself is congruent with what is often considered feminine, I wear a beard and have no modifications made to my body to make it more like a biologically female body. I have often found the attitude in other circles that this could only mean that I am wearing women's clothing just for fun. As if a person can without having had conversation with me just decide, based on there own observations, what my gender identity is. I am a human being. I am not to be categorized by someone else like some rare plant in a scientific journal.

Capitalist culture will not allow any room for escape, regardless of gender identity, sexuality or personal reproof. There is music they want to sell you as well as clothing and specific hangout spots to make you feel as though you are living the lifestyle they want you to buy. Being comfortable with ourselves and each other is one of the only defenses we have. The corporate fat cats want us all to feel isolated and alone so that we will buy the things that they would have us think we need. They would have us all pick a predestined template of a person and buy all the things that person would have. Don't think, just buy buy buy. When we are comfortable with ourselves and each other than we can go about our business in the way we want and not the way we are expected to.

Our community is one of anti-conformity and it is inspiring to me the extent to which that concept reaches. It is not just a style of music that we love. The music is a vehicle for ideas, it is the glue that holds us together. There are physical locations for us to hang out and exchange said ideas, there are events where we can meet each other and feel like we are not alone. We are, all of us, engaged in a resistance of how we are expected to live and think. Each of us has a different reason or series of reasons to be here. Whatever it is that brought us into this community, we are all here. It exists. The world has a long history of being a fucked up place. It is my belief that there is only one thing to do with a fucked up establishment. Fuck it up. I live the way I do, not only for my own comfort and amusement, but also because I believe that in some subtle way I am challenging conformist society to crumble to dust, and hopefully, in the process, inspiring others to do the same.

SLAVE LABOR FOR THE NEW GENERATION

So most of us work in the service world. Really it seems like all my fucking friends work in that business. So for those who do let me ask you this: what other business do you work up to ten or twelve hours without a break? What other business do people have such a sense of pride for working themselves to death? It's a business that makes the rich richer and the poor a little less poor and a lot sorer. What industry am I referring to? Let me fucking tell you: the restaurant industry. It's a sad, sad world that I have been a part of for seventeen years now. I punch in the morning and do not sit down until I punch out at night. I leave work with a fucked up back and hands that fall asleep every night constantly, leaving me in pain. This world has no end in sight... it's alcohol and speed-fueled and is spinning out of control. This world is like no other. For those who have never endured it, you basically punch in and prepare for anything your body can handle. It's one of the only places of work that truly has no stop time. Even if the schedule says you get out at a certain time that does not mean much anything in the restaurant world. You work until they don't need you anymore.

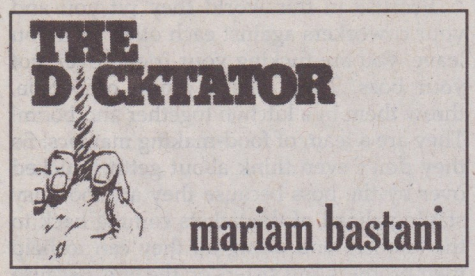
Because in this world they pit you and your coworkers against each other so if you leave, you are fucking your friend over, not your boss. They take a group of people, throw them in a kitchen together and boom! They are a team of food-making maniacs! So they don't even think about getting fucked over by the boss because they are too busy staying ahead of the tickets coming back to the kitchen, and doing all they can to help their brothers and sisters on the line. Because owners count the money and stress over paying bills, cutting any cost they can to stay open, it is one of the most cutthroat business around today. Whatever it takes to keep the doors open. If that means cutting the employee discount or cutting cost by stopping recycling they will do it.

In this business there is no room for unions or workers rights or even benefits unless you're a manager. It's just work, work, work. To me it's truly sad to see people be demoralized this way. All the time I see cooks hanging out bragging about how many tickets they pushed out that day, and how they can barley stand up because of it. The owners of this type business know this is how most chefs and cooks live and react to the this type of business because for the most part they love all this. But its coming to the point that this world needs to be exposed and people need to know the reality of what goes into their plate of food that a "friendly, smiling" server brings to them.

That plate of food is a lot of time made for you by an under-paid, over-worked human being that is just trying to make a enough to feed his or her family. Or by some fucking doped out asshole chef who thinks it's awesome to bust out 400 plates of food in four hours. No. Fuck that. I don't want to break my back anymore. I want to save my body for the ones I love and the things I love. I have had it with this world and things need to change. What I ask of the readers of this column is this: next time you are eating out, try and look around and see how the employees are treated. Or if they even look happy at all. When we go out to eat we never really think about what we are supporting. Some of you say fuck Burger King and places like that, but a local place abusing their employees is just as bad.

The entire restaurant world needs to reinvent itself. The entire structure of working until you can't walk and getting some kind of fucked up pride out of it is just not right. I am sick to death hearing chefs brag about doing this or doing that, and for what to make your boss rich—Vicodin for sore backs and Adderoll to stay awake for doubles. This

no way to live and I am done and have been done for a long time. We need to make demands in the work place and those demands need to be met. If they are not, we will walk. Just like they did in the old days. We need to take back the work place for our health, our family, our friends, and our future. *Think about it*!



Last month we published the year-end top tens and even though there was much repetition, there are tons of records that were made in 2010 that were definitely good, and worth repeating. Many Top Ten writers make honorable mentions, stuff that didn't quite make their year-end list but they wanted to talk about anyway. This year columnist Logan Dean Worrell made a dishonorable mention of the band T.H.U.G. at the end of his list. When people heard about it there was some talk, mostly on message boards—my favorite, and lots of questions were raised.

The only actual letter we received, after all the shit talk, was from Bob who runs Rock'n'Roll Disgrace, the label that put out the T.H.U.G. LP. To respect his wishes, we are not printing the emails that he wrote to us, but I will say there was a lengthy dialogue about some of the problems raised with the release of the record, *MRR* reviewing the record, then what Logan had written. Subsequently, while I respect Bob as a person, I really can't say that I respect his decision to put out the T.H.U.G. LP.

So what were some legitimate questions? What is the deal with this record? Is this a white power record? Why did *MRR* review it in the first place? Didn't it get a good review? Why would they slam it later?

I want to point out that while *MRR* content is watched over by two people, we don't always catch everything. We sift out a lot of shit, but stuff slips by. The record was reviewed and that is that. While we don't normally review RAC stuff, this one was questionable and it did slip through the cracks. That shit happens and I am alright with that. While I stand by what we print in *Maximum*, I don't always agree with it. As a punk magazine, we allow for content that doesn't toe the "party line." *MRR* is not one monolithic voice in which we all agree. Bruce Roehrs reviewed it—it was the last thing he wrote about before he passed away. Bruce definitely liked to push the boundaries, to find out what he could get away with. But some people can't look past the "sketch" factor regardless of the music being something they like or not. This is the beauty of an all-volunteer magazine that allows for opinions and content that is often contradictory. Not to say that every argument is presented, but there is a lot of room for debate and that is, if anything, one of the main "agendas" of the magazine. So to have a favorable review and an unfavorable review is not the issue. My issue is that the White Power associations were left out. We did not find out that the band had White Power ties until after the magazine went to print.

With that being said, I stand by the basis of Logan's statement. Logan isn't an inherently political guy, but I was personally impressed with him because he actually said something about this. It bothered him that people are into this record. Logan asserted that punks should not support this label as a result of the release of this record. Should he have said that? Probably not, but some would say releasing a record by a band with a questionable legacy like T.H.U.G. should be enough to end support of a label. Could he have worded it differently? Sure, and maybe all of this wouldn't have happened, but, just as the majority of punks believe in free speech, so do we. And, frankly, I am glad it happened.

Not to go off on a tangent here, but there seemed to be a lot of invoking of Bruce Roehrs' name. While I would never claim to know Bruce as well as most of long-term shitworkers involved in *MRR*, I do know that above all else Bruce was a gentleman and when it came to issues like this (which have come up before), he was not adverse to hearing out opinions, discussing them and being quite comfortable disagreeing with a friend. He knew what it meant to respect people even if you don't like them.

When Bob and I exchanged emails, he did mention that his family is multi-ethnic. I know that he mentioned this several times on the message board which the majority of the discussion about the whole situation took place. I know that people will say things like, "he can't be racist then!" or "what does that have to do with putting out this record" or even "Then he should know better!" Well, unless you are in this same situation or have a perspective informed by being multi ethnic, you don't have the best frame of reference. I am not discounting a white person's opinion, but I have to say that it is definitely limited by nature. Really, it's no ones fault, but knowing when to back off and admit your ignorance is a choice people *can* make. I can't speak for Bob, but I can understand that he was offended on a personal level and when he points out the cultural and ethnic make up of his family I will be the first to say that I do not discount this part of his life as something outside of his decision making process, that somehow having these ties makes him unable to be "objective" (typical '90s "anti-PC" argument) "because it has nothing to do with the music." I think that this may be an area of debate that he and I can both agree on—it can't get much more personal than this.

I have heard comments regarding this little T.H.U.G. episode dismissing *MRR* as run by a bunch of trust fund kids, insinuating that the people involved with the magazine don't know what a hard days work entails. I stand behind all of the people who put in their hard work here as volunteers. They are all types, from people who "revolt against the man," including college kids, office workers through to blue-collar folks, all of who work really fucking hard. I am happy to report that as of right now, no one here has a dog on a string, nor do we spout the virtues of "freeganism" but if some one here *wants* to do that shit on their own time, it is their business. T.H.U.G. has guest vocals courtesy of Angry Anderson, of the band Rose Tattoo. So when someone angrily asked me if I threw away all of my Rose Tattoo records "because I hate racists"—fuck no, because what I do in my house is my business, as it is for anyone—if some dude wants to blast Skrewdriver in their living room (despite that…I still love Cleveland), that is their business. But if your neighbor comes knocking, don't be surprised.

Here's my confusion about this whole situation: if Bob wants to stand by T.H.U.G. that is his choice, but it seems to me that if they are his pals, maybe they should come to his defense. From my understanding, the band doesn't give a fuck about what people think about their past, and while I generally live by the same tenet, as most of us probably do, I am prepared to answer for what ever decisions I make. If I make a mistake, so be it, but I own my shit.

Now, I also understand that people make mistakes. I have had more experiences with white power shit than should be, including having friends and even boyfriends who were at one time white power. Seeing your friend take his shirt off to go swimming and have a back piece depicting skinheads and Nazis raising a white power flag in a *Raising the Flag at Iwo Jima* rip off style is horrifying. I do believe people can change and passing judgment is something I try very hard not to do, but the "shades of gray" that this band skirts are undeniable. People can claim that the band is not explicitly white power, but on the their record, they cover a White Lightning song, their past activities in the WP movement and bands (including White Lightning) are extreme. An interview that was cited, where Chumley, T.H.U.G.'s singer, says mixed race people are "mongrels" and other WP sentiment was within the last decade (see for yourself… http://slackbastard.anarchobase.com/?p=1234). I do think people can change over time, but this interview is not from that long ago, so how can anyone be surprised that people will have questions about this band? The correlation is there and no one can deny that paying homage to their white power past

isn't a questionable move on T.H.U.G.'s part. If they want to leave that life behind, as people claim they have, they aren't doing a convincing job. I don't buy it. I know there are infinite arguments about how they have (or have not) confronted their past, but just because it can be rationalized away doesn't mean that the effects of that type of legacy do not endure.

This too is an area that I do believe Bob and I might agree on. He does not have the luxury of brushing off racism and prejudice by virtue of his family's ethnic and biological make up, which is the same for me. I *was* that kid whose parents had to explain to them why some adult called me a racial slur. Now as an adult, I have had to explain the same thing to kids I tutored or mentored. Yeah, even now… There are tons of people who can relate, so this struggle what ever shape it will take for each person who is subject to it, does not exist in a vacuum. I say this not to delegitimize the problems Bob's family or similar families face, but to point out that we aren't alone in dealing with this even though in punk in the US it seems to be sort of a rarity. With that said, I guess this is why it bothers me too. These fucked up racist attitudes and the straight up stupidity in dealing with them is still apparent in punk. Seriously, now…there is no room for tolerance of White Power bullshit. Being conservative is one thing, but the nationalist socialist movement that calls for the extermination of "mongrels" is fucked. Discussion may get you somewhere, but how do you discuss the evils of racism with someone who doesn't consider you human? Yeah, it's 2011 and racism is alive and well, but it's not a "minority" person's job to get anyone up to speed. Fuck that. I have played the role of "inside informant" to friends or even acquaintances with their questions regarding some pretty racist assumptions—I am ok with that. It happens and when I think about it, everyone starts somewhere. It has taught me how to field those questions and answer them without swinging first, but there are limits. I guess I just hope that these racist dumbshits can someday befriend a "mongrel" and learn something for themselves. Until then, live by the sword die by the sword. If you are in Australia and a racist, just hope that the complacency and backward ignorant racism of Australia keeps you safe until people wise the fuck up. Here in the US…. Your time is running out.

I did attempt to contact T.H.U.G. to request an interview with *MRR*. If they agree, I will conduct the interview. The purpose is not a witch-hunt or to intentionally make these guys look bad, but to get some answers. I really doubt I will hear from them. In the end, life goes on. Some punks don't give a shit about racism. In their complacency they would rather be safe hiding behind their bullshit, but for every one of you, I promise there are at least two of us.

As for *MRR* and Rock'n'Roll Disgrace, we will continue to review Rock'n'Roll Disgrace records. It is up to Bob if he will send them or not. As for Bob and I, I hope we meet one day and we can have these conversations in person. He seems like an intelligent, hard working guy who just wants to do right by his family. As a person, I am really impressed with his willingness to listen and be able to articulate his thoughts without being a reactionary dickhead. So even if I hope that he sees that releasing this record wasn't a good idea, I am glad I discovered in talking to him that there are still people who don't hide behind some ironic joke or bullshit message board antics—punks that think about choices they make and the implications of those choices. Punks that care about punk and own their shit.

Endnotes:
The Narcosis LP put out by Odio Los Discos is a *must have*. Review in the next issue!
Weird TV at Thrillhouse was one of the best shows of the year. Even though it's April, I am sure that my opinion will not change. If given the opportunity I will be seeking out the women in this band and make them play music with me some time in the future.
Livid is the best new band in the Bay area right now. They are radical as all hell and their songs are amazing.
Mauser is heavy as shit and their new 7" will slay you. Good people that play killer music and have a great sense of humor. Good times…
Email if you dare…
mariam@maximumrocknroll.com

When Cissie was coordinating the magazine with me we used to joke about doing a women in punk issue, without mentioning that that was what was happening. Just do it. See if anyone noticed that every band had women in it. I did a tape review column a few months ago, and said there would be a second part following shortly after, well here it is! This is the inadvertent women in punk edition as most of the tapes have ladies on em. Not all. Nearly though!
d.vassallotti "False X-mas" tape has a morning after haze, a photo with the light bleaching everything out, like someone in the room next to you is listening to the first New Order record. Ghosts and radiator noises. Excellent atmospherics, recommended... Wasn't sure how to label this, as it arrived in a black envelope with no decipherable band name, but I was informed this human was in the Cult Ritual so I went with the name on the lyric sheet. Cult Maternal 804 E Genesee Tampa FL 33603
Livid are from San Francisco and Oakland and are my current favorite local live band... They are the best. Seeing them play is the best, but since I am not sure if they are playing in your town soon, they made a tape! It's not quite as raging as the live experience, maybe as it was recorded a bit ago, earlier in the band's existence? Live they have this Alice Bag swagger that is the best, on tape the Dangerhouse thing still comes over but the danger is a little less intoxicating. One of my friends think they sound too talky-riot grrl, I personally don't think that's a dis first off, though I think it was meant as one, but I honestly don't see it THAT much. On full listen to the tape, I detect a little Bikini Kill Peel Session 7" appeal, but honestly way more Alice Bag bands!! Amelia has a really cool voice and stage presence, and Mason has excellent *We Got the Neutron Bomb* riffs and the rhythm section will cut your throat if you look at em wrong. Every show this band plays has a million tough girls up front losing their shit. Get it or regret it. Livid: PO Box 40711 SF CA 94140
Hysterics are from Olympia. The first tape got destroyed by the postal service: coincidence??!! The second arrived with two cool pins with bloody tampons in the Black Flag logo that were instantly stolen by me and Mariam. This tape rules so hard, totally raging and classic sounding yet innovative and interesting hardcore from Olympia, it's so fucking good! Just straight ahead hardcore that I wish all isolated teenage weirdo girls into HC would get sent upon entrance into the scene. Perceptive, angry fuck you lyrics, awesome vocal delivery, seriously one of the best HC tapes of last year in my eyes. People always complain about how girls just aren't hardcore, just don't make good hardcore bands, should just stick to uh... whatever it is they do, but fuck that, not every girl band is fucking Spitboy... This shit rules, someone needs to put their band's record out before they break up as seems to happen to all bands I love. I think this tape is sold out from the band but you can still get it from K records:
www.krecs.com/Shop/product_info.php?products_id=4676
Firebrand are from New Orleans, feature an ex New Blood and an ex Necro Hippie and manage to capture the Young Marble Giants dreamscape that so many are mining right now without any syrup or plaintive girl wimpiness. They mush it up with an awesome Excuse 17 bratattack making a disconcerting sound that is strong and powerful, important music... More of a post punk experimental idea than grrrl sound, but there are echoes of different personal female takes on the punk idea through out. nomorefiction@gmail.ccom
Goodthrob came with a nervous note about the guitar player was waaay better now, but

seriously fuck that, this tape rules regardless of guitar strut. It's rudimentary stroppy punk that in parts sort of reminds me of the scree of early Gravity records chaos. The more hardcore less indulgent element of that idea, bashed out and readjusted for the needs of hardcore girls in 2011. This band's existence is exciting! As someone who bought Gravity 7"s in the early '90s from the Rough Trade basement shop it's with excitement and amazement that finally in the year 2011 there are English girls making these sounds their own! With added bile and punk snot obvs. I am not sure how to get this tape, but I will keep you updated on any future happenings or you could go to modernhatewive.com and see if there's something there? Maybe there will be!

Sceptres put out this awesome tape that may or not be a discog of their 7" output? I think it is but I am writing this in a state of total laziness and don't feel like scrollin' through my 7" boxes to investigate. At any rate, it demonstrates the melodic spikey '78 punker brat majesty in an admirable fashion, vocals somewhere between Fisticuffs Bluff and um, Penetration. Everything is wound up tight for the up all night pogo punx, there's a Shitty Limits connection, Modern Hate Vibe for life round these parts. www.direrecords.com

Hell Woman – This is rock tinged hardcore, the riffs are riffs, hardcore for stoner girls? Actually maybe it's just grunge!?? I mean it's not really that hardcore, I think the person that got me the tape described them as a HC band. I missed them when they played at the 16th BART station here as I had to work, but I have a feeling I would like it more in that format. It's pretty cool though, like a more rudimentary Girlschool, emphasis on the rudimentary! From Olympia, not sure how to get one of these?

Deadhead are from Olympia too, Olympian assault on my ears this month! This band is sort of more in the tradition of KARP than any other of the Oly tapes sent in, sort of weird punker space basement dirge with pot leaves drawn on the tape, that signify more than my mere words would. Plus scrawny heavy metal parking lot vocals. When that voice lets rip, it feels like all time is yours, some of the jammier parts lose this essence and power. The band is called Deadhead and are from Olympia. You can smell the smoke on your clothes. Are you gonna submit?! PO Box 8355 OLY WA 98507

?-I picked up this tape after I saw the band play at Thrillhouse, three suburban kids playing what seemed like an inadvertent KBD take on the hardcore idea, totally falling apart FlipperGermsStickmenwith rayguns terrible genius. Not made by knowing kids, but by seeming anti social weirdos, I cannot read their band name on the tape case, nor remember what they were called, and while the tape is no way as rad as they were live, there is no contact info on it so... no use! I should have reviewed this shit when I got it a million years ago. Oh well. They have songs about rotting babies in the street making a sort of welcome matt, and one called "Drooling Blood" and one about killing a bartender who wouldn't let them play because they were underage. so maybe they are actually 14 year old boys?! I remember there was a girl in the band. I bet that if I saw them again I would not be as impressed, but since they are this crazy mystery band now the mystique exists! Is it intentional mysterious guy hardcore?

This **Tyvek** tape on fag tapes smells absolutely terrible, like someone puked in the car you have to ride for the next couple days. That's OK as my tape player is across the room, and I threw the tape case away from my current position. It's a collection of live tracks and demos and practices and chopped and screwed stuff. I love Tyvek, they make mostly the sounds that make it clear it's a good thing to be a punk that is in existence now. If you like this band you probably have a record or tape or two already, I would suggest getting this to add to your Tyvek collection. Listen to all of them in a row and you have a full days activity planned. I have never seen them play as they always play SF when I don't wanna go out, at bars I don't like going to. This is not relevant to the review of the tape but I would like to see them play at some point, and I imagine the tape is a good approximation of what that would be like. No contact but you could enter ffag tapes into a internet search engine for shits and giggles.

Panzram are two dudes from Florida, playing angular heavy very '90s hardcore, in fact this sounds like it could have been on an Old Glory compilation, something like that. It's pretty cool that this is a two person band, it doesn't sound like it, it does totally sound like something I would have seen in a basement in Columbus OH in 1995. Fahy_john@hotmail.com

Mixed Combat is a mix tape made by the excellent punker DJs at KBOO up in Portland OR featuring many of the amazing sets from visiting bands during the Life During Wartime radio show. A solid representation of the last six or so years of the punk landscapel, from Gorilla Angreb and the Nix to Vivid Sekt and Nerveskade, the Exploding Hearts through to Tragedy and even Fucked Up. I am again not sure how you would get the tape, but you should check out the radio show regardless, lots of *MRR* shitworkers and even a former coordinator participate!

www.kboo.fm/LifeDuringWartime

Well, I have more to get through so maybe there will be another episode next month? Start a band, make a tape and send it to me

Layla@maximumrocknroll.com

Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com

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SHIT HAPPENS

100% TRUE CRIME STORY

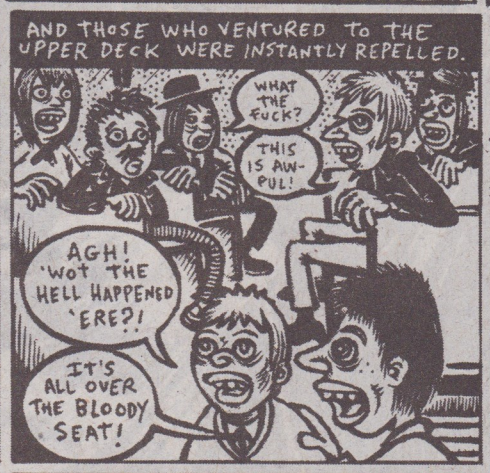
FEATURING: ANDY ANIMAL

IT WAS THE FALL OF 2007 AND SOMEHOW I HAD FALLEN IN TO THE ROLE OF "ROAD MANAGER" FOR A TOURING ROCK GROUP.

MANY MEMORABLE THINGS HAPPENED DURING THIS TIME. NONE MORE SO THAN THE FOLLOWING TALE...

THE REMAINDER OF THE RIDE WAS SPENT ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE BUS...

AND THOSE WHO VENTURED TO THE UPPER DECK WERE INSTANTLY REPELLED.



THROUGHOUT ALL OF THIS, I GOTTA SAY THAT THE GUY TOOK IT PRETTY WELL, I KNOW THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SHAKE IT OFF SO EASILY.

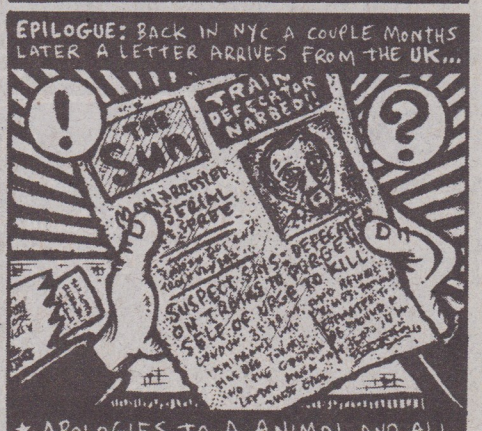
THE STENCH FOLLOWED THE POOR GUY AROUND FOR THE REST OF THE DAY...

AND THE DEBATE CONTINUED...

LATER, DOWN THE PUB...

AND SO, THAT'S HOW THE STORY ENDED, OR SO WE ALL THOUGHT...

EPILOGUE: BACK IN NYC A COUPLE MONTHS LATER A LETTER ARRIVES FROM THE UK...



★ APOLOGIES TO A. ANIMAL AND ALL VICTIMS OF THE TRAIN DEFECATOR.

A. Spiriak 2011

NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY LAYLA

WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

By EEShap from crunkfeministcollective.wordpress.com

Everything. Love has everything to do with it. I'll explain. In another corner of our world, though unfortunately one in which we all still live and try our best to love, there is an ongoing attack on women, our families and our most treasured communities. I'm sure that many of you have heard about the various bills being introduced in Washington and around the country that target women's access to health care. Access to comprehensive reproductive health care. Access to abortion.

I've been working as a reproductive justice advocate for about eight years now, and this is about as bad as I've ever seen the climate on reproductive justice. In big picture terms, this appears to be a three pronged attack against reproductive justice: 1) national legislation 2) state legislation 3) the culture war messaging.

Here's the breakdown:

1) Congress:

As we saw when the House of Representatives, newly under Republican control, decided that their first move was to try and repeal the health reform law passed last year, it's clear that their aim is to undo one of the Obama Administration's crown achievements – national health care reform. These folks will do anything to tarnish that legacy and are more than willing to use reproductive rights as a distraction and wedge issue. There have been a few high-profile national bills trying to limit reproductive rights. They are:

* The Pitts Bill (HR 358): would allow doctors and hospitals to refuse to perform any abortion, even one that was needed to save the life of a pregnant woman. Under current law, a pregnant woman with a life-threatening condition cannot be turned away by a hospital, even if her condition requires a doctor to abort her child. The Pitts bill would allow a doctor to not only deny an abortion to a dying pregnant woman but to also refuse to transfer that woman to a place where she might be able to receive an abortion. In fact, the hospital would not be required to do anything at all. Also, here's a video of some real stories that shows what happens when you deny women access to abortion even if there health is at risk.

* Smith Bill (HR 3): would impose a permanent, blanket prohibition on any and all federal spending for abortion care. The most far-reaching federal funding ban in years, this bill would prevent abortion coverage in the insurance exchanges that will be created through health reform. It is an explicit attack on poor women's access to abortion, because let's remember who exactly gets federal funding for their health care? They are low-income women on Medicaid, women who get their health care through the Federal Employees Health Benefits Plan, through the Indian Health Services or through the military.

* Pence Amendment (to HR 1): Eliminate all federal funding to Planned Parenthood clinics around the country. Planned Parenthood operates 820 health centers around the country and provides sexual and reproductive health care, education, and information to over five million women, men, and adolescents each year. It's important to acknowledge PP's history, but let's be real: defunding PP and Title X clinics won't save the government any money or create any new jobs it will only take vital health services—like birth control, cancer screening and HIV tests—away from women and families who need them.

2) **The States:**

There are so damn many of these bills all over the country that all I can do is offer a sampling. I hope you're sitting down.

* In Pennsylvania Senator Don White (R- 11) introduced Senate Bill 3 which would ban abortion coverage in the state health insurance exchange. Currently, more than 80% of insurance plans cover abortion services—a bill of this magnitude would cause many women to lose coverage. (Bills like this one have been introduced in more than 20 other states).

* In Georgia, State Rep. Bobby Franklin of Georgia introduced a bill in his state last week that, if enacted, would require proof that a miscarriage occurred naturally. If a woman can't prove that her miscarriage–or spontaneous abortion–occurred without intervention, she could face felony charges. Roughly one in four pregnancies end in miscarriage.

* In South Dakota, state Rep. Phil Jensen, has introduced a bill to change the state's legal definition of justifiable homicide by adding language stating that a homicide is permissible if committed by a person "while resisting an attempt to harm" that person's unborn child or the unborn child of that person's spouse, partner, parent, or child. (This bill is shelved for now, but can potentially resurface in the next few weeks.)

I'll stop, I think you get the gist of how awful and far reaching some of these state bills are.

3) The Culture War AKA an attack on poor women and women of color:

It seems, after all this, that this is not about health care or the budget or jobs: it's about targeting poor women who rely on the government to help them access health care. This morning NYC woke up to a billboard in Soho claiming "the mo--st dangerous place for an African American is in the womb." These billboards are popping up all over the country and are particularly vile given that the disparity in abortion rates mirrors all other health care disparities in the black community from heart disease to infant mortality and diabetes.

There has also been an uptick in intimidating abortion care providers, with the aim of instilling fear in their hearts and minds so that they might stop providing critical health care to women. I'll end by quoting a brilliant article by Leila Husseini and Anu Kumar, who discuss the effect of singling out abortion as something separate from health care and targeting those that seek to provide it:

"Let's not be coy about this stigma; since the Supreme Court handed down its decision in Roe v. Wade in 1973, anti-abortion advocates like Alvaré and Johnson have been working to eliminate abortion in the United States by shaming women and doctors and nurses and their families. Women walking into clinics are taunted. Providers of abortion care are stalked, threatened and assassinated...We know that stigmatizing abortion is inherently harmful to women's health—preventing them from getting the care they need. When abortion is inaccessible either legally, financially or physically, women are more likely to turn to the back alley."

This is about our health, our families, our safety, our communities and yes, about our ability to love.

PRARIE FIRE IN MADISON

By Christopher Fons from www.counterpunch.org

From grudging complacency to thousands on the streets, Wisconsin's protests are spreading like a prairie fire. With notable work over the years done by small numbers of committed activists aside, widespread political activism has been dormant in Wisconsin.

Wisconsin is the state where Fighting Bob La Follette led the progressive movement a century back and was the first state where public employees secured the right to collectively bargain in 1959. Wisconsites have enjoyed the equity of this past activism for decades, yet 30 years after Ronald Reagan launched his class war against workers, labor is finally taking a stand. After a series of cascading factory closings, longer work weeks, shortened leisure, lowered expectations and heightened insecurity Wisconsin labor is saying "enough."

Enter Governor Scott Walker to drop a match to the parched prairie and start the flames of resistance. Early this week labor unions called for the usual lobbying, protests, rallies, and vigils against Walker's aggressive move to eliminate collective bargaining rights and cut benefits in order to pay for his larding up the budget with tax breaks for the rich. Except this time it was different. Walker's attack was not the usual administration of slow bleeding, but a move to go in for the final kill. This time, workers across the state realized it was time to fight or see themselves sacrificed on the altar of Scott Walker's political ambitions.

This week, with each passing hour, demonstrations grew and communication among workers left the incubator of organized labor tops and went into a high energy transformation into a mass movement. On the ground, the Republican strategy to railroad the bill through in special session was confounded by protestors, abetted by progressive legislators, which halted its rapid passage in small hearing rooms and moved it into the halls of the capitol rotunda. An all night peoples' discussion of the bill ensued. This brought out students and trade unionists to sleep overnight at the state capitol building.

The following day saw the crowd swell to near 15,000, with a walkout by Madison area students, which was followed by the Madison teachers' union call for a walkout on Wednesday, which continues. The upbeat mood was further elevated by the firefighters, whom Walker tried to split off from labor by exempting them the cuts. Instead, the firefighters came in support of the people and entered the crowd as heroes. Meanwhile, Governor Walker remained rigid, but with some Republican State Senators beginning to bend and urge compromise. At this point, the largest union in the state, the teachers union (WEAC) had enough. With the vote pending on Thursday, they implored all Wisconsinites to come to Madison and get as close to the capitol rotunda as possible and sit. This call spread across with state, with 35 school districts either canceling or delaying classes today.

More to come!

WE WILL NOT LET EGYPT BURN

From the Root

For more than five decades, the famed Egyptian physician, writer and feminist Nawal El Saadawi has been fighting the powers that be. *The Root* caught up with her just hours before President Mubarak stepped down. Nawal El Saadawi—an Egyptian psychiatrist, scholar, novelist, feminist and activist—has been agitating for change in her home country for more than 50 years. An outspoken opponent of female genital mutilation, she was fired from her position as Egypt's director of health education in 1972. When President Anwar Sadat threw her in prison for her activism in 1981, she penned her memoirs on a roll of toilet paper. A committed secularist, her name appears on fundamentalist death lists. Now 79, she has lived in exile off and on for the past 15 years, teaching at Duke University and Spelman College. For the past year or so, she's been back at home in Egypt, writing and organizing young activists. *The Root's* Rebecca Walker caught up with her early this morning as she was heading out into the streets of Cairo—right before President Mubarak stepped down.

The Root: Where are you now?

Nawal El Saadawi: I am home in my apartment in Cairo, and we are preparing to go out into streets.

Are you going to [Tahrir] Square?

The square is full. There is no more room in the square, and so we have decided that we will be everywhere. Egyptians will be in every square, on every street, at the Presidential Palace and at the national television station. We will be in every place. This revolution has unified us. We are not men and women, Christian and Muslim, professional and nonprofessional; we are all Egyptians, and we will not let Egypt burn.

How are you organizing this revolution? Is there leadership among the people?

We are doing it all with Facebook and mobile phone and e-mail.

Are you concerned about who will take Mubarak's place? What about the Muslim Brotherhood, or other extremist groups?

I am not at all worried about the Brotherhood. There is a lot of exaggeration about this organization, and it is used to frighten women here and Western women, too. The Muslim Brotherhood is a minority. They do not lead the revolution, and many of the men involved in the organization want a secular constitution. Men and women protested in the square and died in the square together.

There was not one single harassment of a woman in the square. And these are covered women, secular women, all women from every background. No, it was not the Muslim Brotherhood who hurt women, it was Mubarak's people who entered the square and killed. All of this talk about the Brotherhood is an attempt to use religion to divide the people. Do not worry; the Muslim Brotherhood will never rule Egypt.

What role would you like the U.S. to play?

I don't expect the power or support or interference of anyone, of any government. We here in Egypt are fed up with U.S. colonialism. Obama is a pragmatic person and thinking of the interests of his country; I understand this. But now he is confused: One minute he supports Mubarak, one minute he doesn't; one moment he is afraid of the Muslim Brotherhood, the next he is not. Now I believe in the people of Egypt only, I depend on the people of Egypt only.

Your work has mainly revolved around women's rights and equality. How are these issues playing out in the revolution? What is the role of women on the ground?

Women and men are in the streets as equals now. We are in the revolution completely. Of course if you know the history of revolutions, you find that after the revolution, often men take over and women's rights are ignored. In order to keep our rights after the revolution, women must be unified. We must have our women's union again. We cannot fight individually.

How do you know that the people who will follow Mubarak will honor your hopes for change?

This revolution changed everything. In history, the millions win, that is democracy. Now the people in the street say no to Mubarak and then will form a temporary government, protected by the army. Then we have to protect the revolution from being aborted; that is the most important fight. I must go now. There are many people waiting here for me. It is time to go on and do the next things that must be done.

REBELS HOPE FOR QADDAFI'S FALL

By Kareem Fahim from the New York Times

SHAHHAT, Libya — Opponents of Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi held a former state radio station in this town on Wednesday, which they had renamed Free Libya and clearly intended to keep. Stationed in front of the gate were burly guards with enormous machines guns and ammunition belts slung over their shoulders. Not far away, other armed men guarded an airport, and throughout the rebellious eastern half of this country, the protesters set up checkpoints and flew the old Libyan flag.

But at the radio station, Hamdi Zaidy, a former Libyan ambassador to Nigeria who has joined the antigovernment protesters, asked that any conversations about the state of the country be conducted outside of the building. "Qaddafi could bomb at any time," said Mr. Zaidy, who was armed with a tiny Italian pistol.

One of the guards was actually a medical student. Mr. Zaidy said he was unsure whether the student knew how to use his machine gun. Committed but ragtag, and with no weaponry to match a state's power, Libya's rebels anxiously awaited Colonel Qaddafi's fall and hoped that their fellow citizens — and especially Colonel Qaddafi's air force pilots — would join their side.

Though cities all along Libya's eastern coast appeared to be controlled by Colonel Qaddafi's opponents, supported by defecting soldiers and police officers, that control seemed tenuous and largely subject to the whims of the colonel's feared militias and mercenaries, along with helicopters and fighter planes. Alongside that fear was a determination to succeed, if only because for many of the protesters, failure to remove Colonel Qaddafi would mean death. Others decided it was better to leave, and minivans filled with Egyptians streamed toward the border on Wednesday, past a cluster of people waiting for scarce cooking gas in Baida and past lines that formed at a gas station near the coastal town of Darnah.

Rumors circulated about the scale of the carnage in Tripoli, the capital, thought to number hundreds of deaths. Two people who spoke to relatives in Tripoli said the security forces had started staking out hospitals in order to arrest wounded protesters. Mustafa Mohamed Abd al-Jalil, who recently quit his post as the justice minister and joined the protests, said different units of the security forces, led by three of Colonel Qaddafi's sons, were still stationed around Tripoli. Mr. Jalil, who was appointed to his post by one of the sons, Seif al-Islam Qaddafi, in 2007, said there were rumors of disagreements among the sons but no rift. He said that mercenaries had been arrested in eastern Libya, many of them coming from Chad and Niger, and that most of them had been hanged. As he saw it, Colonel Qaddafi was teetering, and there was little chance he would survive. "If Tripoli falls, he will kill himself," Mr. Jalil said. "Or the people close to him — maybe one of his sons — will kill him."

In the meantime, Libyans focused their anger on the leader's effigy, drawing Colonel Qaddafi as a clown in graffiti on a wall, or kicking a fallen poster of him at the La Abraq Airport, which had been the scene of a fierce battle last week. As the protesters told the story, a group of citizens traveled to the airport last week after hearing that mercenaries flown in by Colonel Qaddafi had arrived to put down the rebellion. With eyes bruised from a beating and lacerations on his wrists, Rafaa Saad Younis said that he was among the group that went to the airport, but he said that he was taken hostage along with two dozen other people by a group of mercenaries and soldiers. He said the security forces killed people "in front of my eyes." Nothing set off both anger and talk of brutal revenge like the mercenaries. Cellphone videos were passed around among friends, showing black men, dead or being beaten.

Not far from the radio station, teenagers from Chad were among about 200 people detained in a school, people the government apparently sent to put down the uprising. Some said they belonged to the brigade supervised by Khamis Qaddafi, one of the colonel's sons. In one room, 76 men practically slept on top of one another, and one of them, Osman Ali, said they had come from the southern Libyan city of Sabha, which is loyal to Colonel Qaddafi. He said he and his fellow prisoners, along with hundreds of other people, were asked to attend a pro-Qaddafi rally in Tripoli last week, and then were put on a plane. They were flown to Benghazi, he said, and were then sent to an army base that was surrounded by angry citizens. Mr. Ali said he and the other men never picked up weapons, but, he added, "We're ashamed of what we did."

It was no surprise that the revolt started here, in a part of Libya ignored by the government, said Mahmoud Mabrouk, whose niece was killed in last week's violence. "It was a very oppressive regime, and this area was deprived," said Mr. Mabrouk, who was visiting the Shahhat radio station. "If you go to Tripoli, you will see new projects and job opportunities for people." The reasons for the revolt were not all economic. The recent uprising started with an old memory: the police last week arrested a human rights lawyer representing the relatives of more than 1,000 detainees, mostly from eastern Libya, who were massacred in 1996 at a Tripoli prison.

Eastern Libya was also a center of resistance against the Italian occupation in the early 20th century, Mr. Mabrouk said. He mentioned Omar al-Mokhtar, who fought a guerrilla war against the Italians and was hanged in 1931. With Colonel Qaddafi's posters gone, Mr. Mokhtar's face almost alone decorates the streets of eastern Libyan towns.

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MRR asks YOU:

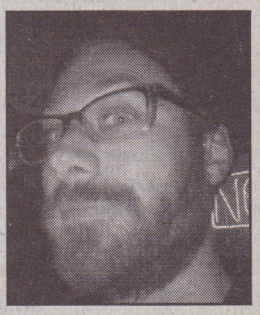
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What would you go back and tell your teenage self? (asked at Dirty Marquee's last show with Maxirad and The Smell)

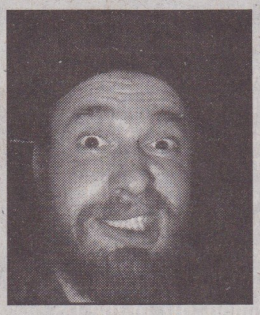
Peter, 34, San Francisco
Bad Religion is not that good of a band..

Laura, 28, San Francisco
Life's not that hard.

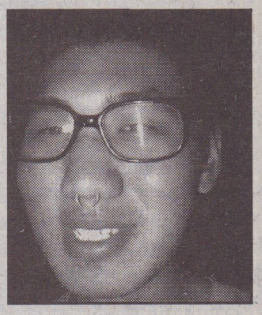
Dan, 33, San Francisco
I would go back and tell my teenage self to stop complainng about the shitty scene, and just make something happen.



Chris, 28, San Francisco
Drink less.



Evan, 25, San Francisco
Fuck school. Go have fun. Skateboard way more. Get the fuck out of school.

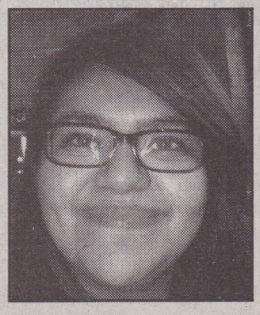


Oliver, 24, Oakland
I would tell my teenage self that he's a poser.

Matthew, 31, San Francisco
I would actually tell my teenage self to pay attention and try a little harder, to not drop out of high school, and then to not listen to anyone after high school. I wanted to do audio engineering, and everyone told me I couldn't do it for a living, and I wish I'd started at fifteen and not waited until I was in my twenties. I wrote Don Zientara a fan letter, and I almost moved to DC so that I could work at Inner Ear Studios.

Jeff, 24, San Francisco
Slayer is better than you think.

Brynn, 21, San Francisco
Stop acting ridiculous, you're not as cool as you think you are, and stop doing that much Adderall.



Marlyey, 22, San Francisco
Do as many fucking drugs as you can until you're in your twenties, cuz what the fuck else are you gonna do, man? Exactly. That's all I have to say about that.

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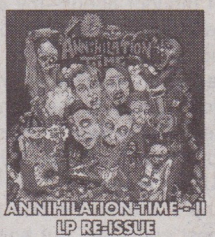


ANNIHILATION TIME - II
LP RE-ISSUE

VICTIMS - A DISSIDENT
LP

KICKING SPIT - 12"/CD
PSYCHROCKBULLSHIT

RAMMING SPEED
A.N.S. - SPLIT 12"

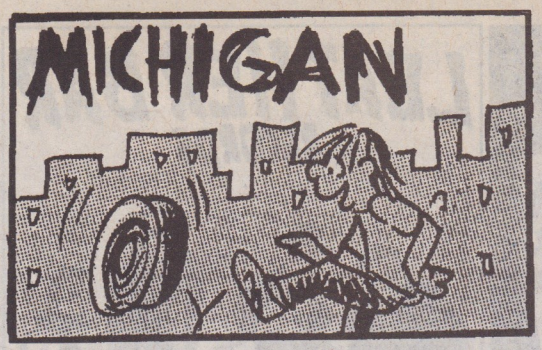
SHITTY FUCKER - EP
DIARRHEALITY TAPE

KICKER - INNIT
7 INCH

BIG EYES - EP - TAPE

TANKCRIMES

MICHIGAN



A Michigan scene report in which Ryan Cappelletti attempts to get the entire punk scene to relocate to Michigan and go back to the land! Photos by Ryan Cappelletti and Steph Kiewiet

This will not read as your standard scene report because it's not. I am doing this report on something different. I am doing a report on the state of Michigan, and why every fucking anarcho punker should fucking move to this state, *now*!!!! Read on and see what this state can offer you as a radical punk rocker!

So when you think of the state of Michigan, what do you think? Places like Flint and Detroit come to mind right? You also think of Michigan as synonymous with unemployment. No jobs, cold weather, and climbing crime rates... though in all actuality, Michigan is what most punks have dreamed about for many years. As a punk and anarchist I can't help but notice the vast amounts of natural resources/vacant buildings/cheap rent and lets not forget the lack of cops due to the lack of funding. To me this is an anarchist paradise.

First off let me say that when I first moved to Michigan four years ago I was like "what the fuck did I do... I need to get out of this shithole." And for the first eight months, that's all I thought about—my escape! Though after some time passed, I started to notice small amounts of awesome things going on in this state. I started to pay attention to what Michigan had to offer me. I started to notice the way it was changing.

I moved to a city called Grand Rapids. This city is known for the amount of churches it has. It has the most per capita in the USA! Yes that's right! So this kinda freaked me out until I noticed the tide turning, and yes we have the most churches, but how many people really visited them? Because these churches can stand, but what really matters is what's going on inside. All these empty churches could be squats someday.

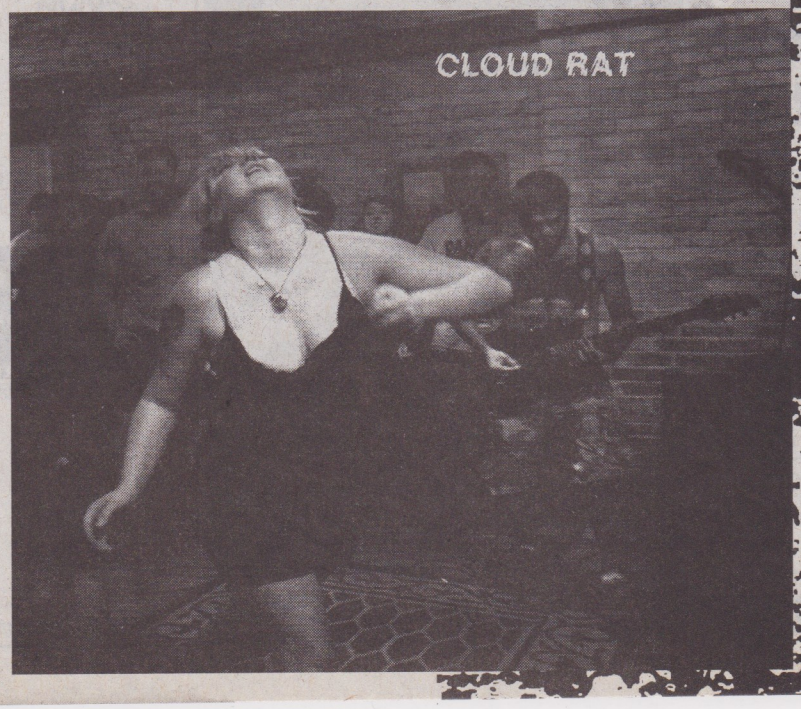
The cities of Michigan were switching teams, and the state of Michigan was going down fast. Because the failure of a state is usually determined by its economy. Capitalism is collapsing and the rich are losing power. To me this is great when you live in the state with the most natural resources in the US. The most fresh water in the US. Only second in the amount of coast line in the US. Yes we have harsh winters that can hurt our growing season, but trust me we have the space and we have the means to grow our own food all year round.

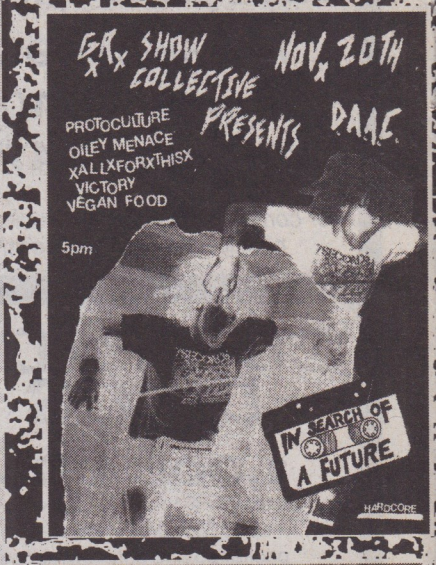
The state of Michigan is in a state of desperation, and because of that we are going backwards to a simpler time. When we had to make things happen we had to use the resources at hand. For example when Detroit went through the intensive industrial times the Detroit river became very polluted and toxic. Over recent years there have been many improvements with the river and some say it's back to where it was forty years ago. The industrial days are over and nature is making a come back. To me this is fucking awesome. Yes yes yes we many very hard up families. Places like Flint and Detroit have become very dangerous places, but the fact still remains we have so much space/so many buildings and untapped resources.

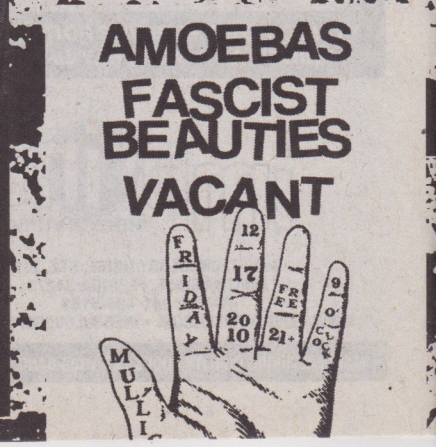
So this is a call to all the punks. Come to Michigan! Hey *MRR*! Do you guys/gals want to own your own building? Pay cheap rent? Keep *MRR* going? MOVE TO DETROIT! I can help you find a 2000 square foot building for around 500 a month NO SHIT! The amount you pay in SF in one year you could buy a larger building in Detroit... think about it!

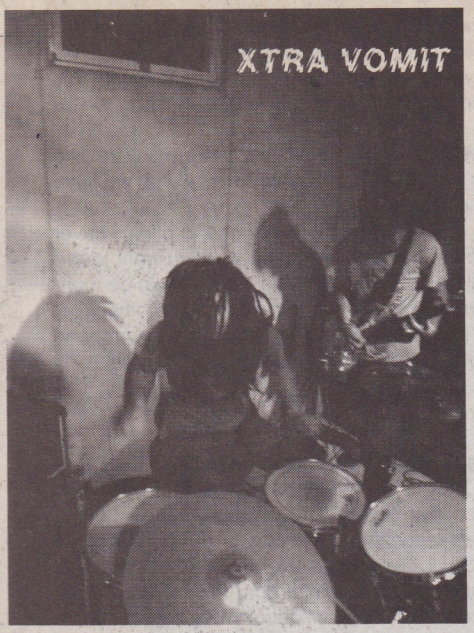
OK I am going to give you a list of cities I have highlighted in my mind as prime take over locations. Let's start with the mother of all: Detroit. Detroit has been home to many classic punk bands over the years. Most of you know the story. Detroit was one of the biggest cities in the US; built to fit up to two million people. Tons of nightlife, tons of jobs—everything was looking up. Detroit was always a rough city with a lot of problems. Race being the big one. Let's not forget the 1967 riots. The riots started when police busted an illegal late nightclub where African Americans had gathered for a party for some Vietnam vets. The police found 82 people inside all of whom they arrested, starting the nearly week-long riots. 38 people died, 38,000 were arrested and over 5000 US troops were called to duty. This entire report could be on these riots so if you are not familiar with this, look it up. I don't think the city recovered. But still Detroit marched through the '70s/'80s with the auto boom, and the rising middle class. Detroit had its problems, but nothing was as bad as what was to come.

Detroit currently has a population of 750,000. This is a far cry from the two million it was built for, making for tons and tons of open buildings. Some areas of the city have been shut off! No city funding to entire









neighbor hoods. This means no power/no water and NO COPS! To me this is an open window for change. To all the punks who talk about anarchy chaos/farming and the apocalypse well go live in fucking Detroit not San Francisco in some loft next to the vegan ice cream store! *Maximum Rocknroll* I love you I hope you take no offense to that! But seriously the lyrics and hopes in most crust songs are in Detroit just waiting for you.

The story of Mark Covington is one example of what's going on in Detroit these days. He is a local man who lost his job. So he found out about community gardens and started taking empty plots of land and creating gardens to feed the people of his area. One very important note is that the city of Detroit has zero grocery stores. Yes zero! So Mark helped start the Georgia Community Collective that is just one of the many Urban farming projects happening in the Detroit area. To read more about this project and others go to www.thedaileybanter.com and look up urban farming. One of the best things I have heard about Detroit is something Patti Smith said about it. She was asked at an art collage in NYC if you could do what she did in NYC today, and she replied no but you can move to Detroit and do it, because its open season just like NYC was in the '70s.

Ok so lets move onto Flint, Michigan. This is a city that is not seen a lot of good years as of late. You may have seen the film *Roger And Me* by Michael Moore many years back. This was a film that told a story of a struggling Flint. This has not changed at all since this film came out.

I see Flint as a very dark place with very little room for jobs and opportunity. What I also see is a lot of open space. I see many buildings and many plots of land just going to waste. The rent in Flint is *very* low. For example I just found a house for rent in Flint for 500 a month including heat/water and trash and three bedrooms! What the fuck people! Yes they don't have a tasty vegan diner next door or a punk rock bar across the street, but you can build it! Also just like Detroit Urban farming is on the rise because they have no other choice. It's truly insane to me that this land is just sitting there. Flint is a place for opportunity if you want to live outside of capitalism. One last thing I want to mention about Flint is that they just announced that because of lack of funding a police call or fire call may take up to a day depending on how serious the matter is. This only means one thing. The community needs to take care of itself!

OK let's keep moving across the state into Grand Rapids, Michigan. This is the city that I reside in. Grand Rapids is not as poor or working class as the rest of Michigan, but it is still very cheap, though not as cheap. It also has money for cops to run about. But it's still Michigan so we have plenty of untapped land. You see in Grand Rapids, the rich have sections they are focused on, and the rest of the city can go to hell. This leaves plenty of opportunity for radical minded people to take over.

The rent in Grand Rapids is good—I pay $600 a month for two bedrooms, a nice yard and garage. You can buy a house from 4000 bucks. You can rent a five bedroom house for 700 bucks a month. The one thing about GR that I mentioned before is that its switching hands. It used to be more right wing, now it's more left. The huge downside of Grand Rapids is that it is not a working class town like Flint or Detroit. It's a service industry town. Bars/eateries and lots of college kids and young rich people. We do however have a large number of radical minded people doing some awesome shit. One example is my new venture a diner called Barter Town. I have taken over a 2200 square foot old coffee house for $900 a month. I locked in for five years and I get the first six months free to get off the ground. These are the kinds of things that are possible in this town, and all over the state. At the end of this article check out the lists of shops/bands and everything else this city has to offer you.

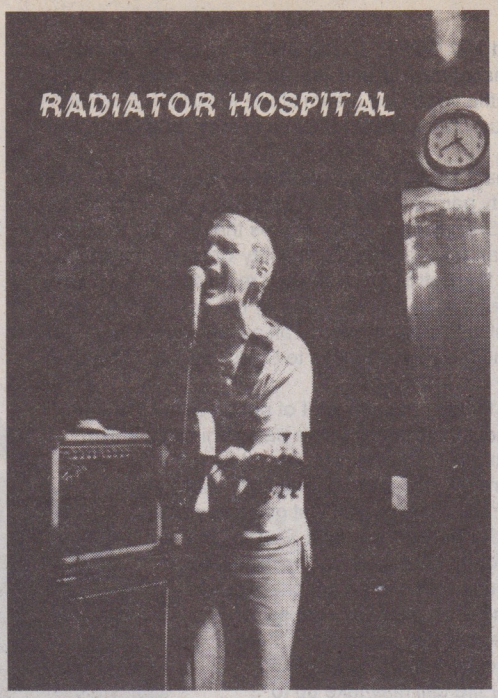
Next we are going to the coast to visit a very unique town called Benton Harbor. This is a small town bordering another small town called St Joes. Benton Harbor is also very unique because it is one of the few coastal towns that's not all bought up. It's fucking abandoned!

Benton Harbor was established in the mid-late 1800s. A canal was built making Benton Harbor a lake port which brought ships to come into and bring goods. This was a huge boom for this area, and it was growing rapidly. By 1870 more then 300,000 packages of fruit came in each year. Sawmills and basket factories lined the canal. The city was growing fast and the economy was booming. After many years went by, as was the case in most cities, people started to move out to the suburbs to take cover in a safer environment. With the community separating so was the money. By 1967 Benton Harbor was in a total downfall. In 2003 a young African American boy was gunned down in a high-speed chase, brought on by anger and frustration, a similar incident to the 1967 Detroit riots. Benton Harbor was becoming a playground for racist fucked up cops, who would prey on minorities, and the poor in general. This brought some national attention to Benton Harbor for few days in June of 2003 during almost three days of riots.

Benton Harbor was plagued with police oppression and social discontent. Today the city is still struggling. More than 70% of the houses are valued below $50,000. A third of the population is unemployed, but 42% of people over sixteen are considered not part of the labor force (or unemployed) because they just gave up on looking for jobs. They have the third poorest school district in the US. These are just some numbers. Some people say the real unemployment rate could be double that. Really the only jobs in the city are minimum wage and temp jobs. So why is this awful fucked up town a place to move you may ask? Because it's empty, and the people in it don't need rich fat cats from Chicago buying it up. They need urban farms and co-ops, all in all a new way to live.

Benton Harbor's population is only 12,000 people with an entire empty downtown with just a few new businesses. The Livery, a brewery is one of them. Steve, the owner, came in and bought a building for next to nothing, and boom it's doing great. Yes, Steve struggles, but he at least is trying to bring life to the town. He told me he makes about $16,000 a year, and he lives great. He rides his bike all over, and owns his own home and brewery. That's only $2000 over the poverty level. Let's not forget this place is on Lake Michigan, and has awesome beaches just miles from the downtown.

One last stop I will make is Muskegon, Michigan. This is another coastal town that hasn't been bought up by the fat cats from Chicago. It is in a cluster with a few other smaller towns such as Grand Haven/South Haven and Fruitport. All of which are smaller then Muskegon and have become safe havens for the rich and white of the area. Muskegon is not a large city, but it's a good size. It's broken up into two cities, Muskegon Heights and Muskegon. Muskegon Heights has always been the more rough side of town. Some say it's one of the worst areas in all of Michigan. To give you an idea what rent is in Muskegon Heights is, my friends rent a four bedroom house for 250 bucks a month. They will own it in four years. It's no deluxe condo, but it's solid and has a lot of hope. This also comes with land. Land you can grow your own food on. I have seen entire blocks for sale in Muskegon Heights. Muskegon is not much different from the Heights. The housing is very cheap. The unemployment rate for this area is about 13%, but it could be much higher as I have said before. Muskegon to me is the most unbelievable city in Michigan, it really is not that small and it also has some of the best beaches of all Michigan. Beaches that are just a bike ride away from



any place in Muskegon or Muskegon Heights for that matter. Also just this year the city of Muskegon announced they can no longer afford to patrol the beaches, so all parks will just remain open. They can no longer afford to take of the trash so it's up to you to do so. This to me is great news. This means we are not controlled. There is uncontrolled land right at your finger tips, it's just up to you what you want to do with it.

So yes Michigan is fucking freezing in the winter, but we have plenty of things to keep you warm like best beer in the U.S. or some of the best Root Beer for those non-drinkers. My point is that we have land that you can take for very cheap. Land that is not controlled by the law.

The four cities I talked about are just a small portion of what Michigan really has to offer. I never even touched the Upper Peninsula, which is a whole other monster in this state. If you want to live of the grid for good move to the Upper Peninsula now! So check it out, come visit. I would be more then happy to show you around. Below I have compiled some bands/brews/shops, and other cool highlights of this state. Again this is not your average scene report so if I don't mention your band sorry. We have way more then I can fit in this scene report. This is more a calling for ALL PUNKS TO MOVE TO MICHIGAN PLEASE!

BANDS

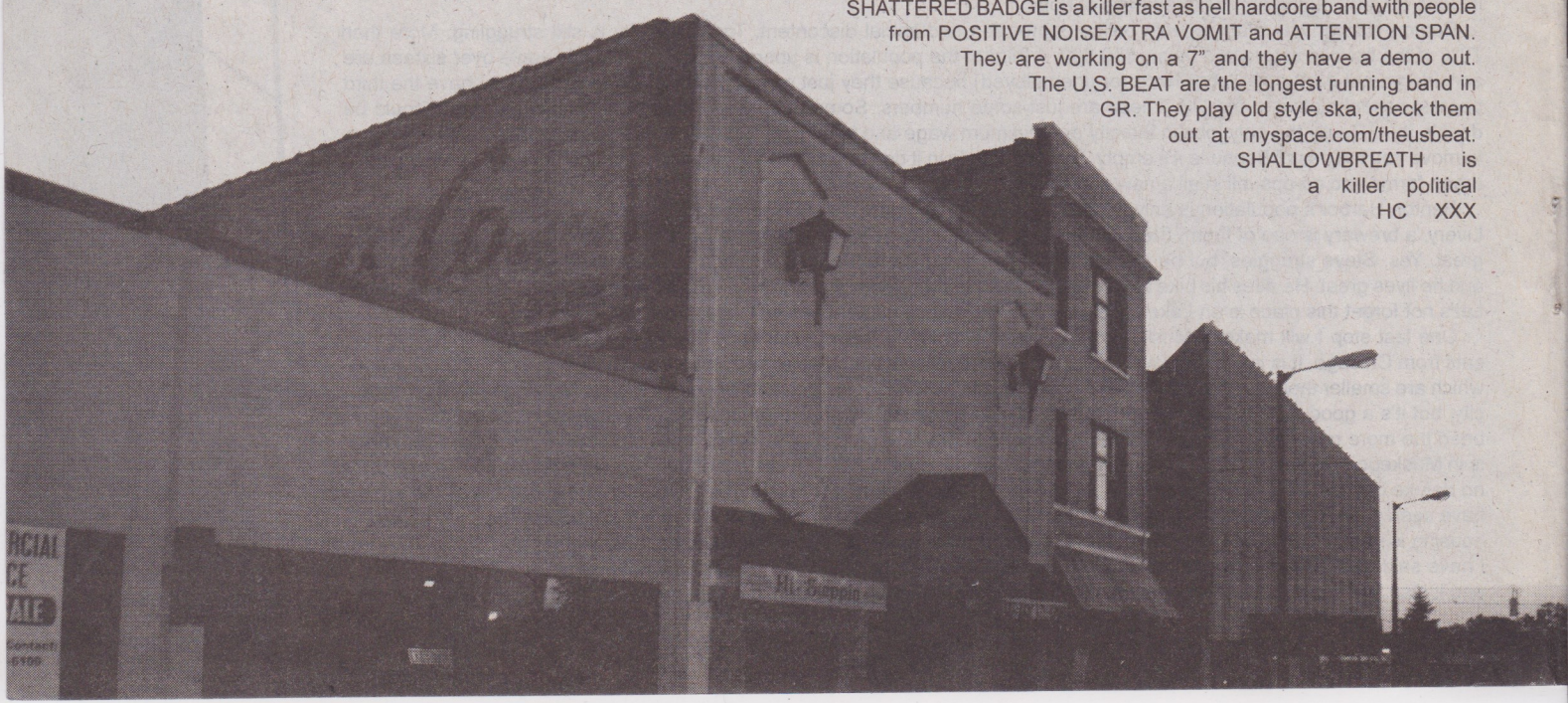
The GREAT REVERSALS from Detroit play '90s area hardcore very much like TRIAL. They only have a demo out, but I hear more is in the works. They are a pretty active band in this area. Check out greatreversals.blogspot.com. The STATE from Ann Arbor/Detroit area are a long running hardcore band that started in 1979. They put out many records and still play and record around. Check out www.myspace.com/noillusions. FINAL ASSAULT is another Detroit based band. This band plays raw DISCHARGE style hardcore punk, and contains people from the classic Detroit based band HERSEY. Check them out at www.myspace.com/finalassaultdetroit They have a couple CDs out. AT BEST is also from the Detroit area. They play fast modern HC and have a demo out. I don't have a contact for them, but they are a new band with a demo out. XTRA VOMIT are from the west side of Michigan and play some awesome two piece thrash grind hardcore punk. One of my favorite bands from the state. They have a split 7" with POSITIVE NOISE, another Michigan band that plays fast HC like LARM. They also have a split with TROPIEZO from Puerto Rico. NOTHING BUT WEEDS is a new hardcore punk band that shares people from XTRA VOMIT but they have nothing out yet. If you want to find out more on either band contact pullupmysocks@riseup.net SHEEPHERDER are a long running band from Muskegon MI. They have done a few recordings but I don't think they released anything yet. They play doom style hardcore, with just bass and drums. PLANET OF ID is a noise outfit from Muskegon. They have many many tapes out. It's a one man noise attack. CYCLES is a new thrashy crust band from Muskegon. They just did a killer demo tape you can also contact pullupmysocks@riseup.net for a copy. DAMAGES is a Grand Rapids band that has only put out a demo, but have recorded a few other things that have not come out yet. I heard a 7" is in the works. They have done a few tours. You can hear more from them at www.myspace.com/damageshc.

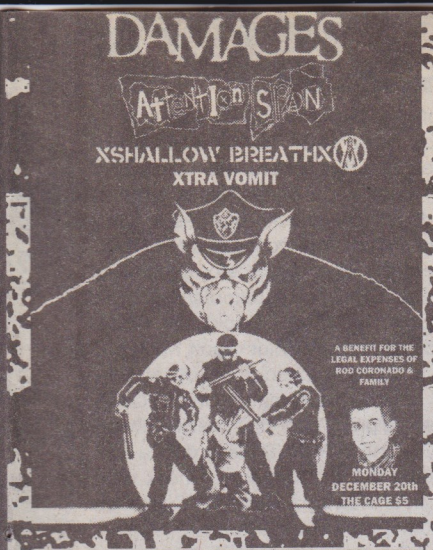
ATTENTION SPAN is a long standing punk band from Grand Rapids. They have recorded a few things, one being a CD called *Faceless People* that will soon be a 7" record by the time you read this. You can check them out at www.myspace.com/attentionspanpunk. OILY MENACE is one of the best metal grind bands from the state. They play a style of awesome ripping HC referring English bands from '85-'89. They have a ripping demo out check out www.theoileymenace.13bels.org. VICTORY is a noisy hardcore outfit from Grand Rapids. They have put out a few tapes and talked about some records, but nothing yet. The AMOEBAS are a GR band that play dirty rocking punk. They've released one 7" and just recorded an LP that will be out by the time you read this. Check out www.myspace.com/wearetheamoebas for all the info on them. BUNNY SKULLS is a ripping HC band from West Michigan. This band contains local artist Scott Bentz and noise HC legend Andrew Lerston. B.S. plays some ripping old school HC punk noise. They did two records on Punks Before Profits. Andrew is also in a slew of other projects like RED FLAG who play HUSKER DU style punk, and VILENTLY ILL play mean noisy HC punk. V.I. has many, many records out—seek them out you will not be disappointed. BURNT OFFERINGS is a local goth/electro band from GR. This contains people from RELIGIOUS SS DISORDER. They have one tape out get in touch for a copy at pissarmy138@yahoo.com. CHUGGER is a Grand Rapids version of FEAR, check them out at myspace.com/chuggerband. HEDGEMONICIDE is a one man grind band also from GR—contact them for a killer demo at brandonhill1@email.grcc.edu. LIGHTNING BUGS are a killer two piece indie band, if you like the BREEDERS then check them out at myspace.com/cookienoise. RADIATOR HOSPITAL is a pop punk band from GR that will make you smile. They will take you back to when pop punk was more punk then pop. Contact them for a demo at samcookparrot@lycos.com. While you're at it use the same contact for SCABBURGER an awesome sloppy punk band from GR, and SKELETON PARTY an awesome noisy punk band also from GR. They did a great split LP with RELIGIOUS SS DISORDER.

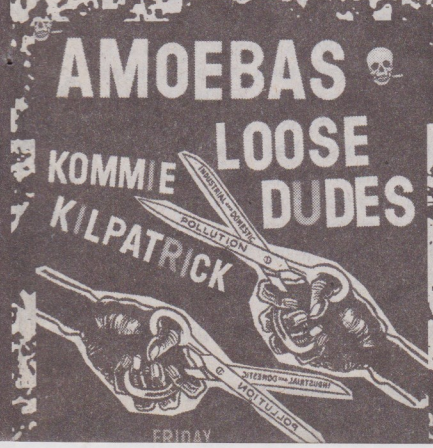
SHATTERED BADGE is a killer fast as hell hardcore band with people from POSITIVE NOISE/XTRA VOMIT and ATTENTION SPAN. They are working on a 7" and they have a demo out.

The U.S. BEAT are the longest running band in GR. They play old style ska, check them out at myspace.com/theusbeat.

SHALLOWBREATH is a killer political HC XXX







band from GR. They just did a demo check it out at www.myspace.com/shallowbreath. PROCESSION is a great new punk band that sounds a lot like JESUS AND MARY CHAIN. They recorded an awesome demo; you should check it out. CLOUD RAT is a killer HC band out of Mt. Pleasant. They play pissed as hell hardcore grind. They have one LP out and are working on a couple more. One split LP with XTRA VOMIT and one with OILEY MENACE. This band also shares people from other bands from the same area like UNDER ANCHOR who play modern hardcore and have a couple records out. BROTHERS are a long running HC band from GR. They have a few records out and have done many tours—maybe one of the most active bands from West Michigan. COCK SNOT is very long running scum punk band from GR who play just nasty noise. CORROSIVE KIDS is a very unique band from GR. They play noisy old style punk. They would fit nicely in LA in the early '80s or on those old Toxic Shock comps. Check them out at www.myspace.com/corrosivekids. BASTARDS OF YOUNG are a new band from GR. They play some awesome REPLACEMENTS style punk. No demo out yet but soon I am sure. WASTELANDER is an awesome metal thrash band from Lansing Mi. They have a bunch of recordings and records out and about. NIGHTBRINGER are a killer band from the Detroit area. They have a bunch of recordings that are easy to find. I think they only did one 7" and maybe a CD. That is just a fraction of what you will find in this state. I live on the west side so I am very aware of what we have, but as far as the east goes all the larger bands are listed. If you look at any of those bands you will soon discover a ton more. Sorry to any bands I forgot!

Venues/Record Stores

JUSTICE RECORDS 617 N. Mission, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858 (989)317-3040 Go to justicerecords.org for updates and events

THE DAAC is an awesome art space doing legal all ages shows
115 South Division Grand Rapids, MI
www.thedaac.org

THE CAGE is a top secret punk venue in Grand Rapids, contact the band ATTENTION SPAN for info.

THE THUNDERDOME/BARTER TOWN DINER Grand Rapids MI. Contact punksbeforeprofits@hotmail.com. Worker ran anarcho veggie diner www.bartertowngr.com

VERTIGO RECORDS 121 South Division Street Grand Rapids. Some shows happen at this place, but It's an awesome record store.

CORNER RECORDS Awesome record store with mostly used stuff. 3562 Chicago Drive, Grandville MI and

1710 West Main Street Kalamazoo MI

GREEN LIGHT MUSIC 4717 West Kalamazoo Ave. Kalamazoo MI

THE FREEZER Underground venue in Grand Rapids that's been around for many years and still doing shows.

THE ICEPICK The longest k spot in the US. Many shows over the years, and it's still wed down over the years, but it's still a venue.

PVC BROADCASTING 350 Richard Terrace Grand Rapids MI, A venue ran by the people from CORROSIVE KIDS

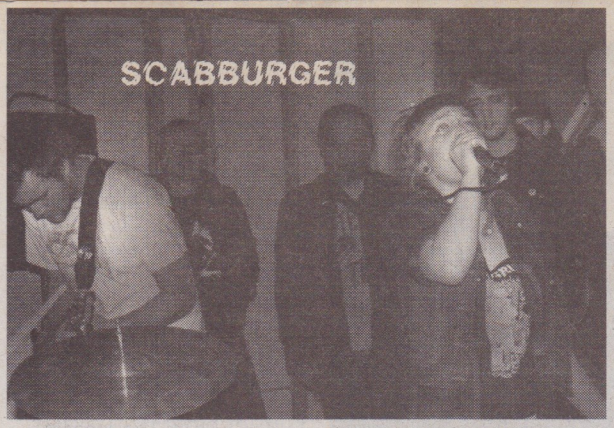
TRUMBULLPLEX 4210 Trumbull, Detroit, MI 48208. Long standing DIY punk venue in Detroit. I think this place has been around for about 20 years, and is still going and doing shows.

STATIC AGE Venue out side of Detroit MI, 104 S. Main Romeo, MI 48065

Sound It Out Records 418 S. Union St., Traverse City, MI Phone: (231) 922-1599 If you're planning a trip north of the 45 parallel then you really need to stop in here. They have a good amount of new stuff and I *always* find a gem or two in the used bins. About four years ago there was a HENRY ROLLINS LP there with green tape all around the edges, hmmmm?

WYATT EARP RECORDS G-5204 Corunna Road , FlintPhone: (810)733.1031 Small store but has been in Flint since '81. All the old punkers come here to trade in their records, so some great used scores can be had.

MUSICAL MEMORIES 425 South Dort Highway, Flint, MI 48503-2846 Phone (810) 238-5575 You go here if you have hours to



kill and you don't mind a bit of douche-bag owner. Nothing is priced so your excitement over what you find goes into how much he charges. My friend Matt says the trick to dealing with this guy is to bring up a huge pile of stuff you don't care about along with stuff you want and after he gives you the price you pull out all the shit you don't want and ask fro a new price. Again, only if you have hours to kill, because everything is in stacks with almost no organization.

ROCK-A-BILLY'S 8411 Hall Rd Utica. Phone: (586) 731-0188 Bill retired and this place has a new owner. The set up is cool and if they had their shit together they could do shows in their back room, geez, it already has a stage! I have found great things here. I think the '70s and '80s punks got jobs and families and moved into the 'burbs so they bring their old records (they still make records?) here rather that risk going into the huge scary city.

RECORD TIME 27360 Gratiot Ave. Roseville, MI 48066. Phone: (586)775-1550 This place sucked until about two years ago and now has some of the nest used records around. They also have an OK new section. This is the place I go to look for Detroit area indie and punk from the late '80s-mid-'05s-ish. They have a huge, rap/hip-hop selection if that's you bag. Maybe you want some beats in between your songs about not liking cops, that's cool. I'm cool

RECORD GRAVEYARD, 10201 Joseph Campau St, Hamtramck, MI 48212 Phone (313) 870-9647 Cool store with great finds. They have boxes and boxes and boxes and boxes and boxes and boxes and boxes of 7"s tucked under the CDs and they are worth going through. It's all used but I guarantee you will walk out with something.

Stormy Records, 13210 Michigan Ave. Dearborn Phone: 313-581-9322 Great store. Tons of new and about 1000 used '90s punk and indie 7"s. Also, this place is right above a comic shop so you can stop in there too and blow your entire $5 food allowance on one X-men comics and MOHINDER and MUFFS records.

DISCS & TAPES UNLIMITED 204 West Grand River Suite 140 (in the basement) Howell phone (517)545-9154 Very small and you only need ten minutes to go through everything. Nothing current but someone keeps dropping off late '70s and '80s punk records and the guy prices them out at $2 a pop. I picked up a couple BILLY BRAGG LPs, an AVENGERS 12 inch, ANGRY SAMOANS and the like. Lots of cool used filler records too, like early REM, BIG DIPPER, KILL DOZER blah blah blah—might be worth the ten minutes if you're passing through. Cheap movies too if you wanna watch movies in the van loft.

FLAT BLACK AND CIRCULAR 541 E Grand River, East Lansing Phone: (517)351-0838
Not much to say here. Michigan staple. Stop in and give yourself a couple hours

THE RECORD LOUNGE
503 E. Grand River Ave East Lansing (down stairs, hard to spot) Phone: 517-337-1221 This is Michigan secret spot. The owner is Tesco Vee's neighbor and I think he helps out with tossing rare finds into her bins. I always find something cool either power pop, punk, noise and awesome foreign junk mixed in and half the store is vintage clothes in case you want to pick up a monocle and a top hat for your show at Max's

THE METAL FRAT 907 Lincoln Ave Ann Arbor, MI 48104

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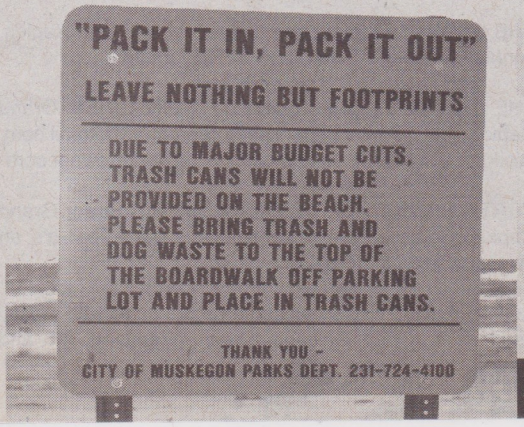
CLUB 309 309 N. Main St. Royal Oak, MI 48067

LABELS/ZINES
This again will be a very incomplete list of what Michigan has to offer you as far as labels and zines. So I am just going to tackle a few to give you an idea of what is going on these days. SLASH AND BURN is a Grand Rapids based zine that covers international HC punk. Comes out every once and awhile. This is done by the same people that do a local website that reads kinda like a zine www.grscreamer.com. Also connected to PUNKS BEFORE PROFITS records www.punksbeforeprofits.org. PBP is my label and I've been doing records/distro and zines since 1999. PO Box 1148 Grand Rapids MI 49501. OTHERWISEDEAD records is out of Muskegon Michigan. They have put out a ton of cool shit. Check them out at www.otherwisedead.com. 77 records is also out of Grand Rapids MI and has been doing some pretty cool stuff check them out at www.77records.net. ON THE WARPATH records is a killer label that has been putting out shit for years. Check them out at www.myspace.com/onthewarpathrecords. CURIOUS LACUNAE is a label from Grand Rapids. Check them out at www.g-rad.org/curious-lacunae. The STATE has started STATEMENT records up again putting out mostly STATE records and some other cool stuff happening on the east side of the state. KNOT MUSIC is a killer label from west Michigan. This is maybe one of the longest running Michigan labels. It's been around twenty years. They put out fucked up music for fucked up people! They are working on a new comp tape that should be out by the time you this. Contact them at Knot Music: POB 501/South Haven MI/ 49090-0501. This is a small amount of the labels that exist in this area. But these

labels are a great place to start asking questions. BURIA-CORE is probably the must unique distro in Michigan. This is an all Japanese and Michigan distro. Tons of cool stuff always popping up so check it out at www.buriacore.blogspot.com Same people doing this also help with shows in Detroit. MIX-TAPERS DO IT BETTER is a very cool zine that comes out a couple times a year or so. It's all about the art of mix-taping. Contact Karen at mixtapersdoitbetter@riseup.net, Karen H PO Box 6912, Grand Rapids, MI 49512. LOCAL CHAOS is one of favorite Michigan zines. I have not heard much from this zine as of late. It's all about skating and punk. Wes, 2934 Verle, Ann Arbor, MI 48108. Michigan has a lot going on. We have tons of bands/shows/venues and a ton of other rad law breaking things to do. Come visit anytime and see for yourself what we have. Like the 82 local breweries making awesome local beer! Come to Michigan make your dreams of destroying capitalism come true! *Let's take over*! For tons of online info for Michigan Hardcore punk check these sites!
www.grscreamer.com
www.michiganhardcore.onlinegoo.com



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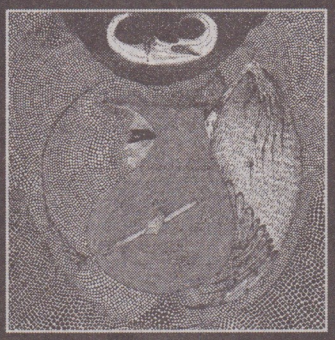

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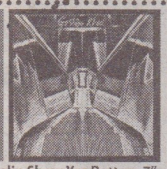

ER-17 MOSCOW MOSCOW MOSCOW - Fans of Stalin Show Yer Bottom 7"
As the only Russian-themed surf band to play on Tetris cubes, Moscow Moscow Moscow are treading some new waters in surf punk. They've managed to fit four of their explosive tunes onto their first seven-inch release (two instrumentals, and two with vocals). You'll hardly believe MMM is merely a two-piece: Red Sonja and Dennis the Red Menace. Fighting back the flying saucer attack with high-voltage songs. Tcheaper than Tchaikovsky!
Limited to 500 on yellow vinyl. Full-colour covers. $5

ER-14 GESTAPO KHAZI - Escalators b/w Atomic Kind 7"
Slithering out of Long Beach, CA comes the most-definitive band currently reshaping the world of hardcore, punk, surf, rockabilly and country. These modern people movers are influenced as much by Dangerhouse bands as by The Gun Club and The Flesh Eaters. Lighting the musical landscape on fire while utilizing the mythology of the Southwest: hot lust, old-time shootouts, and bleached skulls. If these two songs don't move you, you're probably dead.
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Timmy's Organism

From the mad, mad mind that brought you the Clone Defects and Human Eye, comes a hideous new specimen to observe under your rock'n'roll microscope! Timmy Vulgar's newest project is Timmy's Organism, where he spreads his unkempt musical wings like a rock'n'roll pterodactyl getting transmitted through an AM radio station from Mars. Organism is all over the map, creating whatever strange sounds it damn wants, spanning from reverb drenched acoustic folk to nasty retard barf rock to avant garde space jam weirdness.
Interview by Mike Prezzato/mikefleshwave@gmail.com

MRR: Let's start from the beginning. Give us a rough account of your magical musical journey starting with your early bands.

Timmy Vulgar: After the Epileptix broke up I started jammin' with some friends. I wanted to play guitar. I was listening to a lot of Electric Eels and Pagans, Peter Laughner, Rolling Stones, Teengenerate and a ton of old '60s punk and KBD punk. I just got dumped by a girlfriend so I was inspired from all over the place, feeling real crazy and ambitious to start a sick rock'n'roll band. So Clone Defects were formed in spring 1998. Chuck Fogg - Bass, Wild Mid Wes - Guitar, Fast Eddie - Drums. We all came outta the mid/late-'90s Detroit Punk Rock scene that lasted from like '94-'97. We were all from different bands that played shows together. Chuck was in Hatchetjob, Wes was in the Anxietys, Eddie was in the Toncil Boxers and I was in the Epileptix. There's a big family tree that could be drawn out of that time. The Piranhas formed out of that scene, the Billbondsman, Tyvek, Disco Assault, a few others.

After that scene sorta faded Clone Defects started playin' shows with the garage punk bands. All the people in those bands were a little or a lot older than us, but we still fit in ok. They seemed to dig our style. We definitely found a home opening and hangin' with bands like. Bantam Rooster, Rocket 455, Buzzards, Gore Gore Girls, Henchmen, White Stripes,the Go, and the Detroit Cobras. We were savage and ugly to these older rockers. We all loved old punk and rock'n'roll! We drank more, we partied harder, and we played every show like it was our last. Our "brother band" The Piranhas were just as crazy or crazier! We played a lot of shows together. They would make a mess of a lot of wimpy garage shows. Jimbo Easter (Piranhas, Druid Perfume) and I we're both banned from the garage punk hot spot.the Gold Dollar for awhile. Jimbo was banned for smashing and duct taping a dead rat to his torso while the Piranhas played insane weirdo puke punk! And Andy (now owner of the Painted Lady lounge) practically paper mached the place in newspaper. I got banned for calling the owner a half-jap mother fucker!??. Whatever that meant, I dunno.We had a lot

of fun! We put some records out, went on the road a bunch, including a tour with the White Stripes. Hahaha, I got some funny stories about that tour! We followed their big ass bus on a six day Midwest tour in Fast Eddie's mom's old, clunky, rusted, poop-colored mini van! We played for 2000 to 3000 people a night! It was insane. The shows ended real early like midnight in one of the cities, but we were going back-stage to hang. I was pretty stumbly. I tried to pin a Clone Defects button on a cop. I started doin' flips and jumpin' around like a monkey. I passed out back-stage and they had a security cop watchin' the back-stage door to make sure when I woke up, he could stop me from doin' whatever they thought I was gonna do. After the shows we'd go party at some local bars. Hell! We were livin' a dream hahaha!!! We were kicked out of every bar in all six cities we played in! Haha! I think I was the cause of most of the kick-outs. I remember just regurgitating about a gallon's worth of booze-bile all over the middle of some bar in Minneapolis. I tried to make it to the toilet, but i couldn't puke that distance! We broke up in late summer 2003.

MRR: And Human Eye and beyond?

Timmy Vulgar: Human Eye started jamming a few months later in the fall of 2003. And by April 2004 we recorded twelve songs for In the Red records and they put out our debut album. It was released in 2005.

With Human Eye it was just a little bit more free, musically. I finally got to make the insane music I always wanted to. The rest of the band is really into it as well. So we have been working on anything from recording, touring and writing ever since we formed. We tour every year, long ones and short ones. Also Canada and Europe. We've got three singles two tour CD-Rs and two albums out. We are working on our third LP to be released on Sacred Bones records sometime in 2011.

In Human Eye's off time, back in '06, '07, when our drummer moved away to New Mexico, I started experimenting on my own with a Tascam four track cassette recorder, doing solo stuff. And I started a new band called Reptile Forcefield. We wrote about twelve songs. Recorded our rehearsals on the four track. The recordings are pretty rough but a few songs sound alright. So we put together a CD-R with homemade covers called it the *Time Machine Demos* and passed them out at shows in Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee. We played around for about a year and half or so. We needed to record these songs proper so I set up a recording session with the Beehive Recording Company in Detroit for a Sunday in the early afternoon. But unfortunately we broke up the night before the session, hahahaha!! Sucked. The night before, we played a show at some college emo/jock/hipster party and we went nuts and trashed their basement with paint and fireworks. They tried to fight us. I got paint on my drummer's set. He was pissed. So we just stopped talking and jammin' for awhile.

MRR: Human Eye is still around, right?

Timmy Vulgar: I'm still jamming with Human Eye and Timmy's Organism. Timmy's Organism is my solo home recorded material and a three piece band. The band sounds different than my solo stuff. The Organism band is working on an LP to be released on In the Red Records in 2011.

MRR: Who was your biggest influence as a young rock'n'roll dirt bag, musical or otherwise?

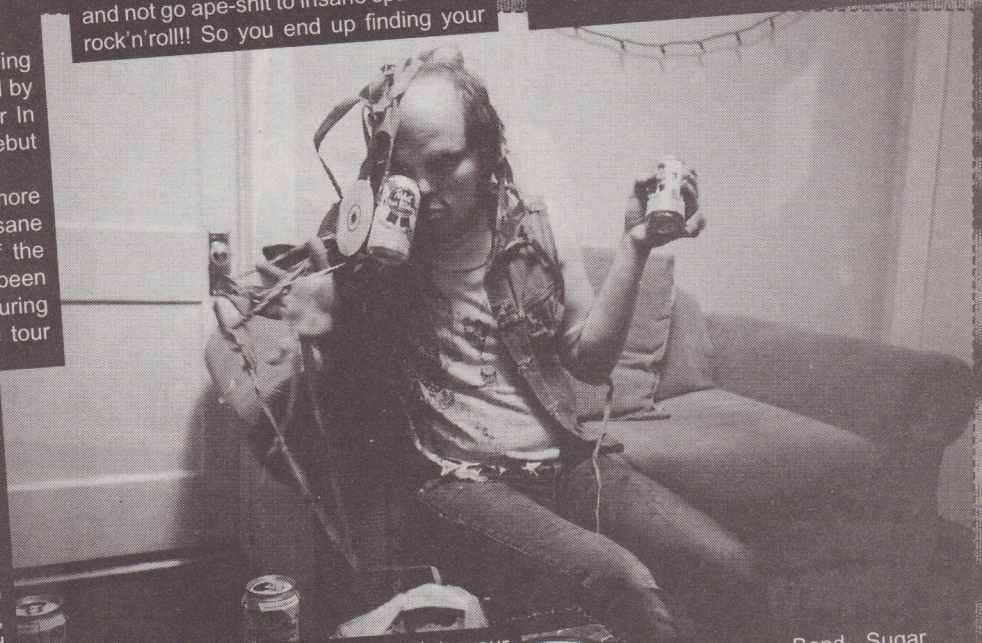
Timmy Vulgar: There's a whole lotta influences from then and on...When I was in the Epileptix I was really into Stiv Bators and Darby Crash, maybe a little Doc Dart, as front man influences. I wasn't trying to steal anything. I felt like I could totally relate to their nihilism. And it's especially hard to just stand there and not go ape-shit to insane spastic fast rock'n'roll!! So you end up finding your own style on stage and you mold into your own weird shape from the blistering sounds of one of the greatest forms of music known to man.

Nowadays I really love Soft Machine, Blue Cheer, Crushed Butler, Victoria Vein and the Thunder Punks, Debris, Todd Tamanend Clark, Alice Cooper, George Brigman, Faust, Can, Morgan, Ron Asheton's New Order, Hubble Bubble, Twinkies, Human Beast, Modullo 1000, Morley Grey, Chico Magnetic Band, Heavy Psych, Kraut Rock, Ralph Records, Hendrix, Bowie, Zappa, Beefheart, Who, Stones, Mick Farren and The Deviants, Berlin Brats, Debris, Hawkwind, old Blues, '60s/'70's punk, '70s Cleveland/Akron, new and old Detroit music...man, there are too many to count!!

MRR: What current artists do you find influence you the most?

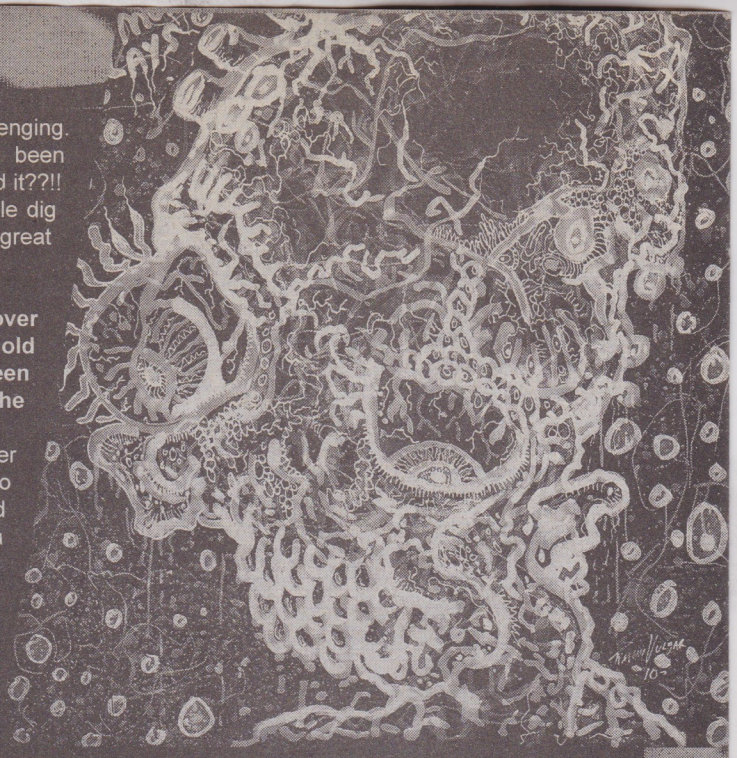
Timmy Vulgar: New influences hmmm... Ariel Pink's *Doldrums* album was inspiring. Dungen! They sound pretty timeless. Their records are so old and classic sounding! Raw and heavy, and that the main dude in the band played all the instruments himself is pretty mind blowing! New bands I really dig...I like Wizzard Sleeve, Peoples Temple, Drugs Dragons, Zola Jesus, Mess Folk, Art Thieves, Spread Eagles, Factums, Gary War, Daily Void, Subtle Turnhips, the Rebel, John Wesley Coleman, Bad Sports, Ariel Pink, Medication, White Mystery, Liquor Store, Mickey, Japanther, Redd Mass, Red Red Red, Potions, King Khan and BBQ, Francis Harold and the Holograms, the Spits. Probably a ton I couldn't think of off hand.

I dig alot of the Hozac records stuff and some of In The Red and Goner stuff, too. And of course Detroit groups, not in any particular order: Druid Perfume, Outrageous Cherry, Disco Assault, Frustrations, Wolfman Band, Sugar Coats, Terrible Twos, Bill Bondsman, Gardens, Tyvek, Kommie Kilpatrick, Protomartyr, Danjee Flesh Nation, Terminal Girls, Plastic Boys, Infinity People, Cotton Museum.



MRR: Tell us a little about your Organism and how this project started up.

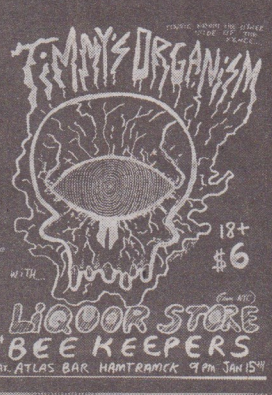
Timmy Vulgar: Well, Timmy's Organism was a name I thought of before Reptile Forcefield, but We decided to use Reptile Forcefield instead. The first drummer was Chris Campbell from Terrible Twos. We played a couple gigs with him and he appears on the double 7" on Sacred Bones Records. Then we worked with other drummers, but finally Colin



Sick from Frustrations and Fontana joined and it's been sweet! Jeff Giant (bass) has been in the band since day one. So, we've been a working group since early 2008. With this band it's a chance to play some good ol' forgotten styles of rock'n'roll and punk. I feel like there isn't enough of it out there. All these new "garage" and "psych" bands I hear...they have all this hype and they just blow!! Crap all sounds the same! Too much reverb, boring drumming, plain do,do,do bass playing. Cheesy lyrics. Man, too much of it out there! So it's a lot of FUN to mutilate the contemporaries. It can be easy for the kids out there to be destroyers of bland music, you just have to believe in tough street wise rock'n'roll. Blow up the beach! Get ugly! Stop being cute! I still HATE rap and hip-hop! I'm a rock'n'roll purist! Eat it!!

MRR: Now that you've mentioned mutilating contemporaries, the lyrics to "I'm a Nice Guy Now" sort of take on a new meaning. What exactly was intended with that song? To me, it's starting to sound like you're poking fun at people who change at the drop of a dime.
Timmy Vulgar: Depends on what you mean by change. The song is sorta like the opposite of "No More Mr. Nice Guy" by Alice Cooper. It's just all around comedy rock I guess. There's no deep meaning behind the tune. But, if there is someone in your life that's become a stiff and is no fun to hang out with anymore, this song is for them.

MRR: Your newest release with Organism is the *Rise of the Green Gorilla* LP. What do you think you've done musically on this release that we haven't seen before?
Timmy Vulgar: Well, I play all the instruments on all but two songs. It's a little dirtier production-wise. I recorded all of it at home except for one song. Most of each song was written, rehearsed and recorded in one day. For example, I'd get an Idea for a song, play it a few times, record it, then add the words. Some songs would turn out great, some like shit. Very spontaneous. Usually one song a day, two if I was lucky. I have a ton of unreleased stuff still, but I don't know if it's good enough for release. The songs on *Rise of the Green Gorilla* I hand picked from my archive from 2007-2010 and Caleb at Sacred Bones helped put the songs in a nice, flowing order. So I think the approach is very different from what I'm used to. I love this new way of working on music. It's much more challenging. To be honest, lately I've been wondering how the hell I did it??!! Haha! I'm happy that people dig the record and it's getting great reviews! Thank you!!



MRR: The album cover features the format of on old jazz album with some green ape creatures. Whats the story on that?
Timmy Vulgar: The cover art is a drawing by Jimbo Easter (Piranhas, Druid Perfume). He has done a lot of record covers as of recent, including Tyvek's first LP. He is one of my best friends we've been hanging since we were 18! He likes to draw cartoony pictures of me sometimes. I have a ton drawings he's given me over the years. He gave me this drawing a few years back. So I used it for the cover art. I thought it worked perfect for this record. I just changed the colors. As far as it looking like a jazz record, that's the Sacred Bones concept for all their full-length LP releases. Caleb Braaten, owner of the label, screen prints all his albums himself in his basement! Amazing!

MRR: With this project, it seems you can do some things that wouldn't quite fit into any of your previous projects. Overall, do you favor staying a straight musical direction, or jumping all around like you do with Organism?
Timmy Vulgar: Jumping around is important to me cause I get bored pretty fast. I like a lot of different music, so influences fluctuate I guess. With Human Eye and Organism I like doing anything that seems interesting. One direction is ok sometimes. If it works.

MRR: Does what you're doing come from the fact that you exist in a filthy urban war zone, better known as Detroit, or in spite of it? If you were from, say, Brooklyn, would you be, for bad example, a gangster rapper? Whatever. Just something you wouldn't be under current circumstances. Are you a victim of your environment or is it a victim of you?
Timmy Vulgar: Well I've loved punk and rock'n'roll more than half my life. I've been skateboarding since I was eight. That definitely influenced my life in ways up till now. Detroit does get depressing and repetitive, especially in the winter. So you can get inspired that way.

I don't know what kind of music I would be playing if I lived somewhere else. I'm guessing it would be some form of rock'n'roll. There's gangster rap from Brooklyn? What would they be rapping about? Their annoying trust-fund neighbors?

MRR: You've been all over the world on tour. Where's the sleaziest place you've ever played? Uh, besides Detroit.
Timmy Vulgar: Cleveland is pretty sleazy in a good way. There was this city in France, I think its called Marseille. We played there It was pretty run down. Kinda like a really poor city in Mexico or something. Parts of Baltimore are pretty scary like Detroit.

MRR: Some weird shit has come out of Cleveland and Baltimore over the years. Darvocets and No Trend, respectively, off the top of my head just to name just a few strange dudes. There's something about living in complete shit that really gets the creative juices flowing.
Timmy Vulgar: Definitely.

MRR: Any weird fan experiences stick out? Anyone ever ask you to be the father of their weird alien love child? I can see it in the tabloids now.
Timmy Vulgar: "All my friends couldn't believe what I did, the Martian Queen she has a kid!"

MRR: I'll take that as a yes, and an example of lyrics from your song "Impregnate the Martian Queen." What's your take on extraterrestrial life? Personally, I think it fills in a lot of historical and religious gaps that most views don't exactly account for very well. Is it just a gag for you to include this topic into some songs, a way to relate your music to outerspace noise, or is there a fascination with this subject in a serious context? Thousands of abductees can't be wrong!
Timmy Vulgar: "I have faith in outer space!" Those are some of the new lyrics I just wrote.

Yes I believe in aliens and outerworldly beings. I think I've been abducted. For a long time when I was a kid I feared being abducted by aliens. Especially after I watched the movie *Communion.* Creepy flick starring Christopher Walkin. It's based on a true story about an abductee.

My cousin and I, when we were sixteen and seventeen, we chased three UFO's through a school playground. We saw these lights in the sky from far away so we drove toward them and we ended up at this school. We got out of his car and there were three huge octagons with lights floating above the school. They started moving making no noise at all! We chased them through the playground and I was yelling, "This is amazing! This is my dream!" Dream come true!! It didn't seem real. We don't talk about it much. And when I think back to it, it doesn't seem real. It's weird. Space is the place! What else is there to write about? I just find the subject more interesting and colorful. Yeah, its a fascination, it's not a joke.

MRR: Tell me something about yourself that most people wouldn't expect.
Timmy Vulgar: Hmm...I've always done my best to stay away from bad drugs. Pills, coke, heroin, etc. I rarely, rarely smoke marijuana. The crazy stuff makes me real paranoid. I used to smoke it a lot in high school. I don't know if people expect if I'm a drug user or not. Drugs will just slow ya down in the long run, creatively. Same with booze. I've been trying to cut back on drinking. It runs in my family pretty strong. I'm half Finnish and a quarter Irish. Those are some drinking peoples.

MRR: You do a lot the artwork on your releases. What else have you done with your artwork lately? Any shows or contributions to other album art?
Timmy Vulgar: Yeah, I make posters for shows, my bands shows in Detroit, or for shows I put together in town. I did the artwork for Outrageous Cherry's LP *Universal Malcontents* released in 2008 on Alive records. They are a long-running Detroit group that play super cool psych/pop. I did the art for the *Shiftless Decay* compilation, a bunch of new, weirdo Detroit punk bands on that. That's out on Detroit label X Records, released in 2008. And I just made Red Mass's record cover for their 7" coming out soon on Hozac.

MRR: You've been known to wear an octopus on your head, as well as some other odd stage antics. Whats the wildest thing you ever did on stage, and do you think you ever get too caught up in moment and get a little too out of control?
Timmy Vulgar: The octopus was probably the weirdest. It's a hard one for me to top I think. When Human Eye played Goner Fest in 2005, I bought this giant fish head and a huge fish gutting knife from an Asian market. We went on after the Reatards played. Tough band to follow especially in their own town, and I think it was their first show since the late '90s if I'm not mistaken.

Jay broke glass all over the stage. He threw glass at the ceiling fan above the crowd. Glass shattered all over the audience. There was probably pee on the stage, anyway. We went on after all that. We were the last band of the night. We played six or seven songs then I took the big knife and I duct taped it to the end of my guitar,like a bayonet, then I grabbed the fish head (it was about the size of a Nerf football), stabbed it into the knife, so it was facing out. Played a couple songs with it on the end of my guitar, and man I could feel the weight of that fish pulling my guitar almost out of tune. There was slime and paint all over my guitar. It stunk really bad. Then I was like, man I hate fish! So I flung it out into the audience! And for some reason that never made it on the Goner Fest DVD.

MRR: Was there ever anything you saw another performer do that made you say to yourself, "FUCK! I'd never do something like that!"
Timmy Vulgar: Totally. I'll never do poop or pee on stage. I think its corny, hahaha, yes, pun intended! And even if it wasn't corny and cliche, it's still lame. It's not shocking or interesting to me. Maybe someone that just got into punk or rock'n'roll would be shocked or impressed. I don't know. G.G. Allin did it and that's enough. Somehow he was the first and last to pull it off. And I still think when he did it, it was lame. Trying too hard. You can't be shocking anymore. It's all been done. I guess it's easy to make people mad politically or socially but that's pretty boring. There's other things you can do on stage that can make the show much more entertaining.

Actually, I recently saw one of my favorite younger bands from Detroit called the Plastic Boyz, real snotty, KBD hardcore scum punk. The singer had a sheep brain on stage, throwing it around, smashing it against his head, putting it his mouth, spitting pieces at the twelve people in the crowd. It was great! Very inventive, very real. And in this day and age you need some in-your-face wacky crap like that. I'm a sucker for it sometimes.

MRR: You wake up one day in the future and realize, hey I'm just repeating the same musical steps over and over. Would you rather stagnate and get boring or move on to something else, that you probably enjoy less, just for the sake of moving on?
Timmy Vulgar: Strange question. If I start making music I don't enjoy that's when I will stop making music. And I wouldn't listen to music I don't enjoy. I think it's pretty impossible for someone to make music they don't like. Think of the greatest foods out there! The Ramones are the pizza of punk, old Rolling Stones are the Tacos of rock, The Spits are cheeseburgers and beer of modern punk! Human Eye is when a bug flies in your mouth and you accidentally taste it. I don't know.

MRR: I ask that because it's so strange to imagine people so involved in whatever they're doing, music or art-wise, doing anything else. Think about it. What if Darby Crash was a cop? What if Frank Zappa was a priest?? What if Timmy Vulgar was a scientist??? This is starting to sound like some rock and roll Marvel comic, but really, imagine how many people's lives would be different if Iggy decided to be a manager at Burger King.
Timmy Vulgar: Iggy probably has a Burger King in his house. Maybe not. I think he's one of those vegan types.

MRR: If you could only play one song that you've written for the rest of your life, which would it be?
Timmy Vulgar: That sounds like a nightmare, man. Twilight Zone and shit. I like "Poison Frog People" a lot.

MRR: Whats the discography look like so far for Organism? Tell the fine readers where they can acquire these odd discs.
TIMMY'S ORGANISM - *Squeeze the Giant* double 7", Sacred Bones, 2009
TIMMY'S ORGANISM - *I'm a Nice Guy Now* 7", Cass, 2010
TIMMY'S ORGANISM - *I'm on a Hunt* 7", Douchemaster, 2010
TIMMY'S ORGANIZM - *Can And Bottle Return Smile!*, Bat Shit, 2010
TIMMY'S ORGANISM - *Rise of The Green Gorilla* LP, Sacred Bones, 2010
I have also have a 7" coming out on Hozac records soon as well. There are links posted on my music blog online to where you can order these records. It's called Timmy Vulgarisms.
timmyvulgar.blogspot.com. We have a MySpace page as well, but man MySpace is really slow and lame now:
www.myspace.com/timmyvlamp.
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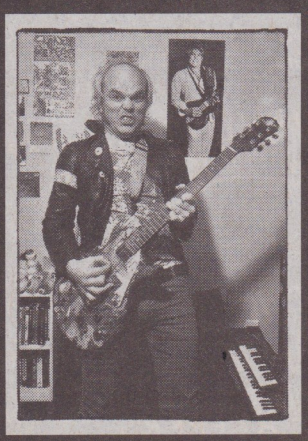
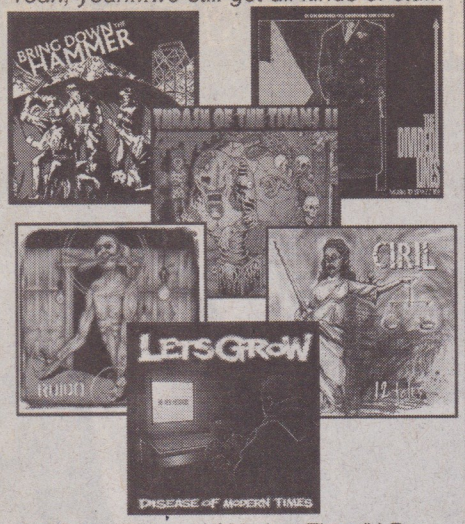


Yeah, yeah...we still got all kinds of stuff.



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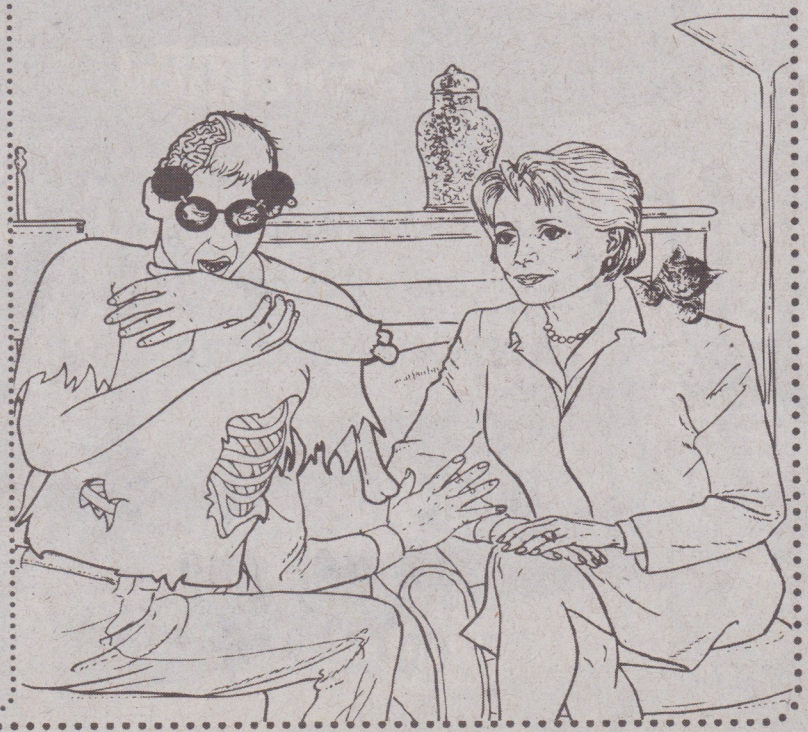

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CRAZY SPIRIT

The Crazy Spirit demo took my breath away. It turned out one of the most played releases of the year and it's still a steady companion whenever I commute to work, fall asleep on night buses across London, when making love to hundreds of imaginary creatures or whenever I feel happy or really fucking pissed off. I got in contact with renaissance-man-of-glue, Eugene, sometime last spring and we talked about cooperating on a massive concerted pro-Crazy Spirit worldwide propaganda effort. A few months later, the CIA and their hired PC punx on the internet began hyping Crazy Spirit and in the end Eugene and I decided to call off the misinformation campaign as we felt the band would certainly not benefit from being popular with misinformed youths, not in the world's current state of being anyway. But when MRR *got in touch with Crazy Spirit that summer, Eugene requested yours truly to do the dirty job. The grave seriousness of a job like this, coupled with the absolute laziness of life in Hackney in July, forced me down the route of narcoticism and somewhere along the lines seven interview questions were sent by email all the way across the ocean to the NYC and to the Crazy Spirits. A few days later I sobered up and sent another eight questions. Then nothing. In the autumn and the winter the band was busy touring or not touring Canada as well as various venues, squats and basements on the East Coast of the USA. At long last the band sat down under a microphone and reading out my questions aloud answered the most crucial interview of their careers and lives. In October I received a message from the band stating, "We recorded the interview a few weeks ago on Henry's computer and it was really cool, but then the whole thing got deleted. It was horrendous. We gotta do it again. No computers this time. Balls." While laughing about this incident all November, in the early days of December I sent my strong man in NYC orders to intimidate the band by force to re-do the interview. Five days later the band had done the interview again. As it happens the band did another interview with Shiva from* Accept the Darkness *fanzine which will end up in the French language of* Ratcharge *fanzine sometime in the near future. Shiva reports that by the time he left the boys they were already pretty drunk. Eugene has written and apologized in advance. In his own words: "Now everyone will know the truth."*

Special thanks to Mr. Stuart Schrader and Mr. Paco Mus for inspiring such idiotic questions.

Interview by Tony Gunnarsson

MRR: Why don't you introduce the band? Say a bit about who you guys are and what made you form the band and what you have released so far. Also please explain why you have decided to use real instruments as opposed to pots and DIY drums?

Sam: I am Sam and I am drinking banana-red.
Eugene: I am Eugene. I drink orange flavor.
Walker: I am Walker and I drink orange flavor.
Henry: I am Henry and, I drink orange also.
Walker: I don't like the other kinds.
Henry: I was thinking of green but, you know.
Walker: The others are gross, I only fuck with orange. The others are not very nice.
Henry: What else? Why don't we say what we do instead of what we drink?
All: Oh!!!!
Walker: I am Walker and I play sing.
Eugene: I am Eugene and I play drums.
Henry: I am Henry and I play drums!
Sam: I am Sam and I play bass.
Eugene: You should have said you played drums...I play bass. I am Eugene. I play bass.
Henry: We have released a tape and a 7".
Walker: Yeah, we have a self-titled tape and a self-titled 7".
Henry: *MRR* calls it *Burning Churches* but it's actually self-titled.
Sam: Do they really call it that?
Henry: They also call it *Burning Children.*
Walker: Yeah that's what they call it. What a bunch of moes!
Sam: They put it on the radio and they called the song "Killing Children." No, what was it? They called it "Tooth and Nail"–"Burning Children".
Henry: I think they also probably put side A and side B wrong.
Eugene: Oh the stamps. Yeah, we stamped it wrong maybe.
Walker: Yeah the stamps are wrong…
Henry: The other part of the question is "Why have you decided to use real instruments as opposed to pots and DIY drums?"
Walker: Is this guy some sort of English spy?
Sam: Pots?
Henry: How did he know that???
Eugene: I don't know, man.
Sam: The internet, dawg!
Henry: He has informants!
Sam: *The internet!*
Walker: The wooden kicks and crap, well, when you play live you can't fucking hear it.
Walker: It's a stupid question.
Eugene: We have wood when we're playing our instruments...
Walker: I was never really singing into a pine cone, it was more like…
Sam: An acorn?
Walker: Yeah, but it was actually a pine cone…I used a glue tube to kind of relax my throat with a pine cone because it is really sharp so I was just letting it go down…
Eugene: Gently?
Walker: Yeah, precisely!
Henry: He likes it slowly.
Walker: Slooowly.
Henry: Slooowly.
Sam: Slooooooooowly.
Eugene: That's why your voice sounds like that?
Walker: Yes.
Henry: That's where the wood comes in to play.
Sam: Basically.

MRR: Rumors have it that Crazy Spirit are known for sniffing glue. What are your favorite glue-brands? Do you have any preferred method of sniffing?

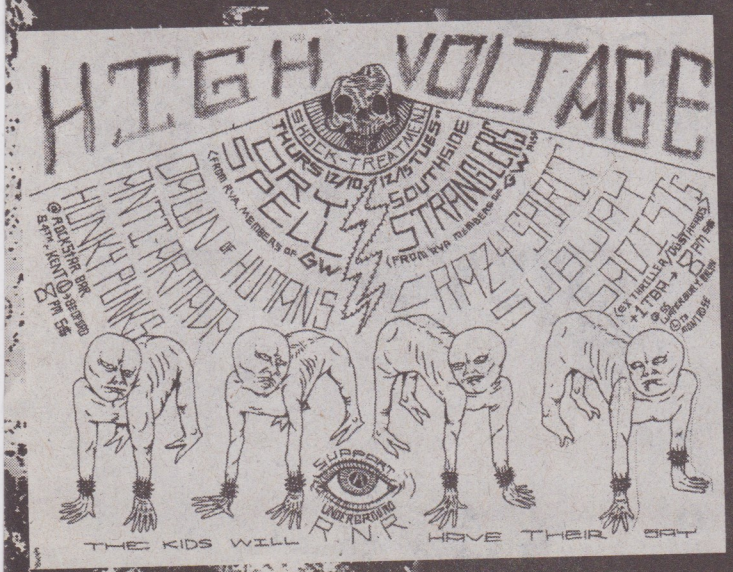
Walker: Jiffy!
Henry: Probably boffing.
Eugene: Yes, we boff it usually...
Henry: Like lotion.
Eugene: It's sniffing. You do it through your nose usually...
Henry: You know what else is really good? You have to do this really fast before it dries but using glue as lube is really nice...until you get really stuck!
Sam: Really?
Walker: But then you're just fucked!
Eugene: But then you're just cool!
Henry: Literally!
Sam: I like dipping my balls in peanut butter...

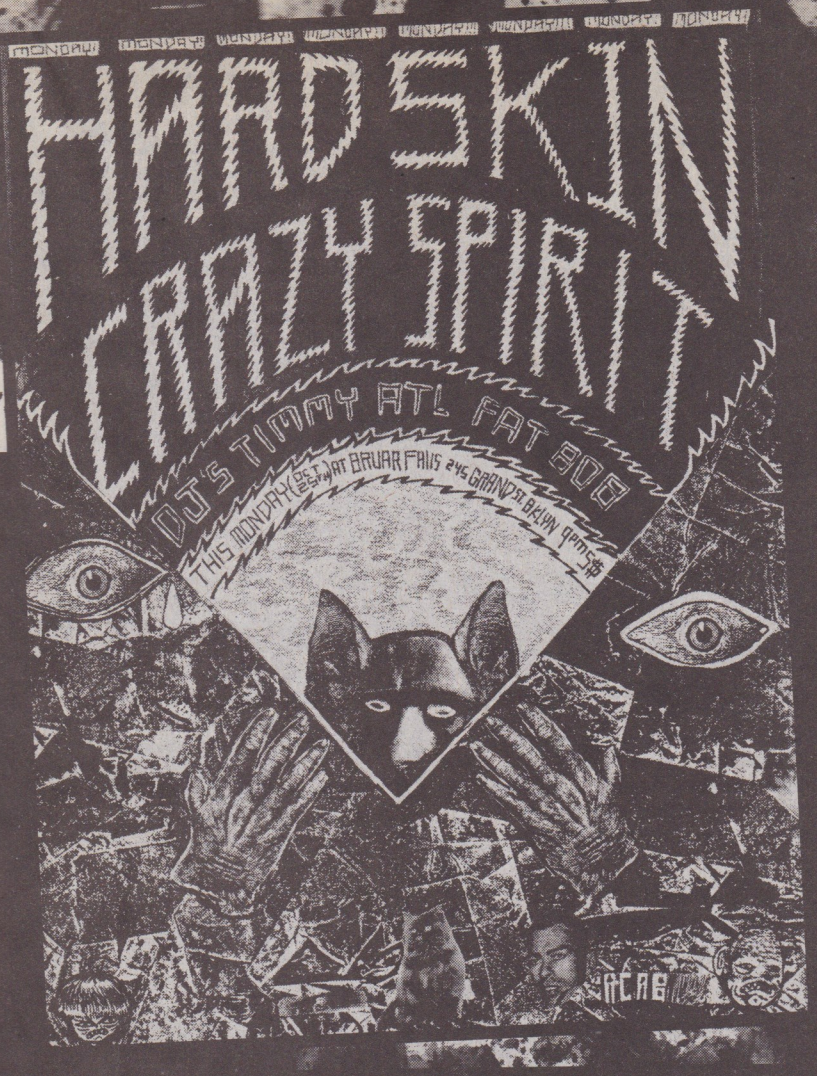
MRR: Crazy Spirit stands out from the rest of the bunch somehow because of the eerie shit music, the tribalistic-gonzoid artwork and the (indeed) crazy name. Where did that name come from? Is it meant to be somehow direct reference to the style of hardcore that you play? Do you play hardcore?

Eugene: Well, that's what we're going for!
Sam: We were thinking of naming the band Gonzoid, but then...
Henry: We were going to be like Gonzoid Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers.
Sam: Gonzoid!?
Walker: It (Crazy Spirit) was from a song.
Sam: We thought it was cool at the time.
Walker: We thought it was the stupidest sounding name we could come up with.
Henry: Everyone else told us that the name was stupid.
Eugene: Stupid good.
Walker: We used to be Narcata Kids...
Eugene: But Erik said it was not stupid enough.
Sam: This has solidified my hate of Erik.
Henry: So, we're saying Erik was basically the puppet master of our name?
Sam: Yes I am saying that because basically I was like, "Crazy Spirits" and "I like Crazy Spirits." Erik was like, "Yeah, I like it too"
Henry: For the record, Erik is our intern.
Eugene: You could say he's insane anger.
Henry: Yeah, Erik's our intern and he knows how to play every late Metallica song.
Eugene: Yeah, I mean, he wrote all the lyrics and he wrote the new album. What's it called something "death?" *Death Automatic*? Or something...
Sam: And he wrote that.
Eugene: He wrote most of our lyrics and our riffs.
Walker: What's the fucking question?
Henry: Where does the name Crazy Spirit come from?
Sam: We already answered that!
Eugene: It's a song. It's from a song! From an obscure movie that you will never fucking find!
Sam: In your stupid fucking country!
Eugene: It is "imported."
Henry: Then the question goes, "Is it supposed to be a direct reference to the style of hardcore that you play? Do you play hardcore?"
Eugene: Hell yeah we play hardcore!
Sam: I think it may be part of what we play.
Walker: It sounds like the music sounds like!
Sam: I think it fits well.
Eugene: Like a glove.
Henry: I thought we were playing hardcore.
Eugene: I can't tell if it's an adjective or a noun, or a verb!
Henry: What? The name? The band name or what?
Sam: The word hardcore.
Eugene: No.
Henry: Well, we're pretty fucking hard core.
Eugene: Yeah man!
Henry: We have a real heavy rep.
Walker: I don't eat nothing but dog pussy!

MRR: Now that Crazy Spirit is the sweetheart of bloggers, DIY radio and press, how have your lives changed since Crazy Spirit is the hottest dirty-punk band on the East Coast (and everyone knows it and talks about it)? I bet you sell a lot of t-shirts, huh?

Sam: I bet you are straight edge!
Henry: We do sell a lot of t-shirts. We make *tons* of money and get laid *all the time.*
Walker: Yeah...
Eugene: Yeah...
Henry: If you know where all the hot babes are you should be...
Eugene: Not in England! My life is exactly as the same. The internet is not in the real world.
Henry: It is not a real thing.
Sam: It's definitely not...
Henry: Not a very real world...
Walker: If it was, I'd get laid *all the time.*
Sam: No, it's fucked up!
Walker: No, I am saying because I fuck so many...
Eugene: Internet?
Walker: Internet things.
Sam: What?
Walker: I am imagining fucking them, I would be away all the time.
Eugene: You watch a lot of internet porn.
Henry: No, it's fucked up though! This





guy thinks we get laid all the time *and we don't*! And that's the thing about us.
Eugene: I do. I have a girlfriend. I wish having two or three blogs like our demo actually… well actually it does do stuff I guess.
Walker: No, it's cool. I got a handjob from a dude...
Henry: That's true!
Sam: Oh yes, yeah, yeah, you did, yes!
Henry: He bargained a handjob for a testpress.
Walker: ...from a member of Perdition...
Henry: The bass player, Tyler.
Walker: It was actually…well, it's a little-known story, but Ian sucked my dick right after! And Alex gave me a rim job...and Eugene fingered himself watching!
Eugene: Do they say that Australians, like English people, "fingered this" and "fingered that?"
Henry: Oh, "finger me that?"
Sam: Oh, we sell a lot of tissues.
Eugene: No, yeah, we sell a lot of tissues, well I mean… We have some cool shirts like if you wanna buy them go to the fucking, "dot com something."
Henry: Buyatshirt.com!
Sam: Go to New York! We won this city!
Eugene: You know where you are?

MRR: There is talk going around that Crazy Spirit has a number of records in the pipeline. What's that about? Who are these capitalists who are to release all this vinyl?

Eugene: The pipeline, huh?
Henry: This chick from your country. Quality Control Records is releasing the demo as a LP.
Sam: Toxic State put out the six song 7".
Eugene: And they released our tape in a nicer version than ours.
Walker: And Gus, our friend Gus from the Mundo Muerto, is putting out our second single on Mata La Musica.
Eugene: We're going to make an LP at some point in the future.
Sam: We're working on it. We are going to do it *in the future*. In the immediate future.
Eugene: It is about the future.
Sam: It is really about a troll. It's a record about a troll.
Walker: It's about holograms and...
Henry: ...the internet. It is about blogs. Where is that question about how blogs change our lives? It's about that.
Sam: We've passed that already.
Eugene: Yeah, we have passed that already.
Henry: I want to go back to that.
Eugene: I don't know if we answered that though. I am not sure.
Henry: I don't think we actually answered that properly.
Sam: Ok, alright, we'll go back to that question.
Eugene: No, we're not! It's cool that people like our band, but it's not like we're very appreciative.
Walker: Actually, do you want to know what is life changing for me? It's that people actually *like* our band. That's pretty cool.
Eugene: Yeah, that's pretty cool.
Henry: It's pretty rough.
Sam: And I wish that the fact that nerds talk about us on the internet meant that hot chicks want to suck our dicks.
Henry: Apparently not.
Walker: *Amen, brother*!
Sam: I would also like to further, I would like to pause and put a large barrier between us and this "mysterious guy hardcore" thing...
Eugene: I think that that's over. I think that's like last week, and it's kind of weak.
Henry: It's especially weak.
Walker: I am not really sure what that means...
Sam: What the fuck? It's weak and it's not for me.
Henry: I am mysterious, and I like hardcore. Why am I not mysterious guy hardcore?
Sam: Well, *you* are!
Walker: I thought we were more *mysterious*!
Eugene: Nah dude, we're *vague* hardcore. We're not mysterious guy hardcore. We're vague guy hardcore.
Sam: We might be sexually mysterious guy hardcore.
Walker: Yes, we're also sexually ambiguous.
Eugene: We're sexual, man.
Sam: We're sexually hardcore.
Walker: We're all very sexual.
Eugene: And we're very hard.
Henry: We're all hard.
Eugene: But we feel soft inside. Or vice versa.
Henry: We play with cool bands.
Sam: And ourselves.
Henry: Cool bands get to play with us. No, we get to play with...we get on shows now. That's pretty cool.
Eugene: Yeah that's cool. That's pretty sick.
Sam: Yeah, that's the best thing.
Eugene: We get to play shows I want to go to.
Henry: Yeah, exactly! That's what the difference is.

MRR: Your band is proof of some sort of prodigious DIY music scene, although you're also living proof of a lot of incestuous bands. For people like myself on the other side of the world, and who scan *MRR* for news about any new bands worth checking out, and like where the hip shit is going on, would you do us all a favor and like say something about your scene?
Walker: Dork!
Sam: How can you write like this? Dumbass!
Eugene: Well, first of all we're all English teachers. Sorry that's why we're being so petty with your grammatical mistakes.
Henry: We're fucking serious.
Walker: And we talk very eloquent.
Eugene: We're all very eloquent...is that a word?
Henry: It is a word. It's pronounced "*alaquent*."
Eugene: It's eloquent, you fucktard.
Henry: It is eloquent. E – L - E – Q – E – N – T.
Eugene: New York is pretty cool right now, I think. There's some really good bands.
Henry: Yeah, there are some really good bands in New York. New York was pretty *not* cool for like a long ass chunk of time. I don't know what's happening, but I think that kids just decided they just wanted to do some shit.
Eugene: Yeah, it's a new wave of shit, now.
Sam: There's only probably like ten to fifteen of us now that were there for the whole shitty part.
Henry: And those fifteen people thought it was really cool.
Walker: There's a lot of people from out of town that have all come together in New York and that's cool.
Eugene: We're from New York.
Sam: It's fun making fun of them, but it's cool they're here.
Henry: Yeah it's super-cool. Wherever there's this prodigious DIY scene you're talking about, it's just fucking a lot of sick people moving to New York and started sick fucking bands, started houses and...
Sam: I actually ask you, the interviewer, a question: So, Reginald,

what kind of new bands are from England because I don't know shit about it and I'd like to hear some? Please answer.
Eugene: New York bands. We should name some New York bands now I think, fucking Nomad, Deformities, Se Toe Shi…
Henry: Errr, I can't think...
Sam: Long Pigs, Anti Armada.
Henry: Nomos, Pollution, Dawn of Humans.
Sam: Twaah.
Henry: Perdition, Twaah
Walker: Twotitoon.
Eugene: Yeah, people don't really know. It's actually Predetwaan.
Henry: Yeah, it's a mispronunciation.
Sam: Hammerheads, Hank Wood and Hammerheads.
Henry: Who are fucking Hammerheads?
Sam: Hammerheads–best shit!
Eugene: It's for real. They're really good.
Sam: Paris are actually really good.
Henry: I like Teenage Avant.
Eugene: Nomos? Oh, we said that? There's more, there's fucking, I am blanking out.
Henry: I am drinking too much banana.
Eugene: Yeah I am drinking too much orange flavor.
Sam: Yeah, I like the smell of this but it tastes like dickhole.
Eugene: Yeah, that's why I never fuck with anything but orange.
Walker: You've got fucking banana?
Henry: Banana rules man.
Walker: Let me try that actually.
Henry: Let me try yours.
Walker: Wait, there's more fucking, emmmm, Diewards but they're done…
Henry: Subway Sadists were sick. Disnihil were really good…
Sam: Thriller were really sick but they ran out…
Eugene: There's a bunch of bands that haven't played yet but that are forming now, and I have been at their practices and they're fucking sick! There's this new band with...
Walker: ...the guy that gave me a handjob!
Eugene: Oh, no, that's a different band. Like some new dark punk band, and there's this new band.
Sam: Is dark punk like this dark matter? Like dark people?
Eugene: No. It's like post-punk gothy shit.
Walker: You like *that* but you hate black metal??? "I like 'goth,' but I don't like 'black metal'!!!"
Henry: God, who else is from New York right now?
Eugene: Yeah there's some other shit for real, I don't even know...there's this one band...they're fucking sick!
Henry: Oh! Concrete Cross! They're pretty good!
Sam: Concrete Crasher is ex-Disnihil.
Walker: The Men were real sick.
Sam: Yeah, The Men were awesome!
Henry: Pregnant Men.
Eugene: Baby Man Boys!
Henry: Sexual Grandmother…
Sam: Look out for the Sparkles. They've released a demo this spring.
Walker: I am in a band called Sexual Predator...
Henry: The Gitters, The Crabs…
Eugene: Black Tip.
Sam: Commie Boys.
Eugene: With a U.
Sam: Yeah, of course. Cummie Boys.
Walker: I am a very cummie boy.
Henry: Urban Paste.
Sam: Turkey Paste. Turkey Waste! Oh yeah you forgot Thanks Giving!
Henry: Bro Mags. The Cro Fags!
Walker: Ok let's move on...

MRR: Every time I hear about bands with members with multiple other bands going I wonder how it is possible to cope with a lot of different bands. I was hoping you'd say something about how you share your time between different bands, and playing live with more than one band at a gig?
Sam: It is not fucking possible to cope.
Walker: You gotta listen to a lot of T-Rex!
Henry: Being in multiple bands is easy. You just fucking do it.
Eugene: It is not easy at all.
Henry: Yeah it is.
Eugene: It's fucking extremely stressful.
Henry: It is not extremely stressful.
Walker: Believe it or not, being in a band takes a lot of hard work.
Eugene: Yo man, playing four sets in one day?
Henry: Oh, playing in the same night, that sucks! But I am just saying in general...
Eugene: But what I mean...
Henry: ...being in multiple bands is not stressful.
Eugene: Yeah, but it's not what I want to fucking do you know? It is so stressful.
Sam: Blah blah blah…
Henry: Every time you put out a record, we wait until the last fucking night to print…
Eugene: It makes every band really...it makes everything take a lot longer, for us at least, because we're like that but, other people can do it. We don't know how they do it, but we're just very slow in doing stuff, like this interview. You sent us these questions in June or whatever, and it's fucking December. So, you know.
Henry: But it is also the greatest thing in the world. The only thing I want to do is start new bands.
Eugene: Hell yeah!
Henry: I want to be in a thousand fucking bands.
Eugene: It's all I want to do.
Sam: I want to be in a band with you Reginald.
Henry: The real problem is having to do normal shit that is not playing. I don't want to have a job, go to school, fuck that!
Eugene: Having money for gear and practice, that's a finch. None of us fucking drive. We got to like swindle fucking rides to every fucking show worth a shit.
Henry: We can't drive.
Eugene: We don't know how. We don't understand.
Walker: Oh, you guys, I forgot to tell you: I think I have got a car.
Eugene: Really?
Walker: Yeah my cousin's giving me her old car.
Henry: You should get a horse.
Sam: It's a Volvo. It's fucking Swedish!
Eugene: So you can drive our shit to shows?
Walker: Yeah, I am going to get drunk and kill all of us.
Henry: I don't want to drive. As long as we have to ask somebody else to drive our shit again.
Eugene: I think we always will.
Walker: You should never feel safe if you ask me to drive us to a show because I am going to get wasted.
Eugene: I wouldn't feel safe with any of you driving. Our drivers are all the people that are not from New York who live here now.

MRR: Do we have Eugene's mom kicking you guys out of his house to blame for the band actually coming together?
Eugene: Is he bringing my mom into this?
Walker: Now we have to worry about my mom.
Henry: Oh, it was just a circumstance?
Walker: My mom is coming home soon.
Eugene: No, that's Dawn of Humans and Perdition getting kicked out of my house.
Henry: Oh yeah, they lit the house on fire.
Eugene: Yeah, we put my house on fire. It wasn't fucking me, it was *someone*. But that was before Crazy Spirit.
Henry: We did it all pretty secretly.
Eugene: Yeah, we did it when my mom wasn't home and shit. In my room. That's why we used fucking wooden boxes and pots and pans.
Henry: Yes, that's how the whole wooden boxes thing came from. That's why the early tape sounded fucking cool.
Eugene: So, yes, I guess, we do have my mom to blame.
Sam: Remember in the end of that song on the tape when we go, "Man! We have to smoke that weed A.S.A.P," and then you go, "Shhh! My neighbor will know," and then, "Oh, they probably couldn't hear it!"
Henry: It still happened...
Sam: But we don't care if the neighbors know!

MRR: Crazy Spirit are said to be romantic crusties that can be seen French kissing crust girls at concerts. Is that why you have fancy intros and shit on your demo? To appear artistic and daring in order to gain favors with your female fans? Do you have female fans? Male fans?
Eugene: It is all true.
Walker: We make out with cops,

not crusties.
Eugene: Crusty cops.
Walker: Nothing turns me on more than girl growing armpit hair and saying it is because they're being sexually non-biased, but you know it is secretly a trend.
Henry: I don't give a fuck if a chick has got armpit hair if she's cute....as a butt! And like, likes to give blowjobs...no, oh god... argrhrhrhrgrhgrhg!
Eugene: Hey man, we can't not come out as total arseholes in this interview.
Henry: Can we do a single interview without "ruining our reputation?" Er, yes, it is totally true. It is all true. Basically, we're very romantic sexual beings.
Walker: Pretty much every time we play a show girls think we're really great looking and they want to make out with us.
Henry: But we're also very emotional, and chicks, er, women, can see when you're emotional.
Eugene: Yes, we forgot to mention that we're emotional. Women can sense that, it's like their sixth sense.
Henry: We like emotional guys.
Sam: Emotional guy hardcore!
Henry: Great arsehole. We never get to make out with anyone! You pointed it out twice now in one interview!
Walker: Yeah and now it will get worse because of your stupid interview!
Sam: Yeah, you fucking limey shit!
Henry: This is the third time we talk about how we never get laid in this fucking interview! It's because of our band!
Sam: Yes, because of your questions. Like why don't you get laid?
Henry: Yeah, how we don't get laid because of blogs!

MRR: Do you think that now is the golden age of hardcore, or do you think that hardcore in 2010 is solely retro-garbage flogging a dead horse? Is Crazy Spirit a nostalgic band? Hardcore revival?
Eugene: I say we are a live horse.
Sam: I say we flog a dead horse.
Henry: No, it's all about the now.
Eugene: Yes, fuck the '80s.
Walker: I say our main thing is to get on *V/A Now! Volume 37* or whatever they're up to now.
Henry: *Crazy Spirit is about the future*!!!!
Eugene: No! We're about now. The future? Fucking sucks! And the past? It's even worse! It's about fucking now.
Henry: It's about fucking now!
Walker: Where is she by the way?
Henry: Who?
Sam: Where is now?
Eugene: I guess in the future.
Henry: I don't think hardcore is about retro-garbage flogging a dead horse. Or any of that shit.
Eugene: Some of it, honestly? Some is.
Henry: Some of it is, and then generally it's kind of...
Sam: You can always say it came from something farther away, it's all relative.
Eugene: Hardcore was flogging a dead horse too.
Sam: Yeah it was. It's fucking dumb.
Henry: There're a lot of dead horses through history and lots of people have flogged them.
Sam: I don't think we're going to write a song flying in a spaceship anytime soon though, so I think this should be cool for awhile.
Henry: I think hardcore now rules.
Sam: *Hardcore rules*!!! *Hardcore rules*!!!
Eugene: Basically, yeah. Shit is way better now than it was five years ago. That's fucking real.
Henry: Did you hear the new Vaaska LP? There you go.

MRR: Hey, you were on a tour or something recently, were you not? Something about Canada? Or perhaps that got cancelled?
Eugene: It was something. That was some Dawn of Humans shit and it was a fucking disaster, and I don't really want to get into it actually.
Henry: I do. Canadian borders suck. Canadian borders are the worst places on earth. Apparently spiky wristbands are a weapon and it costs you five hundred dollars
Eugene: And "apparently" fucking weed and fireworks aren't allowed!
All: HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!
Henry: We had dogs sniffing our balls!
Eugene: And lick them and suck on them. It's weird.
Sam: That's normal for dogs!
Eugene: Yeah, not for Canadian dogs.
Walker: You know what sucked about that border though?
Eugene: Everything?
Walker: We went to the Canadian side, and then we had to go back to the American side, and then we were talking to these cops and they were like…
Eugene: They were just making fun of us and being total fucking pricks!
Walker: And Rita was there, Eugene's girlfriend, and they were like, "What are you playing at?" She was like, "Oh I don't play anything," and they were like, "Oh, have you ever heard of 'groupies'?" Whoever that cop was he's going to die a miserable whore of an old death.
Eugene: No, the thing is, he is sleeping fucking perfectly at night and he is going to die a peaceful death. And live fucking long. That's how it fucking goes.
Henry: And there he is sitting in his fucking Canadian border with free fucking healthcare and he's on the American side!
Eugene: Yeah, but he's still Canadian, and he believes in his fucking job. He thinks he is doing some good shit, you know. Keeping terrorists out of the Canadian border.
Henry: I fucking hope he reads *MRR* and dies!
Eugene: Yeah, well, but he doesn't.
Henry: No one reads *MRR* anyway!
Eugene: I was going to say because we were all trying to look normal and I think that's what threw them off. If you look fucking weird and you fucking try to look normal, that makes you look fucking weirder, you know? And it makes you look way more suspicious. I think you should be honest about it, like with Perdition, I went up like decked out with a spiky bracelet and they didn't give a shit.
Henry: And they did not find weed and firecrackers in your pockets?
Eugene: No. They did not, exactly.

MRR: It sounds almost like those acoustic guitar parts on the demo are sampled like on "When Faces Change" and that outro to "I'm Dead." But perhaps I am wrong? Where did those voice-over samples come from?
Walker: I want to clear something up that no one gets for some reason. That song is not "When Faces Change!" The song "When Faces Change" is the song where the lyric goes "Where faces change!" Why has that been so hard for everyone to understand?
Henry: The song you're talking about is "Interlude."
Eugene: All the acoustic guitar parts are actually Sam, also.
Henry: They're also not acoustic.
Walker: It is Sam doing everything.
Henry: It is just some weird recording shit. And voice shit is some weird samples.

Eugene: Yeah, and we all had parts in it. But we're not going to say where it comes from.
Henry: Sam does everything in Crazy Spirit! And me, Eugene, and Walker are all hype, man!
Walker: We're all hymen?
Henry: Hype men, yes, we're all hymen!
Walker: We're all eye candy.
Eugene: We're an eye candy hyped live band?
Henry: If you knew the samples it would not be as fun. Next question!

MRR: I note that you are anarchists. Kindly convert the readers of *MRR* to anarchism. Do you wear leather? Do you eat it?
Walker: Yes, yes and yes!
Eugene: No, no and no.
Henry: Yes, yes, yes.
Eugene: I am the only thoughtful person in this band.
Henry: I just bought a brand new pair of leather shoes. They're brand new! Not to be confused with used leather which people usually wear.
Walker: I just killed a skunk last week.
Eugene: Well, fucking, I am hungry because the rest of my band bought fucking sausage toppings on the pizza. And I can't eat any of it. So fuck that shit! It is stupid. And I hate everything.
Henry: I wear second-hand leather.
Walker: I eat meat.
Eugene: I wear second-hand leather, my leather jacket, fucking GJ gave it to me. It's weird.
Walker: I wear leather that I scraped off animals, I wear their skin.
Eugene: You wear their foreskins? We circumcise animals.
Henry: What was the question?
Walker: Yes, I use this foreskin...fucking....used...
Henry: What was the question?
Sam: It was the anarchist one.
Walker: It was "Do you make your leather jacket out of a goat's foreskin?"
Henry: "Convert the readers of *MRR* to anarchism."
Sam: I'll say we're much more nihilist.
Henry: Yeah, I'd go with we're more pessimists.
Eugene: I don't think we're any kind of "ism" or "ist".
Henry: Yeah, I am not any kind of "ism." I think an anarchist is more a...
Walker: I like dogs. Is that an "ism?"
Sam: What about racism?
Eugene: That's a...You're just into a beastial experience if anything.
Sam: It is beautiful really if you think about it!
Henry: I think you're talking about the anarchism because of the circle-As? The circle-As and eyeballs in our song?
Eugene: Yeah, the circle-As and eyeballs, but it means more than just anarchy.
Walker: The word! It means more. The word, not the political system.
Henry: Yeah to me, the circle-A means more to me than anarchy, you know?
Sam: It's anarchy! It means fucking chaos and good punk shit.
Henry: Yes, it is more an attitude for me. We all fucking live at our parents' houses. We all consume shit everyday. Everyday we live in a completely capitalist way of life. To call myself an anarchist, I would feel kind of weird, saying that
Sam: I call it subversive.
Eugene: In a real simple punk way. It's our ideal.
Henry: An alternative.
Eugene: I prefer alt.
Henry: Yeah the circle-A is for alternative.
Walker: It's for alt. rock!
Eugene: Alt core?
Sam: It's for archaeology.
Eugene: We could have answered that better but…
Henry: No, I have a better way of answering that I feel is somewhere in my head. I don't know, I think like…
Sam: You're too full of guilt.
Henry: Fuck political opinions and all the...
Eugene: We could say some stupid slogans that don't mean anything but, I don't know.
Walker: Like "America is cool???"
Henry: No, I think it comes from pessimism and discontent.
Eugene: Disgust with everything!
Henry: We're discussing what we're involved in every day... disgust with America and fucking consumerism, what is expected of you, that kind of thing. And more that kind of shit, you know. Not like the Black Block, wearing black bandanas and living in squats, shit like that. You know. It's more like the struggle to live your own life, yeah doing what you want to do in a place where that is the hardest fucking thing to do ever. And struggling to do what you want to do and instead of being comfortable and having a shitty job and a nice wage.
Eugene: Fighting back, really. In a more personal way, and less like political way.
Sam: We don't do much fighting the system. I do a lot of taking part of the system. A lot more than fighting it.
Eugene: We're more about making our own personal system, than following *the* system, you know?
Henry: Well, I don't know, I think that whatever anarchy means, I think it means a lot of different things to a lot of different people.
Eugene: It's like "punk."
Henry: Yes, punk means basically the same thing as anarchy might mean to me. Just trying to fucking do what you want to do.
Eugene: And the circle-A has become a sort of symbol of punk; it's a punk symbol really.
Henry: Yeah, and a kid with fucking circle-A in his eyes means... oh, are your parents home?
Sam: Let's rape them! Anarchy!
Walker: I think we only have like two questions left.
Henry: Oh, ok well there goes anarchy...what's the next question?
Walker's mom: Hey kids! How's the interview going? Are you done?
Eugene: No, we're doing it right now.
Walker's mom: *Heeeyyyy*!!! What's up??? I am the inspiration for all of their songs!!!
Eugene: We're an inspirational band...

MRR: What fanzines are you into? Have you ever read *Maximum Rocknroll*? What do you think of it?
Eugene: I am not familiar…
Henry: I like *Maximumrocknroll Radio.*
Sam: Last I heard people don't really read it. They don't read *MRR* anymore.
Eugene: *Distort* is cool...We like zines. *Accept the Darkness* is pretty sick, *Distort* is cool.
Henry: I like MRR Radio and thanks to Layla all of NYC is down with *Los Saicos.*
Eugene: *MRR* is the shit, like, it's cool…
Henry: *MRR* is cool.
Eugene: *Hey Ronnie* is pretty cool.
Sam: Oh? It's "ok"
Walker: *Mean Punk.*
Henry: *Mean Punk* is cool.
Eugene: *Evilminded*! *Sad People Sex* is my favorite zine ever.
Walker: Yeah, *Sad People Sex* is cool...
Walker's mom: What is this? An interview?
ALL: Yeah...
Walker's mom: Is this where it is leading?
Henry: Yeah, it's for *MRR.* Hey everyone, this is Walker's mom.
Sam: Say something really disgusting!

MRR: Please provide closing shout-outs and marketing statements, please?
Henry: I would like to introduce my parents? Awkward....
Walker: No! Nothing at all, I am ending this now!

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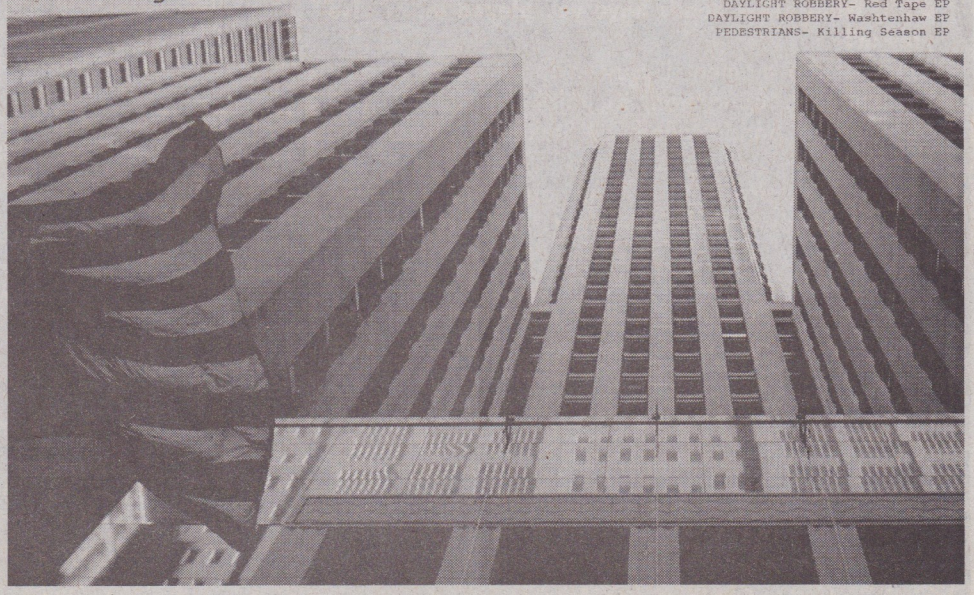

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1981

1981 from Turku, Finland, play smart, tense, and impassioned songs. It might not be fist-shaking 100 mile an hour wall crunch, but their subtle/melodic music manages to convey a high degree of anger, and I was immediately hit by the impact of the three songs on their debut 7".

Interview by Pete Craven and Tony Whatley.

MRR: OK, some history please. Who are the members of 1981, and how did you come together?
Jallu: Janne, Valtteri and I used to play together in a band called Bridget. Things started feeling kind of stagnant so we decided to form a new band. I think the first rehearsal was in November 2009.
Kata: I joined the band in Nov 2010, after Jallu asked me if I could sing. I still can't but I'm practicing.
Ilmari: And I replaced the original drummer shortly after his amicable departure in December of 2010.

MRR: What other bands have you played in, or also play in?
Jallu: At the moment I play in three active bands: The Phoenix Foundation, Kieltolaki, and 1981. I've also been in bands called The Stakeout, Wörm, and Bridget.
Valtteri: I've played in Bridget, and at the moment play in bands called Goodnight Monsters and The New Tigers.

MRR: Jallu, you played in Phoenix Foundation who played in the UK some years ago, how was that?

Jallu: We toured the UK quite a few times actually. I only have good memories from those days although not all of the gigs were that great. It's pretty hard to forget the night when we played in this small town somewhere in the middle of nowhere. The venue was totally sold out but the kids hadn't come there to see us or the two other bands. We ended up playing gigs to each other and to the few guys who had asked us to play there. Every time a band had finished their set all the kids came back inside and started a huge moshpit while the DJ played some nu metal like Korn etc. Great times, haha! Anyway, most of the gigs were really good. I made friends with loads of nice people from the UK that I'm still keeping in touch with.

MRR: Okay, 1981 is an interesting name! Where did the idea come from?
Jallu: We wanted to have a short and simple name but obviously it's pretty impossible to find one that hasn't already been used. One day I was listening to this good old post-punk band called 1919 and realized there haven't been any bands from Finland with that sort of a name. I think 1981 sounds good and the year 1981 also kind of suits our sound. Musically we're somewhere in between '77 punk and the stuff that started coming in 1982. I made the artwork for the 7" (before we had even recorded anything) and the logo also looked really good. If we had made up another name for the band our first 7" would've been called 1981.

MRR: The sleeve of the EP reminded me of the covers on the old UK anarcho releases. I take it that was the idea. Were there any particular records you had in mind when you were putting the artwork together?
Jallu: I love the artwork of the old UK anarcho releases and of course I wanted our EP to have the same sort of a look. The front sleeve was influenced by The Mob's Crying Again 7" and I personally see the back sleeve as a mixture of Political Asylum's Winter 7" and The Mob's Witchhunt 7"

MRR: What is it about bands like The Mob, Zounds, and Anthrax that so inspires?
Jallu: I fell in love with that sort of stuff when I was a teenager and I still love it after all these years. I think those bands represent the kind of punk I've always felt the most connected with.

1981, MÄKKELÄ'S TRASH LOUNGE (Ger) + JUKKA KIESI // 4€

Some of my favourite bands from that era are the "poppier" ones like The Mob, Zounds, Omega Tribe, A heads, Alternative, Political Asylum, etc. I like the way all these bands sound so different from each other but still have the same sort of a DIY message.

MRR: You played with Steve Ignorant and his band on one of the Last Supper tour dates, right?
Jallu: Yeah, we played two gigs with them when they visited Finland in November.
Kata: I had just joined the band two weeks before and with no previous band history whatsoever. Considering we had rehearsed together only twice prior to the gigs, it all went pretty well. It was a great experience performing with Steve Ignorant, and the other support, Abduktio. The whole Last Supper crew were such friendly and encouraging people.

MRR: Do you think there is anything wrong with him doing this tour and playing those old songs when not all the members of Crass are happy about it?
Jallu: I don't have any strong opinion about it. Myself, I'm not that much into bands doing all these reunion shows and tours but I did watch about half of their gig in Tampere and I have to admit I really enjoyed it. It seemed to be a really important night for many older punks who had come to see them from all over Finland and because of that I'm really happy they played those two gigs here.

Janne: After seeing the shows I think it's cool he did it. I don't know (or care) about his motives. If he did it for money, nostalgic value or whatever, I don't know. The energy was still there, the message was still there, and people were having a good time. And in my opinion that alone justifies it.

MRR: You've got such a small population, but punk really seemed to hit Finland big in the old days, with loads of bands forming all over the country, and cementing a reputation that still lasts, with the likes of Kaaos, Cadgers/ Riistetyt, Rattus, Terveet Kädet... I'm reaching for my copy of Killed By Finnish Hardcore! Are there any '80s groups from Turku we should know about? How much influence did these old-timers have on you... and what are things like there these days?

Jallu: I don't actually know that much about old bands from Turku. I'm originally from a small town from Eastern Finland and have lived in Turku for about ten years now. There must've been some good bands in this area but most of them never released any records. From the ones I know of, you should check out the Kumikristus 7",

Vaurio (from Naantali but I guess that's close enough), and the demos by Kolmas Päivä which I'd press on vinyl right away if I could just get a hold of some members of the band and get their permission to do that. I think that sort of

hardcore punk is the best kind of stuff that's ever come from Finland. I love bands like Varaus, Mellakka, Kansan Uutiset, Kaaos, and Riistetyt. Those bands have had loads of influence on me, but the influences for 1981 come from somewhere else. I think Finland has a really good scene these days, with loads of active people organizing gigs, playing in bands, making zines, etc.

Kata: The only problem seems to be the lack of proper punk venues. I mean, Tampere has its Vastavirta, but Helsinki lost Factory, and TVO in Turku went under in May 2010. There are some replacement places in the capital, but here on the west coast it's been pretty quiet, at least for smaller bands. Luckily there have been some collectives forming up, with the intention of possibly getting a place for punk gigs in both Helsinki and Turku. Hopefully they get things going.

MRR: I really liked your EP. Can I ask you about the songs? "Faster and Forward" really struck a chord, as like many people I find myself having to work more hours, for no more pay. So I liked the lyrical message "Rush hour labour, in your place of employment, you gotta work harder, gotta earn your enjoyment." I'm guessing these are your experiences too. What is the economic situation like in Finland?

Jallu: I actually don´t have that sort of experience myself but it feels like I´m surrounded by people who are working their asses off to make more money to be spent on things that are supposed to make them happy. Still, most people seem to be really miserable and unsatisfied with their lives, complaining how they're always too busy, etc. I think the economic situation in Finland is pretty much like anywhere in the western world. Recession has taken its toll here as well.

Janne: People so willingly enslave themselves, it's beyond me. We've been tricked into believing that we have to have a career, work harder each year, when all we do is make money for somebody else. The quality of life cannot be measured from your paycheck, as many people seem to think. At least in Finland where the economic situation is, internationally compared, quite good despite the recession it's possible to work less and live more.

MRR: And who are you singing about in "We Don't Share The Truth"...and these people that are not from the "same world?"

Jallu: It's about people who don't feel the same way about things that I do and can't accept people like me, cause we don't live our lives and think the way they see is the only right way. The people with those black and white ideas and opinions are doing themselves and everyone a disservice by shutting out other possibilities. Everyone has their own truths, fears, rights and wrongs, and everyone should have a right to have them as long as they don't start pushing them on others. All extremisms are dangerous no matter what side of the scale they rep-

MRR: The lyrics to the song "Blind Acceptance" are quite defeatist: "I don't believe in people, 'cause most people are like you, accepting all this shit, and there's nothing I can do."
Jallu: Yeah, I don't have too much faith in the human race!

MRR: How active are you in playing out?

Jallu: We've only played five gigs so far, three of them here in Turku and the gigs with Steve Ignorant in Tampere and Helsinki. We're definitely a live band but so far we've been really unfortunate with all our schedules. We have our other bands, and some of us travel quite a lot.

MRR: You run the Passing Bells label Jallu? How many other records have you released?

Jallu: Yeah, I've had my small and randomly functioning label for over ten years now. Here's a list of what I've released so far:

PB01: Manifesto Jukebox: Desire LP/CD
PB02: v/a Passing Bells 7" (Sharpeville, Diaspora, Unkind, Wasted, Hero Dishonest & Manifesto Jukebox)
PB03: Betercore/Olho De Gato: split 7"
PB04: Phoenix Foundation: s/t 7"
PB05: Sairaat Mielet: Extended Plays LP
PB06: Phoenix Foundation/Red Cabaret: split 7"
PB07: Hate Unit: discography CD
PB08: Political Asylum: Winter CD
PB09: Phoenix Foundation: Falling LP
PB10: 1981: Faster and Forward 7"

Most of them are already sold out but I still have a few boxes of records kicking around in my closet. I can be contacted by email: passingbells@hotmail.com

MRR: You made a point of sending the record to "proper" paper zines for reviewing; do you think the fanzine is a dying art? And did you also send the record to any digital zines?

Jallu: I wouldn't call fanzines a dying art. Loads of people have started making real zines again and many old ones are still going strong. The zine culture won't die but it will never go back to the day when there was no internet and punks had to get all the information about gigs, records, etc from zines. I didn't send any records to digital zines. I've got nothing against a zine in trade from my effort, heh...

MRR: So, the big news story (as I type) is Wikileaks. Have you been following the developments? What do you think about the leaking of all this (so-called) classified information? Have there been any stories relating to Finland come out yet?

Jallu: I know what wikileaks is all about but I haven't really been following the whole thing. I guess the wikileaks brought to light things that most people suspected were going on. Now the rest of the population is in shock as they're clueing in.
Janne: There's no question in my mind that people are entitled to know what the governments are doing behind the curtains. Transparency is one of the key foundations of democratic system in which we at least pretend to live in. Interpol's "Red Notice" about the Wikileaks' Julian Assange is quite telling too. They don't usually go after rapists on that level.

Kata: I think the whole thing would have happened sooner or later, with or without Wikileaks. Assange just happened to be there in the right moment. I can only see it as a positive thing. The "good citizen" is expected to be law abiding and honest, and hold no secrets from the governments. Why should the governments have different rules? I thought we were supposed to be the bosses in this equation as we're the ones paying their salary with our tax money.

MRR: I was listening to a radio program today where they mentioned that at some point many years ago Donald Duck was banned in Finland! Did you ever hear this story? If you could, what would you ban now in Finland?

Jallu: Haven't heard the story about Donald Duck. We used to have quite a strict law about videos here when I was a teenager. Many horror movies were banned or had all the gory parts cut out from them. That's been past for ten years now though. If I could ban something I'd ban the general stupidity.

Kata: I'd second that ban. People might mostly be just ignorant, but when it comes to refusing knowledge in order to avoid change, that's something I just can't stomach. We live in a somewhat safe country, so for the average Finn it's too easy to cut themselves off from the rest of the world and live in that happy bubble where war is something that happens somewhere far away, natural disasters and starvation are just words you might hear occasionally in the news but that you forget in the next five minutes, and the only reason for a riot is when the production of your favourite mustard is sold to the Swedes.
Valtteri: I've heard about this Donald Duck thing. I don't think the ban ever actually happened, but some people wanted it because Donald Duck wears no trousers. I wouldn't mind most of the "reality TV" with rich American women doing all kinds of vanity stuff being banned. Also, maybe the tabloids, they make good money on writing bullshit and scaring people off with their scandalous half-guessed headlines. I'm all for freedom of speech, but I think the tabloid people should shape up.

MRR: And what does the future hold for 1981?

Jallu: We have a studio reserved for the first weekend of February. We'll record the songs first and then see what we want to do with them, maybe a new 7". I'm really excited to record new stuff with this updated line-up. Our EP is sold out but the songs are available on our demo tape that will be rereleased by a German label called Cut The Cord That Records. I wouldn't mind if someone wanted to rerelease our EP as well. And I've got some other plans with my own label.

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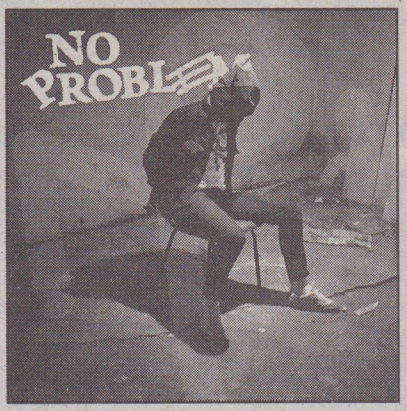

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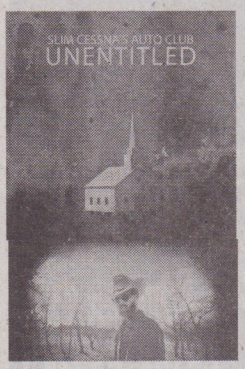

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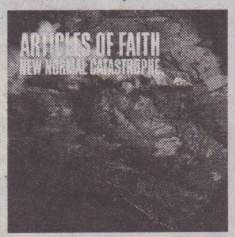

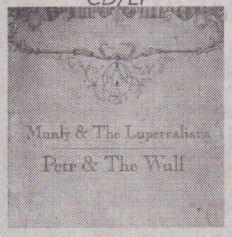

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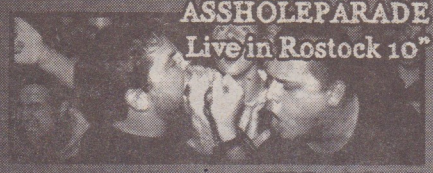

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DEVOUR

Raleigh North Carolina's scene has been both changing and evolving, and rising and falling since the 1980s when giants like Corrosion of Conformity had been walking around like Tyrannosauruses of metal/hardcore. The town still has a sound of its own but there is one band who dares to deconstruct what is expected of them while still exhibiting musical signatures of their area. I had the chance to catch up with Devour on a Saturday evening before band practice at their practice space. I plopped a recorder in front of them and recorded an hour plus of material. Here is the abridged version.

Interview and photos by Will Butler

MRR: How did the band form?

Cody: The band formed after the demise of Cross Laws.

Daniel: I think I came up with the name because it is after the Japanese record label. Kind of like Selfish had named themselves after a Japanese record label.

Dave: I learned about the band from NorthCarolinahardcorepunkmetalfreaks.org. I was on this forum that Daniel had around for awhile. The band needed a bassist. I've know these dudes for awhile, going to shows, it just kind of worked out.

Daniel: There's a sweet video of Dave crowd surfing at the last Cross Laws show, so we knew he was down.

MRR: So you guys set forward to start a Japanese-influenced hardcore band?

Jamie: I wouldn't necessarily say we were going for that. That's just what it ended up being in a way.

Daniel: I definitely wanted to do something more ambitious than my last band. Cross Laws, especially towards the beginning, was super stripped down…super simple, and we recorded everything ourselves. I kind of wanted to write more complicated songs and get good recordings. Basically make everything bigger and more intense.

Matt: It's not like the same old 1980s US hardcore. We were trying to incorporate more European and Japanese influences.

Cody: Like kittens.

Matt: Like kittens and King Crimson.

Dave: That's probably the best way to describe our sound.

MRR: Your lack of an identity online is something I admire about your band. What is the reasoning behind shying away from the Internet?

Daniel: We discussed that one night and we knew we didn't want a MySpace. We thought about doing other kinds of websites but it just hasn't seemed important.

Dave: I've always been really turned off by the whole friendship contest kind of aspect to that, the super social thing. I mean, promoters actually look at bands' MySpaces, and look at how many friends, and use that as a meter of how good the band is.

Cody: Also we talked about having our presence be more real, because people will check out a song or two and be like, "Oh, that's neat!" and then just forget about it. This is more organic, the way people come to find the band.

Daniel: We didn't want to be the kind of band, where like Cody said, you can go someplace and hear one or two songs. If you like us, we want you to get the record and have it and hold it. It's not just some file on the Internet. There's artwork involved and everybody's lyrics are included. It is better to have that physical thing to sit around and listen to than some certain amount kilobyte file on somebody's computer.

MRR: Tell me about the progression from the LP to the new *Insect Circuitry* 7".

Matt: No progression, all regression. Actually I think it sounds noisier and heavier. I think it sounds a little more blown out than the LP, but musically I don't think we've changed that much. We all still listen to the same sort of stuff.

PIKKU-TORTSA ENSIMMÄINEN PÄIVÄ HUHTIKUUTA VUONNA KAKSITUHATTAKYMMENEN. (A) OK? e

Dave: The new songs that we have that aren't on the 7" are more of a progression towards sort of a weirder and noisier sound.
Matt: But not noisy in a confused sense; not just constantly blown out and indecipherable, more noisy in that it sounds layered…and almost, not to sound cheesy, but "psych rock" in a way. Not something you're gonna sit around and be like, "Whoa dude, fire up a doobie!" It's pretty uncomfortable. It kind of reminds me of old industrial stuff in a way, like old Swans or something. It is really uncomfortable heavy music. No one has heard that stuff yet so look out.
Daniel: I think the leap for me is that the 7" is completely different. The LP was all about getting some killer riffs and stitching them together in a way that makes sense, and Dave has taught me a lot about classical and avant-garde music, and I've done some reading about that stuff. Now I think my songs come more from ideas or concepts, like, "Can I write a song with no repeating parts?" or "Can I write a song that starts with a guitar solo?" The songs are real conceptual in a way that kind of adds to the noisiness and unsettledness of it, since the songs are not fluid...at least my songs aren't. I think the three of us who write, write very different kinds of songs.

MRR: I'm obviously consumed (which I thought was funny because you guys are Devour) in the Raleigh, North Carolina punk scene. There is definitely a wax and wane that we've all been a part of here. Please tell me about the local scene as you see it. I feel like each one of you has a very different background as far as musical tastes and where you come from.
Daniel: In terms of Devour, it seems like we formed at a time when the scene was maybe waning more than waxing. There was a moment there where everyone was on the same page and all the bands kind of sounded a little bit similar. Everyone was super into '80s hardcore and then everyone got bored with that. We all wanted to play music with different people and think about different ideas so I think we're sort of a product of faction.
Cody: Product of faction?
Daniel: Yeah, I mean not faction…not like we hate each other, but in that we were not clones of each other.
Matt: It seems that it always goes in circles and in waves. Everything is going really well when there's a lot of energy in the music scene. It's not just in hardcore, maybe like a town-wide thing.
Cody: King's was a huge venue for bands that either didn't have a huge following or came from smaller scenes like the punk scene. When King's closed, that was when I saw the house scene blow up. Also people take that shit for granted. They just kind of assume that it's always gonna be there. When I was living at Morgan Street, I liked having a place to do shows, but also it's a lot to deal with.
Matt: One thing too, is that I think you can beat something into the ground really quickly. I remember when we were in Cross Laws there was a three month stretch where it seemed like we played every show that came through here, and after a while, it doesn't matter if you're the best band in the world, people are eventually gonna get pretty blasé about everything. "Ohh they're playing again, whatever." It's nice to have house shows but it kind of bums me out sometimes because it seems like if you have them too often you start getting people who don't wanna come to shows for the music, they just wanna come hang out and party. I mean, I'm not anyone to tell anyone not to party, but it's kind of a bummer when you're really stoked about seeing a band but you look around and everyone else is there just getting blasted and they don't give a shit about this awesome band that's playing…they're just sitting out front drinking 40s or whatever. It has to be sort of metered in my mind. You have to try to keep it fresh and interesting or else people are just going to get bored with it. I think that's just human nature. I don't think that's just with hardcore, I think that's just any kind of music that is sort of underground.
Daniel: Your question sort of made me think too, we're sort of emphasizing that things are discontinuous and scenes rise and fall but at the same time I feel like there's a really strong regional identity too. Weirdly I kind of thought we'd end up sounding a lot like COC essentially, like Animosity or Technocracy, and that's nothing we ever set out to do. When you live in this town you sort of gravitate to a combination of metal and punk and rock; it's in our blood. We couldn't get away from it if we tried.
Cody: I'm reading this book, it's about architecture actually; I'm in a section that talks about musical identities of cities and the acoustic value of different cities. It's sort of like that. We've inadvertently been immersed in that, and it's hard to not have that come out of us.

MRR: Do you have new material written?
Daniel: I don't know how many new songs we have but once they're done we could probably put out an LPs worth of new songs and no one's heard them.
Cody: If I could get off my ass.
Matt: Yes if Cody can and finish the lyrics. But when people hear these songs I think they're going to be like, "Damn, what's going on with these guys?" I really think they move away from what we were just talking about, that regional sound.

I think they're fucked up as shit. I mean, they sound like hardcore songs, but I think the influence is more apparent. I think we've also gotten lumped in with other bands that we sound similar to, and I think you're going to have a real hard time pigeonholing what we're doing now. I think people are going to hear it and be like, "I don't know what this sounds like. This sounds like bad drugs or something."

Cody: Not that it is that important, but I wonder sometimes if we're going to lose people, if they're going to be like, "This doesn't sound like the LP. What the fuck is this?" Once again it's ridiculous to stagnate and do the same thing over and over. I mean what's the...I don't wanna be fucking AC/DC.

Matt: I tell the guys all the time that if I wasn't in this band and I was watching the band and heard these songs it would make me want to put my head through a wall just for a bunch of different reasons. Parts that aren't obviously barreling hardcore I think are really interesting and really uncomfortable. I like that kind of music. I like music that kind of makes me grit my teeth and makes me tense up. We're going for a certain feeling as opposed to sounding a certain way, and I think we're becoming more adept at finding that kind of feeling in our music. Whether or not people get it, I don't really care…I get it, these guys get it, and I know that some people get it and enjoy it a lot.

Cody: I hope that it's something that makes people think, that it's not something that you put on and say, "Yeah this rocks."

Daniel: I'd say we're barely ever influenced by the bands that we actually sound like. We don't take things from other people…this isn't collage. Everything comes really organically from us, and when things feel familiar, we tend to question them and we break them apart and make them not work. It seems like influence is almost a negative thing to us, "Oh that sounds too much like this or too much like that." Let's take it apart and make it weirder.

MRR: Where does your influence in writing lyrics come from?

Cody: When we started playing I had always wanted to write songs and be a singer or whatever, but I'd never written hardcore songs. For awhile, when I would sit down to write a song I'd say "Okay, I have to write a hardcore song." That sort of tinted my lyrics for a little while. I pulled up stuff that I had written years ago, like "Smells like Piss in Here." It was pretty much verbatim from something I wrote probably two years before we started playing. I got kind of defensive when the LP came out I was like…whoa this is stuff I mean that I'm putting out there and people are reading it. I got kind of freaked out about that. Sort of like my id or ego was like, "No no no, I don't want them to know me!"

Daniel: I mean our music is the same way though, like I was saying about the way we deconstruct riffs, it's almost the exact same thing.

Dave: It's like we do something and we don't want people to understand us in a way.

Daniel: Not to talk about your lyrics Cody, but when you are super blunt, there's an impact. When you sing "Where's the laugh track to your shitty life?" it sticks out and people remember it.

Cody: I'd like people to think about what it is I'm writing, and it's more interesting for me to pose questions than to try to come up with solutions for something like this is a social problem and this is how I think it should be fixed. That is arrogant and silly…

Matt: …and it's been done before a million times.

MRR: You guys seriously destroyed Kollapsefest a few years ago. What was it like being a more plain-clothes looking punk band playing a crust fest?

Matt: Hank Williams went up to see that show and mentioned that there was a group of people in front of him who were like, "Who are these hipster scene douchebags?"

Daniel: …and one kid was like, "I didn't know Weezer was playing."

Matt: A lot of the bands that I've seen just look like regular people. They don't spend a bunch of time trying to pursue some sort of image. They just worry about what they're doing musically and they don't worry about fashioneering. They worry about playing their songs to the best of their ability. Even bands that I've seen that I didn't think necessarily were the greatest musicians, they weren't trying to put on airs about who they are, they just went out and did. Those are always the bands that I like and they usually just look like regular guys. You wouldn't be able to pick them out on the street, or if you did you'd think they were like some weird scene kid or some shit. With that said, I loved playing that fest, there were some really good bands I met some nice people, too.

Cody: There was definitely an air of, "Who the fuck are these guys?" because we didn't fit in. When these cliques and factions start it's counterproductive. We're all trying to do the same thing, at least I think. That sort of mentality just really pisses me off.

Daniel: We don't fit in musically very well as a crust band either. I feel like maybe our visual identity was matching our musical identity as well. We obviously owe a big debt to a lot of those types of bands, but maybe we configure ourselves against them.

Jamie: I wish people would just cultivate weirdness rather than having a herd mentality.

Dave: It sounds like we didn't enjoy playing Kollapsefest...it was totally a blast. They did a really good job with it.

Daniel: We didn't end up doing it but we were asked to play No Way Fest too. When you look at the bands that played both fests, Wasted Time, Direct Control, they are bands that cut right to what's intense and ripping in music and aren't following the scene. If we're doing something like those bands then…

Cody: …we might be doing something right.

Matt: Parasytic is like that, too. I think they get lumped in with crust punk bands. I think they are kind of a crossover band. Brutal hardcore mixed with almost early '90s death metal in parts and thrash metal. Nothing says crust to me when I hear them.

MRR: Tell me about your experience about the weird barn campout fest in Conover, North Carolina? Did you find your vision quest animals?

Dave: Our spirit animals were a gigantic hornet, the guy with the face tattoos, and a really scary cow.

Matt: Cattle, hornets, and a guy who sliced his head up with a bottle and tried to seal up the wound with a maxipad. I had this weird idea that the fest would be Woodstock for punks.

Daniel: When we heard about it, it seemed like there was all this possibility, as if anything could happen, but then nothing happened.

Matt: We made our own fun. We played some nice games of extreme flying disc. We also played a really good set.

Cody: We rolled out of the van being all goofy throwing a disc and it was another instance of, "Who the fuck are these guys?"

Matt: I had grandeur of 50 people playing Frisbee with us. It was definitely a strange night. We ate a bunch of mushrooms that night.

Cody: I hope my mom never reads this. We went on a strange, strange journey.

Matt: I'm going to drop a copy of this interview off

at her house.
Cody: The guy who owns the place took us on a tour. There was a pond that was maybe 100 yards away but it took us two hours to get there, or so it seemed. The pond was like a Mecca when we got there.
Matt: I must have looked like a freak. I thought it was going to be warm so I wore cut-offs. I ended up wearing a scarf and a balaclava and every stitch of clothing I had with me. Everything but a pair of pants, which I bet I would have felt fine wearing. There was a lot of laughing at stuff you probably wouldn't find funny…
Daniel: …your mama smells like slug shit!
Cody: We also made the pact that no one was going to fuck anything weird. Jamie disappeared for awhile and we were scared he was fucking something weird.
Matt: Who wants to tell the story of the guy who smashed a bottle over his head?
Cody: So we were sitting around the little camp stove making tea or whatever. There was this car beside us that was blasting god awful music; blasting some kind of douche metal. We were making jokes, and Luke, the guy who put this on, comes out with this dude gushing blood from his head and playing with the blood while talking incoherently like, "Blahblehblahbloah." Luke piles the guy into that car with a bunch of towels saying they were going to the hospital, which apparently didn't happen. The story is they went to his house and told him to go to bed and put a towel on his head because they were scared his was going to get institutionalized…which I thought would have been a good idea.
Daniel: It's like this fest was a memorial for a guy who OD'd a year ago and stuff like this happened.

MRR: How do you get along as a band?
Cody: There's no ego, there's no drama. No one wants to be band dictator.
Matt: I hear horror stories about other bands about how so and so did this…that doesn't ever seem to happen. We all have a good give and take. I think if we ever do a long tour it's going to be great.

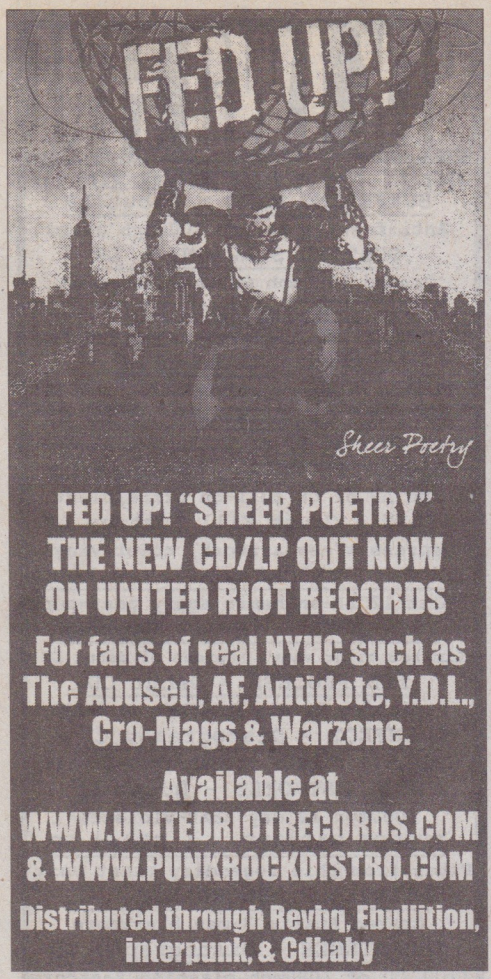
MRR: At the Attake, Parasytic, and Raw Nerves show, you had 16 year old Ashley sing for a song. Are you going to continue to have her sing?
Dave: It was kind of a spur-of-the-moment thing.
Matt: I'd be into her doing it again. She loves Devour and did a really good job. I have a nickname for her, Kill or Be Killed. Seriously, she goes off harder than so many other people. She's this little girl and straight up fucks people up in the pit. I think it's awesome. She gets wild, not just for Devour but for hardcore in general.

MRR: What other bands do you play in?
Matt: I'm in Stripmines.
Dave: I'm in a few different bands. Antibubbles, my main other band, is a Weezer style power pop band. Matt used to be in that band, too. I play guitar in that band and sing. I've done things with Future Kings on Nowhere, which is more of an acoustic pop-punk band. I like to spread out the stuff I'm active in.

MRR: What records have you been listening to lately since you're all record geeks?
Jamie: I listened to The Misfits all day today.
Cody: I don't think I listened to music today. I mainly listen to music at work. Last thing I listened to at home was The Weakerthans. I get no scene points for my musical selections.
Daniel: I listen to a lot of glam rock and new wave and post-punk stuff. I think my musical tastes are turning into those of a sixteen year old goth girl; Joy Division and The Cure.
Matt: I listen to nothing but hardcore punk all the time. Lots of Killing Joke, lots of The Swans. I've been listening to a lot of Swedish death metal and some older American stuff like Ripping Corpse and Incantation. For some reason I've been listening to a lot of Out Cold. I've seen a lot of bands recently and I've been listening to a lot of that, too. I like the Coughing Fit EP. I've been listening to the Raw Nerve LP a lot; I think they are a really talented band. I've been listening to a lot of jazz. Not new white guy jazz, but a lot of old stuff.
Dave: I think you can expect a new Devour jazz 7".
Matt: Too bad that will never show up in my drumming. Those guys are actually really good and I'm just a hack. Also I've been listening to lots of Bathory.
Dave: It varies day to day. Today was DOA and Envy. Been listening to Anamanaguchi a lot… young guys, they have a hacked NES and a hacked Gameboy and play as a full band with high energy and it's a lot of fun. Hyper-positive 8-bit.

MRR: Any last words?
Dave: We're probably going to tour Europe next summer. It's in the works.
Cody: We're working on a new LP soon.
Daniel: We have a song tentatively called "Pecan Sandies" right now. It's a fucking ripper. It's our crustiest song.
Matt: These are the titles of the songs for the next LPs: "Switcheroo," "Duga Duga," "Bangers and Mash," "Pollen Tornado," "Rippingest Pecan Sandies," "Turanga Leela," "Black Metal," and "Blotter Acid". We're going to call it the *Rippingest Pecan Sandies Ever*.
Daniel: So…this guy was talking about mysterious guy hardcore.
Cody: Mysterious guy hardcore? "We swoop in, in the dead of night, play a show and just as quickly, evaporate into the ether."

MRR: You know I'm going to write all this into the description so people say what the hell?
Dave: You're going to bend the shit out of this.
Everyone: Black ops psychedelic introverted mysterious guy King Crimson kitten-loving black metal mushroom-eating pretentious seedy douchebags who don't enjoy anything who try too hard.
Cody: We're never going to be asked to play a show again.
Matt: This is Devour's death now for *Maximumrocknroll*.



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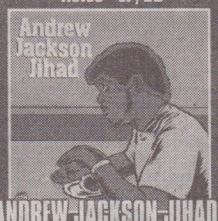

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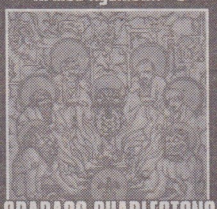

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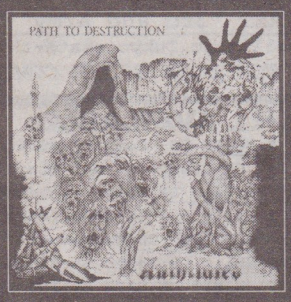

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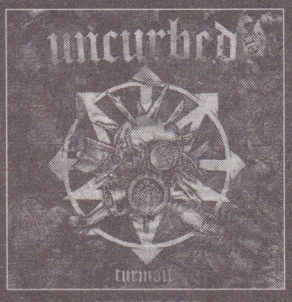

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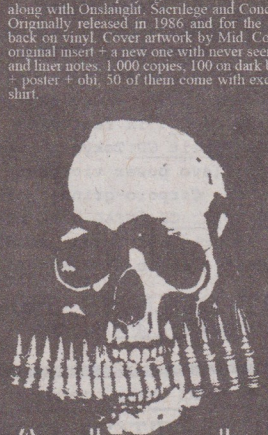

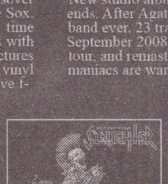

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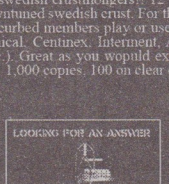

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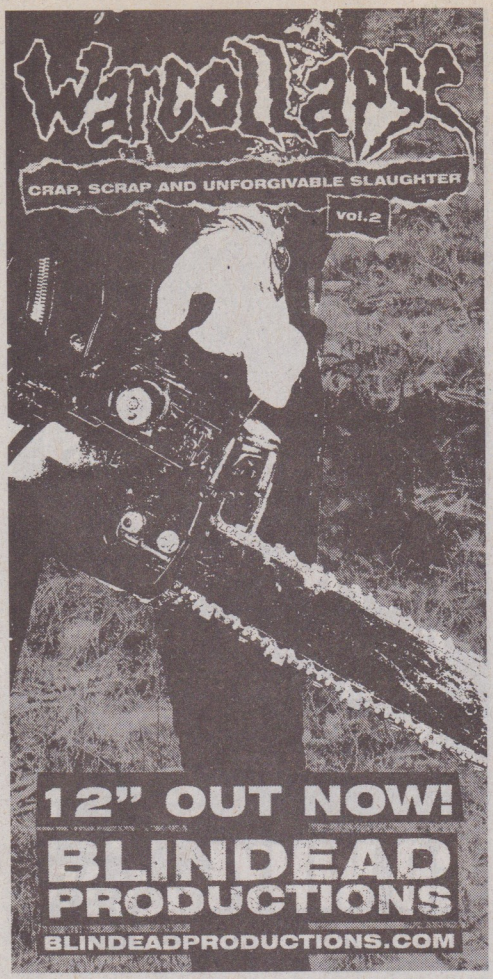

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ATTENTION SPAN

I got to sit down with Trent from the Grand Rapids MI band Attention Span. Trent not only plays in a killer punk band, but also runs a killer punk venue called The Cage. I thought it would be cool to expose to people the hardships of running a venue in the punk rock world today. Also lets not forget the killer HC punk band he is in Attention Span, which takes us back to that peace punk sound coming out of the '80s in L.A. Bands like Crucifix and Iconoclast will give you some points of reference when it comes to Attention Span.

Interview by Ryan Cappeletti

MRR: OK let's start with who you are and what you do?
Trent: My name is Trent, I sing in Attention Span and I run an all-ages, all-punk show space in Grand Rapids called The Cage.

MRR: OK so let's start with The Cage. What's it like to run a punk rock venue? You have to pay bands, stop fights, and pay rent. Just explain the struggles of what it's like to run a venue like The Cage.
Trent: Well, The Cage is a little harder to operate than your average show space because for one, it's not exactly a "legal" venue. On top of that, I think it's safe to say that The Cage is probably the most dangerous venue in Grand Rapids. Keeping the doors open here is much easier said than done. Usually the people who come to shows are people that I know personally, but you never know who's going to show up, and you never know what might happen that night with anyone I guess. To put it plainly, you've got to know not to take shit from nobody. When I was sixteen years old I started my first show space on Grandville Avenue, you remember that. It only lasted two months and I ended up going to jail at the last show there because people were outside kicking the shit out of each other and busting beer bottles in the street so someone in the neighborhood called the cops. As a result I'm a lot more careful when it comes to doing shows. I mean, there's really not a lot of rules I enforce here but the few that I have I'm really strict on, like no hangin' around out front of the building, or drinking outside, you know, stuff like that because if the cops come, they're coming down on me. It really is important to run a tight ship with a place like this, and not take any

guff. Another thing I always struggle with is making rent. Every month is a gamble, man. Sometimes we end up with a bunch of extra dough, and other months I've got to pay out of pocket. It doesn't help that 40% of the kids who come around are usually broke which I don't mind normally. I wouldn't turn anyone away who wants to see the show. I mean if you don't have money, you don't have money. What irritates me though is when kids come through saying, "oh man, I don't got any dough," and then come up to me later sayin' "where can I smoke this joint man" cr when people are all "gee, I spent it all on this beer man." Fuck that, gimme one of those!

MRR: So you do have neighbors?
Trent: That's all Section 8/public housing next door. Like that dude hangin' around in the wheelchair on the corner lives up there. I made friends with quite a few of those dudes, which is important for The Cage. It's no fun havin' problems with neighbors especially when you're doing loud shows all the time. Like, this one guy came up saying he's gonna call the cops because his walls are always shaking all night and he can't sleep because the music is so loud, so I basically had to just reason with him and we ended up deciding that if shows ended by 10pm there would be no problems. So again, it's always important to be cool with the cats next door. Aside from the project building there's a a few bars, convenience stores, and a couple of porno shops. The shops close up in the early evening so that don't matter, and the bars don't give a fuck.

MRR: What's your opinion of legal vs. illegal venues? You know I kinda stand on the side of illegal because I think punk and art and all that shit belong on that side of the fence anyway.
Trent: To say the least, I think that it's absolutely necessary for DIY spaces like this to exist. I feel like kids who only have these safe, watered down, fuckin' soccer moms droppin' their kids off type of places to see shows at are a bit deprived. Punk and hardcore has never really been a particularly safe place to be. It's an escape from germ free, polished white, boring everyday life, you know? You got people tellin' you to do this or do that everyday. You don't want to go to a show and have the same list of rules you have to follow that you do in everyday life. You're trying to escape that at shows. This place is by us, for us, in all its integrity. This is our escape; our escape is illegal. I'll go back to jail for doing punk shows, man. It's totally worth fighting for. I want to set the record straight on this though, just because your club, or space or whatever is legal doesn't mean it's not worth appreciating. I got respect for everybody doin' it, man. Keep on keepin' on. Make punk happen anywhere you can, legal or illegal.

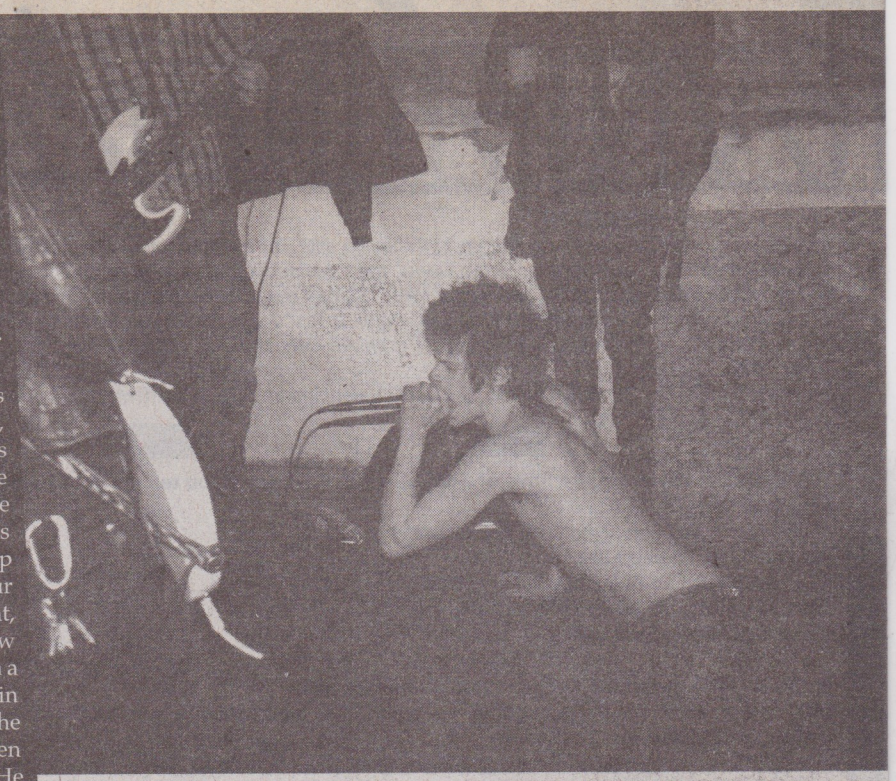
MRR: Yeah, It's like the Death Crisis show I helped book at The Cage. I first saw them at a very scary venue in San Diego and their style and music totally fit in with the atmosphere there. So I knew when I booked them in GR they had to play a place like that. They're just not a safe band. To me punk in a way is like being an outlaw. We do everything outside the lines. I've seen a lot of really impressive things accomplished by punks while other people would never expect them to go anywhere in life, or be capable of doing so many great things. Things that normally people wouldn't ever dream of being able to do. Punk has shown me I can do anything I want. I can take this or that to whatever level I want to. I mean, look at you. You're twenty years old and you own your own venue. Do you see punk this way? Like a "fuck you, I can do it" kind of thing?
Trent: Absolutely. Society is always telling us to keep our mouth shut and make do with what we're given. Just lie down and take it, you know? Punk has driven me to realize that if you see something around you that you don't like, you can do something to change it. Or if you want to see something happen, whatever it is, it's as easy as going out and making it fuckin' happen. A lot of people find their voice in punk. I mean, it's not uncommon to see fifteen year-old kids booking shows for bands from other countries and things like that. You don't really see that kind of thing in any other subculture. When I was younger, everyone was telling me I was going to end up in prison, or dead by 20, and that I was a lost cause and stuff like that. I guess the way I'm livin' my life now is just a big middle finger in their ugly faces. Attention Span has played hundreds of shows, and I've been to thousands of shows and met thousands of great people not only in our city, but all over the world. It's just a massive grid of people all over the place. We can get a lot done within the punk movement. We can do a lot of damage. You don't have to follow the rules to be make shit happen. We've got it right, they've got it wrong.

MRR: So you dropped out of school at age fifteen, and I also dropped out. I never looked back. I started bands, I went on tour, and had my own venue for years. So what do you have to say to kids who are in high school, ready to kill and just lose their minds if they don't get out?
Trent: School just isn't for everyone I guess. If you're pushed to the point of wanting to drop out for whatever reason, I'd imagine it's a pretty good one. I think in my case it was just that I had my sights set on much different things than anything school had to offer. Looking back, I sometimes wish I would've gone back and finished. A lot of doors have closed for me because I don't have a high school diploma, but my mind hasn't changed about what I'd like to do. I'm pretty much doing a lot of those things right now. The band, The Cage, touring, getting wasted, haha! Nah, but seriously, I guess if I've got anything to say to kids thinking about dropping out, it would be do what you think is right. Think about the future, think about what you want to do with it, and do it. If your teachers are your oppressor, cut 'em out of your life. If school is tough for you and you see it as something that's going to hold you back from what you're trying to accomplish in life, don't let it. Take the teacher or the high school bully that said you're a loser and you're going nowhere and prove them wrong. Fuck them.

MRR: I can tell you when I got into metal and punk at age thirteen I only had a six month window when the pressures of society came crashing down on me and I felt like a real fucking loser and thought that maybe this music and life style may not have been worth it. But then, pretty much like you said, I looked around and realized people are still doing really awesome things that a lot of people would have never thought to be possible considering who we are and were we come from, like running a DIY venue that will be remembered for years and years and being a high school dropout at the same time. A lot of people don't understand how that works. Doing things just to do them, not because it's your job or anything, just because you want to do it. Can you comment on that?
Trent: I'm just trying to keep the flame burning, man. The idea behind The Cage is pretty simple. I want a place to get some fuckin' kicks. I want a place for my band to practice, provide space for other bands to practice, see some killer shows, and give the entire community killer shows and we're going to do it with zero regard for what anyone has to say about it. Places like this have existed since the start of punk rock, and will continue to as long as there are people around that want to make stuff like this happen. It is what it is, and if people appreciate it, great. If not, I don't give a fuck. I guess that's the attitude that got me kicked out of school anyway. We're just doing things the only way we know how.

MRR: It's like earlier today I was doing an interview with a local mainstream mag, and they asked me about venues. I said "well, I can't really talk about them because most of them are not legal." This just blew them away because they expected punk in Grand Rapids to be some top of the pile bullshit that you see on TV, and the fact that I left them with almost nothing on that topic kinda took them by surprise. Underground punk and hardcore have been driven so far from the mainstream that nobody hears about it. Any comments on that?
Trent: Like I said before, it is what it is, you know. Nobody is doing this shit to get rich and famous. It's just not gonna happen. The people who are doing it and have been doing it for years are usually people who don't feel like they belong in the mainstream. Most of the time punks use this sub-culture to escape the mainstream and do their own thing. We're the ones pulling the strings, we're the ones putting on the shows, we're the ones putting out the records. In a world obsessed with instant gratification, punk just isn't appealing. It's inconvenient. I doubt that will change anytime soon.

MRR: Right on, lets wrap this up with some info about Attention Span. How long have you guys been around?
Trent: We've been a band since 2006 but it sort of started with my guitarist Mattie and I going to our first punk show in 2004 at The Intersection in Grand Rapids. After that night we knew we had to start a band. Everything about our first show was awesome! I'd never seen nothin' like that at the time. People walking around with foot tall mohawks and violently thrashing each other around and stuff. The first circle pit I saw, I thought was a fistfight! Everything about it just felt real to me. So much cooler than anything else I had going for me at the time. From then on Matt and I would sit in his basement for hours and he'd write guitar parts for songs and I'd write lyrics, just me and him. He'd also give me tapes of guitar tracks he recorded and I'd take them home to write to. After he and I went to our first show and we were like, on the scene and going to shows, we met Ben Roy who played drums in a band called The Resistance at the time. We ended up jamming with him and that's when the band formed. Our first show was at the Fruitport Village Library's basement, which sounds lame, but was actually a really sick DIY show space. We ended gigging there quite often and played with a lot of great bands there like A Warm Gun, Securicor, Vitamin X but then the place ended up gettin' shut down. For the first year of Attention Span we played as a three piece, then we met Tim who was in a band called National Cadaver. He was really into us and would be at all our shows and stuff. A really cool guy, we all liked him a lot. After practicing with bassist after bassist and things just never working out, we ended up jamming with him and we all clicked really well. So, since then, that's A-Span. Me, Mattie, Roy, and Tim.



MRR: How do you feel about the West Michigan punk scene in general? It seems like a lot of Grand Rapids bands don't tour or try and play outside of West Michigan. Attention Span and your guitarist's band The Amoebas seem to be two of the only bands in this city that tour and get out.
Trent: West Michigan is great. Tons of great bands, lots of great people and one thing that's different about Grand Rapids' punk scene as opposed to Chicago's or even Detroit's, is that everyone seems to get along pretty well. I mean, of course you've got your feuding tribes and cliques and just drama in general, but Grand Rapids is one of few places you'll see punks, crust punks, skinheads, and weirdos of all shapes and sizes, all able to hang out with each other. Nobody really seems to give a fuck what category you consider yourself to fall into. If you go to shows, and you hang, everybody is pretty much cool with each other. I think maybe it's because GR is too small of a city to be at war with each other constantly. We don't really have enough room to separate ourselves. I've noticed the whole not really getting out of MI thing though too. A lot of bands in the area seem to be short-lived, or never end up getting out of the state or putting out many records. There's been loads of really, really great bands from way back in the day and through out the recent years that are only recognized by and remembered by locals. Premature Babies, Larvae, Jim Jones & The Kool-Aid Kids, The Dissapointments, Port City Bastards, Despot. That's just naming a few awesome bands off the top of my head that I doubt many people from outside of GR or Detroit or Muskegon have heard of. It's hard to put your finger on, man. I don't know why a lot of bands don't end up touring and stuff. Maybe we're all on too many drugs.

MRR: Anything more you want to say about ATTENTION SPAN on a final note? Future plans and whatnot?
Trent: Well, we just put out a full length CD titled *Faceless People*. The CD is also the birth of my record label, Homesick Records. The first five tracks on *Faceless People* are also being pressed to 45 rpm 7" which is being released by Punks Before Profits Records and is also going to be the first release for two new Chicago labels Filth Fetish Records and Eat the Life Records. The 7" should be out within the next couple of months. We're also in the process of finishing up three tracks for a split 7" we're doing with State from Ann Arbor which I'm really excited about.

MRR: Well, thanks so much for sitting down with us for the interview.
Trent: No problem. For booking/ detailed inquiries regarding The Cage or booking/ general info about Attention Span you can contact me directly, at bettvodske@yahoo.com Also to get a copy of the CD version of *Faceless People* with three "bonus tracks" send $5 + $2 to cover shipping to Homesick Records, 8385 South Maple Ct., Zeeland, MI 49464.

SUNSHINE SS

Sunshine SS have been ripping shit up in Asheville, NC, for a while now. With their debut EP under their belts, and another in the works, they decided it was time to do an interview, and introduce themselves to the readers of MRR. *So one evening last December, we settled in around a nice, warm, simulated fireplace, drank a few dozen beers, and chatted about why* Sunshine SS *is a ticking time-bomb of drunken despondency. The following is what transpired.*

Interview by Mitchell Rumfelt, Photos by Cherry Valentiino and Devin Cattamerw

MRR: So, I'm here with the boys of Sunshine SS. Why don't you tell me your names and instruments?
Walt Liquor: Walt Liquor, bitching and moaning.
Sir Lee Fuck: Sir Lee Fuck, drums.
Leo Delightful: Leo Delightful, guitar number two.
Sonny Disposition: Sonny Disposition, guitar.
Collin Sick: Collin Sick, bass.

MRR: So who gave birth to the idea of Sunshine SS?
Walt Liquor: Well, me and Sonny got *real* drunk one night, and nine months later these three assholes showed up.
Sonny Disposition: Actually, me and Walt had talked about starting a hardcore band together for a long time, about how there weren't any bands in Asheville that played the style of punk that we were so into.
Walt Liquor: Yeah, until one night we were hanging with our friend Ryan McCain and the idea came up. He volunteered to play bass, and told us about this character Sir Lee who had been known to bang a drum or two. So then talk turned to action.

MRR: There have been some line-up changes since then, right?
Sir Lee: Ryan moved away to become a motorcycle mechanic, so we brought Leo in to play bass. Then Leo moved to second guitar, so Collin took over the bass duties. And then we broke up.
Walt Liquor: Things have been going pretty well since then.

MRR: The name Sunshine SS has produced some mixed emotions in people. What do you have to say about that?
Walt Liquor: I think it's pretty ridiculous that some people get all bent outta shape over our name, but it's definitely not unexpected. I mean we're not completely stupid. We realize that most people, "punks" and otherwise, tend to be pretty fucking reactionary. They get offended by shit, but don't stop to think about why they find it offensive.
Collin Sick: I understand why people get upset, but I like the fact that our name juxtaposes this symbol of absolute evil, the SS bolts, with this symbol of good, sunshine. In essence, the contrast kind of cancels out the power of either one.

Leo Delightful: Sheer irony... And totally absurdist at the same time.
Walt Liquor: How much art can you take?
Leo Delightful: We're essentially an art punk band.
Walt Liquor: We hate art, and are attempting to kill it.

MRR: One of y'all's first shows was on July 4th. Jesse Helms had died that day, and Walt commemorated his passing with a special costume. Did people get the joke?
All: No.
Leo Delightful: Walt's head was shaved, he had a handlebar mustache, was wearing a pair of American flag boxers and nothing else, and had huge SS bolts spray-painted on his chest. It obviously was not a joke.
Walt Liquor: I'm sure some fourteen year old douchebag is still whining about it on a message board somewhere. Go ahead, take shit out of context. You have a bright future awaiting you at Fox News.

MRR: Do you feel like your humor goes over people's heads?
Sonny Disposition: People who aren't paying attention.
Walt Liquor: I think our humor goes over the heads of people who don't wanna be humorous. A lot of people in the punk rock community want to be so god damn serious all the fucking time. I think a picture of a guy sticking a hypodermic needle into his penis is hilarious, but some people are gonna get all offended by it. And you know what? Good. Fuck them. We're not here for them. People who we want to party with are gonna get our humor, and that's all that's important.

MRR: Have any of you ever been attacked by an audience member?
Walt Liquor: Not really attacked. This guy tackled me pretty aggressively one time, but that was after I accidentally punched him in the face, so I don't think that qualifies.
Leo Delightful: Sir Lee got a bunch of rancid meat and garbage thrown at him in Maine.
Sir Lee Fuck: That was a good night, man.
Walt Liquor No, it wasn't.

MRR: Walt, what happened to you that night?
Walt Liquor: I got fucking poisoned.

MRR: How? Why?
Walt Liquor: Motherfucker poured rubbing alcohol into my beer bong. The show that night was at a house out in the middle of nowhere. There was this dude there who was being an obnoxious idiot. Let's call him Hi-Five. Hi-Five is acting really stupid and I ask if he has Down's syndrome. Mind you, I didn't call him retarded, I asked if he had Down's. He didn't. Whatever. Fast forward a few hours. Show's over, and we're partying with everyone at the house. We find a funnel, and start funneling beer. I funnel one, and someone says they have another one for me, so I say, "What the fuck," and raise the funnel up, right? Turns out that Hi-Five had filled an empty beer can with rubbing alcohol and poured that into the funnel. By the time I

realized something wasn't right, I had already swallowed enough so that I was deathly ill for the next 36 hours. And he fucking managed to escape unharmed! Fuck Maine, and fuck Hi-Five.
Sir Lee Fuck: But dude, we got some good pictures of you that night.
Walt Liquor: Yeah. I'm unconscious, possibly dying from alcohol poisoning, and these assholes, my band mates, put me in a rocking chair, put it up on a kitchen counter, and then dump me and the rocking chair in the bathtub. Fucking friends like these...
Leo Delightful: We here at Sunshine SS believe in tough love.
Walt Liquor: That's probably the only reason I survived.

MRR: The cover of y'all's 7" is a picture of a guy shooting up into his cock. Where did this idea come from?
Sonny Disposition: It's just something Walt does.
Walt Liquor: I took one for the team, so to speak.

MRR: So that's a picture of you, Walt?
Leo Delightful: We considered a stunt cock at first. We posted on Craigslist, "Do you shoot drugs into your penis? Have you always dreamed of being on a record cover?"
Sir Lee Fuck: And unwittingly, Walt responded.
Collin Sick: He's "America's Next *Cock* Model."

MRR: Does your penis still work?
Sir Lee Fuck: I hope not.
Walt Liquor: Can we move on?

MRR: You guys have a Grateful Dead skull on the cover of your demo...
Walt Liquor: That's a Sunshine SS skull.
Leo Delightful: What's the Grateful Dead?
Sir Lee Fuck: There was that Grateful Dead CD at the practice space for a while.
Sonny Disposition: That was Jason Kronk's.

MRR: Was putting that skull on the cover a poke at Asheville?
Walt Liquor: Not at Asheville in particular, although there are way too many burnt-out deadheads around here. It was more a jab at all that lame-brain, positive hippy bullshit in general. Peace, love, and Sunshine SS, duuuude.
Sir Lee Fuck: I just think that shit looks cool.

MRR: All right. What bands would you say have influenced Sunshine SS?
Sonny Disposition: I don't know if there's any band in particular. Early U.S. hardcore.
Walt Liquor: The shit that turns us on.
Sir Lee Fuck: Yeah, like Monster Trucks, NASCAR...
Collin Sick: And Taylor Swift.
Walt Liquor: Yes. That's exactly what I meant.

MRR: When it comes down to it, what angers you the most about the modern world, and how is Sunshine SS a reflection of that anger?
Sonny Disposition: For me, it's more about escaping the world and just having fun.
Sir Lee Fuck: Same here.
Collin Sick: I think Sunshine reflects the sense we have of being outside of the world around us, of not being a part of it. Escapism comes into it for me, too. It's a way to blow off steam and work out some of the frustration that builds up just from having to deal with bullshit day after day.
Walt Liquor: Lyrically, I focus on the frustration, depression, homicidal rage, etc. that I feel as a result of witnessing what a fucking farce "humanity" is. People's actions and motivations are just so utterly incomprehensible to me, and it leads to feelings of really profound isolation at times. That's kind of the space I focus on in my lyrics: alienation and the fucked-up emotions that go along with it.
Leo Delightful: I don't really see anything in the world that pisses me off, but that's 'cause I never leave my room.

MRR: From the lyrics to the song "Oogle Parade" I gather that you don't like oogles?
Sir Lee Fuck: Who likes oogles?

MRR: What problems do you have with them?
Sonny Disposition: They just come to our shows and cause problems. They don't live here, and their sole purpose in travelling around is just to act like dickheads and not have to deal with the consequences.
Walt Liquor: There was a time, two to three years ago, when Asheville was one of the prime destinations for those piece of shit, shady fuckers. They would blow through town, start fights, smash up our show spaces, and then high-tail it outta here. But now they don't come here anymore. Good riddance, motherfuckers!
Leo Delightful: We put an end to that shit. We let the world know oogles are not welcome in Asheville.
Walt Liquor: Oogles stay gone!
Sonny Disposition: We'll run 'em out of your town too.

MRR: How do you guys feel about being punk in a small city in the South? Do you feel like punks in bigger cities are spoiled?
Sir Lee Fuck: I miss living in a bigger city.
Sonny Disposition: I think it's more about the person than the place. It's more about what you make of the place you call home.
Walt Liquor: Yeah, I agree. I guess punks in big cities might be spoiled in the sense that more touring bands come through, but I like living in a smaller city. Asheville has a strong, tight-knit scene, and everyone involved in it does their part to keep it that way. As far as living in the South; I think a lot of people who aren't familiar with Asheville don't realize that it's sort of a liberal, mountain oasis in a dessert of backwards, conservative bullshit. I come from a tiny little town in South Carolina. That place is fucked up. Asheville's actually a pretty progressive place. The people here are still just as stupid, but it's a different kind of stupidity than you'll find in the rest of the South.

MRR: What's a typical Sunshine SS practice like?
Collin Sick: We show up an hour late.
Sir Lee Fuck: We all get drunk, play like three songs, we all get stoned, and then Walt wanders off.
Collin Sick: It's really just a big noodle session until the lady that manages the storage space comes and tells us to shut the fuck up.

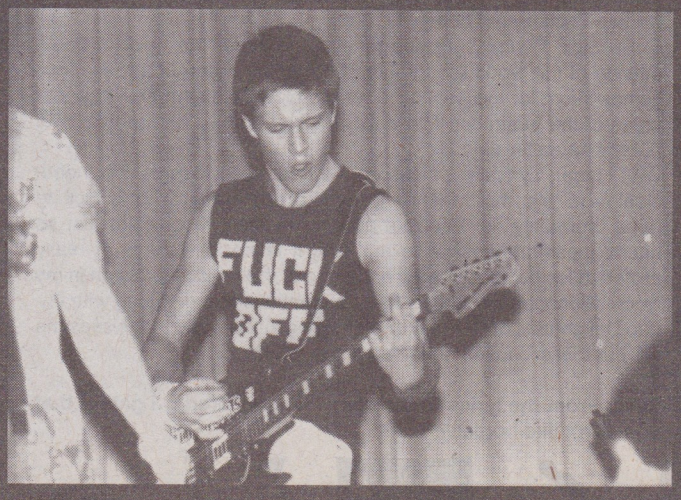
MRR: Do you guys like each other?
Leo Delightful: Not really.
Walt Liquor: It comes in waves.
Leo Delightful: Or spurts.
Sir Lee Fuck: It came and went.
Walt Liquor: We're all pretty close friends. We get pissed at each other sometimes. Mostly they get pissed at me. But they get over it.

MRR: Do y'all care for donuts?
Leo Delightful: Only when they're several days old and stuffed inside a piñata.

MRR: What's up next for Sunshine SS? Tours? Surprises?
Walt Liquor: Any surprises will probably surprise us.
Sir Lee Fuck: Surprise! We all have gonorrhea!
Walt Liquor: By the time this interview gets printed, we will have completed a little five-day swing through a few places south of here, and recorded our second 7". Hopefully we'll find someone to put that out over the winter, and then we have plans for a longer tour in the spring. A couple of weeks. East Coast/Midwest most likely...Are we done yet?

MRR: Any final words?
Walt Liquor: Fuck that question. I need another beer.

SIEGE



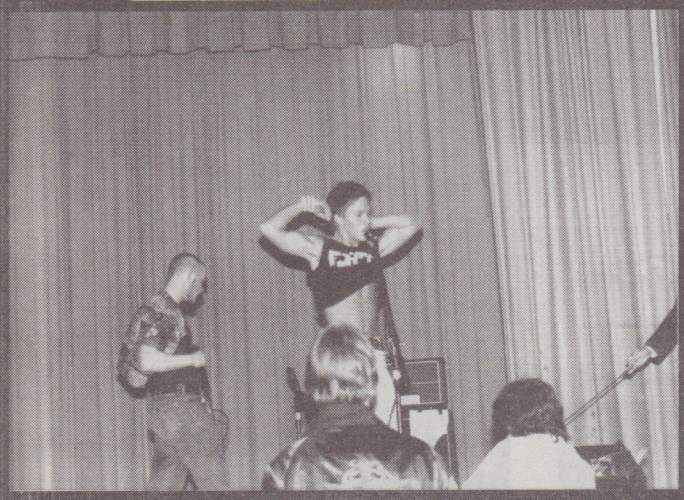
Interview of Rob by Sean J/Photos on this page by Eric Conrad

MRR: So how did you first come to meet Hank and Kurt?
Rob: Well, I met Kurt and Hank in sixth grade at the Pingree School in Weymouth, MA. We were in the same class. Those two guys were always a bit odd, and so was I in my own way. I was from a single-parent family. They used to draw pictures of violent werewolf attacks with eyeballs being gouged out while they were supposed to be doing their schoolwork. The teacher was always on their backs about that. Even then they stood out as wonderfully unique creative individuals. After that I went to a private school for many years: Fare Academy in Braintree. I returned to the Weymouth public school system for high school, so my mom could save money to put me through college. Kurt and Hank had become total punk rockers. They were into Devo—I mean heavy Sputnik devotees, right from the beginning.

MRR: How did you guys end up getting into more aggressive hardcore bands?
Rob: Well, these guys introduced me to punk rock. They were into the B-52s and especially Devo. They played "Smart Patrol" and "Mr. DNA" for me. It was a total life-changing experience, hearing that song. It was so high camp, futuristic, upbeat, and energetic. I was just riveted right from the first moment. Devo's music was really cutting edge at the time—the whole futuristic tone, graphic arts, and garb of the band. Devo was like a movement that told us it was OK to be a nerd. Elvis Costello had kind of the same effect. We began going into town for shows. These shows were advertised by word of mouth and fliers, which you'd see in a record store or on a phone pole here and there. Our first live hardcore show was an early performance by Minor Threat. A sound check of "Filler" was the first live hardcore I heard.

MRR: Roughly how old were you?
Rob: I don't know, sixteen I would say, still in high school. We heard Minor Threat playing "Filler" at their sound check, and it was just so fuck'n raw, so vitally energetic, and so belligerently unlike any music that had ever come before it. Not that I was hugely knowledgeable about music at that age, but this was viscerally recognizable as something new. The music was just so loud and captivating that kids just started jumping through the air. It was a whole explosive and rebellious cultural movement. I was there for the birth of the original "Boston Crew." This was before the term "slam dancing," or rather before the term "moshing." To us it was slamming, and to us it was hardcore. This was before the term "grindcore." It was punk rock and we absolutely lived for it!

MRR: What were some other memorable gigs for you?
Rob: Without question, one of the best local bands was Kilslug, who were kind of like a Boston version of Flipper. Just slow drudgery and noise, and they were deliberately abrasive. Monotony is what it was. They were unlike any other Boston hardcore band in that the slam pit was totally slow, tumbling, and chaotic. Anything could happen at a Kilslug show. Without question one the best live shows I have ever seen was Kilslug at the old Jonny D's. Someone was in the pit with a skateboard swinging it dangerously at someone else's head. There was also a homeless alcoholic Rasta man in the pit that was not Mr. Butch. Another memorable show was seeing Black Flag at their peak. The slam pits were so dangerous and scary. Another sick show was Crucifix and Flipper. They were two of my favorite bands, kind of an odd match, but they played together at the Channel.



MRR: Who was singing for Black Flag when you saw them?
Rob: That was Henry, and it was with the two guitarists. It was *Damaged* era Black Flag. I also saw the original Misfits a couple of times.

MRR: What were some of your favorite Boston bands other than Kilslug?
Rob: SS Decontrol. Another great, great show was when Gang Green, with their original three-piece line-up, opened for the Dead Kennedys. I really feel Boston hardcore began to be put on the map with a compilation that came out called *Boston Not LA.* You probably know that one. We admired a lot of groups, especially the first two SS Decontrol albums and Discharge! We set about wanting to make our own music, and wanting to make it sicker and faster than anything that we'd heard before. By that time I had become a DJ on a radio show at Emerson College. That's where I began to discover other fast hardcore (aka speedcore). *Pick Your King* by Poison Idea was a favorite, and all the Neos. When we heard the Neos record and the DRI 12" (originally a 7", known as the *22 Song EP*) we set about to be uncompromisingly politically conscience and to play as fast as possible.

MRR: Around what time period was that?
Rob: That was around 1983 and 1984.

MRR: How long did your radio show last?
Rob: I started with a hardcore show that aired on the weekend. All the songs I played were about half-a-minute long, so it was impossible to queue up the next record. It was a real heart-stopping experience for me. Then I moved to prime time on Friday nights with a three-hour show called *The Night Club.* I was promptly banished from the radio studio and essentially fired for interviewing GG Allin on the air and for smashing cartridges while the live mic was on. I didn't much like being told what to play on the air, and you had too adhere to what they referred to as a "clock" where at a certain time they require you to play "wimpy" records. It sucked.

MRR: Was Siege a three-piece band at one point?
Rob: Yeah, for a long time we looked for the right singer.

MRR: How was it working as a three-piece unit?
Rob: We became very, very tight. We jammed for many years with just the three of us. We developed songs and our abilities from the ground up. I actually played the drums before I met those guys, and from a young age I was a performer. I was always in the drama club, and when I was 16 I was part of the Boston Shakespeare Company. Those guys weren't really musicians, but Henry's sister lived in Korea, so she was able to send him inexpensive, excellent guitar equipment for dirt cheap.

MRR: Who were some of early drum heroes?
Rob: I was kind of latchkey kid. On weekdays from 2:30pm until 5:30pm I could play the drums before my mom came home from work. I used to play fucking loud! I would play along with the entire *London Calling* album by the Clash, and I would play AC/DC's *Highway To Hell,* except on 45 RPM. That's how I learned to play the drums.

MRR: What were some of Siege's influences other than Discharge?
Rob: SS Decontrol. We all worshipped them in this city.

MRR: I heard Void mentioned quite often with Siege?
Rob: Yeah, yeah, without question I liked Void and Artificial Peace, who were both on the *Flex Your Head* comp. I just became a real enthusiast and devotee of the music. I was a collector from being on the air and stuff, and I was a hardcore-obsessed completist. I used to like to listen to LA punk. I would play a song called "The Oven Is My Friend." There were a couple of Artless Entanglement cuts on some LA comps that I liked. I used to like the *Rodney On The Roq* comps, Better Youth Organization comps, Alternative Tentacles comps, and lots of LA punk obscurities. I was way into the Solger *Raping Dead Nuns* EP and all the Crass and Corpus Christi bands. Crucifix was a big, big favorite influence for all the members of Siege. I listened to stuff like Rudimentary Peni and Antisect. I really loved *In Darkness There Is No Choice.* Kurt and I were really into *Black Metal* by Venom and a song called "Sex and Outrage," which is on Motörhead's *Iron Fist.*

MRR: How did you go about looking for a singer for Siege?
Rob: Kurt placed an ad in the *Boston Phoenix* and in *MRR.* Also word of mouth—just through friends like Mark of Cancerous Growth. I knew a girl named Gyl Graves that used to work backstage at the drama club at Fare Academy. She had a friend in Braintree that was the brother of the girlfriend of the bassist and singer of Jerry's Kids. Braintree was one town over from Weymouth and was the birthplace of the original Gang Green and Jerry's Kids. We were hugely blown away by that, so we decided to audition the guy.

MRR: Did Kevin click with band pretty well?
Rob: Absolutely he did. A couple of our friends really liked him as well: Jon Gannin, who was kind of a graphic artist, and Jacklyn Keys, who was a huge fan of local hardcore. They were kind of indirectly connected to the original "Boston Crew." Jacklyn was a huge music fan and also a volunteer at the radio station WBCN. She went out with Kurt for a little while...

MRR: So did his singing style develop slowly or was it apparent right away?
Rob: It was harsh, right from the beginning, immediately. The music had developed by the time he came along. We were incredibly angry, and I was especially angry. We were young people in the era of "Reganomics," at an age of real undiluted teenage angst and rebellion. It was just fantastic. It was such a magical feeling to have all the elements fall into place, with everyone doing their job so well. Musically we were unschooled and totally harsh. I think Al Quint once described it as "a train nearly hurling off the tracks," and that's about right. Siege had some pretty impressive amplification even back in those days: Marshalls with a Cerwin Vega bass cab. I used to really hit the drums hard, like really give them a fucking black eye! I was a very pissed off and young.

MRR: I understand your dad was murdered.
Rob: Yeah, when I was six years old my dad became a missing person, and then it was determined that he was murdered. He was an entrepreneur and he was more than likely rubbed out by indirect criminal associates that he had. He was a landlord and had some other businesses. He must have of gotten in someone's way or something? To this day it's a "cold case." But that made me an intensely-driven perfectionist. Caused me to take to hardcore drums and punk rock songwriting as an outlet. It was a lifesaving blessing to have creativity as an outlet to express those emotions.

MRR: How many songs did Siege have? I noticed the *Drop Dead* cassette and LP have maybe ten songs. Are there more that didn't make it onto the tape?
Rob: Yeah, there's the *Drop Dead* cassette and in February of 1984 we recorded "Grim Reaper." Then we went into the studio in October of 1984 and recorded three tracks for the *Cleanse The Bacteria* comp, which was released on Pusmort by Pushead. There was a little bit of a jump in sound quality in between the two recordings. I had gotten a new drum set. My first drum set had a crappy tom that I totally beat the shit out of. I spray-painted the thing black, and I just destroyed it. Eventually I got a really nice Gretsch drum set from the Blackhawk series. I put some good money into decent heads and got what I wanted. I got Ludwig Silver Dot drumheads and an Evans hydraulic snare. What a difference it makes when your drums are tuned correctly and you just hit them very, very aggressively and very, very fuck'n hard. It makes a big, big difference in the energy level and the quality of recording when the drummer kicks the drums hard.

MRR: I understand there is a song called "Under Siege" that didn't make it on either recording?
Rob: Yeah, we had a bunch of songs that we never recorded. There were problems with the songwriting partnership and with communication.

SIEGE GOES WILD

North High Highlights

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF WEYMOUTH NORTH HIGH SCHOOL

At the Battle of the Bands, recently held in our school, a local hardcore group called SIEGE stole the show. Halfway through their set, lead guitarist Kurt Habelt took off his shirt to reveal a previously concealed T-shirt. (Printed on the shirt was a message which I cannot print in this newspaper.) Upon seeing the shirt, Mr. Concannon pulled the cord on Kurt's amp and refused to plug it in until Kurt removed his shirt. Upon removal of the shirt, the music continued.

During the next song, Bass player Hank McNamee ran off stage and came back with a deteriorating bass guitar. He then proceeded to smash the instrument to smithereens, much to the delight of the screaming audience. The

SIEGE BLOWS'EM AWAY

entire auditorium went into an uproar, and unfortunately SIEGE was disqualified.

Although they were removed from the contest, SIEGE gave the best show and should have won the battle. They gave much needed excitement to an otherwise bland show.

ERIC CONRAD

EVALUATION

It happens every ten years, evaluation by a group of New England educators. The school spends a year evaluating itself - everything from curriculum to cageteria. Then a committee of educators from NEASC finds out everything it can about the school during a three day visit. Finally, the committee reports on their findings. A summary of that report follows on pages two and three.

Eric Conrad's report!

I went to high school in Weymouth Mass with the guys from the hardcore band SIEGE (Kurt, Hank, and Rob). I knew the guys from the band, and caught a few of their practices at the church they practiced in in Jackson Square. In the spring of 1984 SIEGE played in a surreal Battle of the Bands at our crappy school. Featured were a hair rock outfit called Tempest, a cover band called 'Surrender', and some other lame bands I can't remember. It's a safe bet that 99% of the audience had never heard any hardcore punk rock.

I was photographer for our boring school newspaper, the North High Highlights, and captured everything on black & white film. The newspaper was a photocopied handout that was universally ignored at school. Our Highlights was a lot like Highlights for Children magazine, except less controversial (and minus the crossword puzzle).

www.exotope.com/siege/

Kevin photo:Cindy Mendes

TREAT ME LIKE DIRT

AN ORAL HISTORY OF PUNK IN TORONTO AND BEYOND

1977 1981

LIZ WORTH

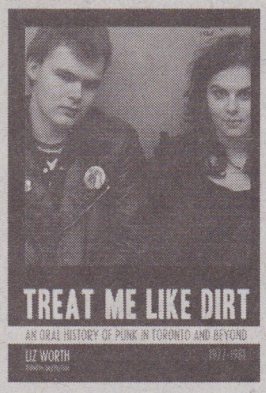
EDITED BY GARY PIG GOLD

This is the finest oral history of one punk scene I've ever seen. Given how little is generally known about what happened on the shores of Lake Ontario simultaneously to The Ramones, Sex Pistols, Saints, Weirdos, Avengers, etc., and how vital the big four (to New Yorkers then), The Viletones, Teenage Head, Diodes, and B-Girls were, **this book is actually more indispensable in telling a largely lost narrative.** (It also reinforces how 1977 punk's creative cultural freedom assault and visceral expression threatened just by existing, including a archetypal account of bouncers beating punks with pool cues for the transgression of dressing/thinking/acting differently!)

For this writer, reading of dimly recalled acts such as The Dishes, Ugly, Scenics, Simple Saucer, The Curse, Poles, etc., as well as the original Diodes-run 1977 Crash 'n' Burn club - and the bands' CBGB trips I do recall - had me staying up nights for weeks.

- JACK RABID, The Big Take Over

VILETONES, DIODES, B-GIRLS, TEENAGE HEAD, CURSE, POLES, FORGOTTEN REBELS, SIMPLY SAUCER, UGLY, ETC...



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MAUSER MAUSER MAUSER MAUSER

In December of last year we caught up with Mauser *at the Swamp House in Oakland during the fourth show on their two-week winter tour. After delivering a brutal set of blown out Framtid inducing mess, we bought some of the test presses they had for sale and cornered them into a drunken interview where they tipped us off to what is going on in their town of residence Gainesville, Florida. If you can catch them, see them because they will become one of your favorite bands, not just because of their music, but because they are down to earth punks who support their scene.*
Interview by Mariam Bastani and Dan Goetz. Photos by Kat Jarvis.

MRR: Hi guys. We are fans. We're super fans.
Larson: What are your names?

MRR: I'm Dan.
MRR: I'm Mariam.
Adrien: What do you play in the zine?

MRR (Dan): I play the throat. It's a wind instrument. (Mariam) I'm a coordinator.
Adrien: When did you guys get started as a zine?

MRR: We started in Berkeley in 1977 with this communist guy named Tim Yohannan.
Mike: What are your influences?

MRR: He was an old Bolshevik that was trying to, ah...
Robbie: What are your influences?

MRR: My influences are pine trees and steak.
Adrien: Same here.

MRR: Could you please state your name and what you do in the band?
Adrien: Adrien. Vocals.
Jake: I'm not in this band.

MRR: Fuck you.
Adrien: That was Jake.

MRR: Kidding. He's in my other favorite band, so whatever.
Adrien: Jake is the reason that this band is existing.
Mike: I'm Mike and I play drums.
[commotion, shouting.]
Oh, he dented the van, he dented the van! Holy shit! You're gonna have to pay for that mother fucker!
Larson: I'm Larson, and I dent our tour van with strollers.
Mike: He's the bassist.
Larson: And I also play bass.
Robbie: I'm Robbie. I play guitar.

MRR: Alright. I saw your drummer earlier. I don't know where

he is.
Larson: He's right here. He already said—

MRR: Bullshit. I call bullshit. How's the tour? Actually, I want to know about Gainesville. What's going on over there?
Larson: Why's everybody always ask us about Gainesville?

MRR: Because nobody fucking knows shit about it. Talk about the Black Box.
Adrien: No. I'm not talking about... No way.
Larson: It's not pop punk central...

MRR: So, you know the guys in Against Me, right?
Larson: Absolutely. They're our best friends. They're the ones who got us together.
Adrien: We're doing a split with Against Me next month. Mauser/Against Me split. We cover Hot Water Music.

MRR: Is it coming out on...
Larson: Scion. Scion Records.
Robbie: It's coming out on No Idea. We're from Gainesville.
Adrien: Sony Records.

MRR: And your original drummer was from Less Than Jake.
Adrien: Mike? Uh, Mike is our original drummer. Yeah, Mike was in Less Than Jake. Fuck Mike.

MRR: So, what's the song "Sugar in Your Gas Tank" about?
Mike: Oh, uh, it's about dumping cocaine in the gas tank and then turning the exhaust on and snorting it as it flies out of the exhaust.

MRR: I do that with meth.
Adrien: I was like ten years old when Less Than Jake existed.
Mike: Yeah, I was a baby. I'm twenty.

MRR: You are a baby. So, how's tour going, for real.
Robbie: Really great.
Adrien: Thanks to Jake, yeah, amazing.
Robbie: Up and down, up and down. But all good, still. Everything's a hundred percent.
Larson: I have to say that I am satisfied with this tour. More so than any other tour I've ever done. And it's only four days in.
Robbie: Yeah, yeah.
Adrien: I was really bummed out for a bit...
Random Guy Hanging Out: 'Cos you came to Oakland, OK.

MRR: Not true.
Larson: We played good shows. You can play shitty shows and good shows anywhere. But so far the West Coast has been really, really welcoming and a really wonderful place to be and I'm excited to be here.
Mike: Our bass drum broke tonight and we already got another bass drum from some dude for like an extra twenty-something dollars. Sweet sack of weed. And we've just been treated so well over here, it's awesome.
Adrien: I got a whip and a porno. Fuck weed. No, no, what was it called? It was called a flog or whatever.

MRR: A flogger or maybe a cat-o-nine tails.
Adrien: A flogger made out of bike tube and –
Larson: We got *Frogger* for PSP.

MRR: This is gonna be great to transcribe.
Larson: There's no such thing as transcription.

MRR: But I do want to know about Gainesville
Mike: Gainesville's really cool because the scene fluctuates a lot. I've been there for almost ten years and I've seen lots of things come and go but more and more punks are moving into town and more people are starting bands. And it's cool. I'm in two, Robbie's in three. It fluctuates, but right now it's on a good, good increase of people.

MRR: Are there any bands we should be listening, like, looking out for.
Larson: Heroindod and Ectoplasm!
Mike: Heroindod is me and Robbie's other band with our friend Kyle. And then Ectoplasm is Robbie's other band with Max from Hell Control and our friends Mark, and also Kyle from Heroindod.

MRR: Mike's over there. He missed it.
Adrien: Other bands that are cool are Post Teens.
Robbie: Dead Friends.
Adrien: Gretsky. Diet Coke Heads. Discharge is from Gainesville now. They relocated to Gainesville.
Larson: They live with me.

MRR: Posthumously.
Adrien: We split a room, 'cos we can't afford it... We're asked this question a lot, but of course No Idea is a big part of Gainesville. They do a lot of stuff there. Not really our interests, like, musically, but they do cool stuff. Good dudes for the most part.
Robbie: Wayward Council.
Adrien: Wayward Council is an all-volunteer not-for-profit punk record store that we all work at.

MRR: I think I was there when I was visiting.
Adrien: You know, they do awesome shows. We put on shows there. That's our usual place that we play.

MRR: Where is that exactly?
Mike: Gainesville. It's on Eighth and University.
Adrien: You can walk everywhere. You can ride your bike everywhere. There's plenty of venues.

MRR: Get free pizza.
MRR: So you're not gonna be that band that moves to

fucking Portland, right?
Robbie: No.
Adrien: No. Not at all.
Larson: We all moved to Gainesville.
Adrien: No way. Maine is way too cold.
Larson: Fuck Maine! There's too many bears.
Adrien: I like sunshine.
Larson: Sunshine is lame!
Mike: It's about gators. 'Cos you can eat them and they taste good.

MRR: So, so you're saying there's places to play. People go out and…
Mike: People don't come to Florida, but there's tons of good cities to play. If you come to Florida you can always hit up Gainesville, Tampa's always good. Miami, if you're willing to go down there, is always awesome. People will treat you so good down there.
Robbie: There's a huge punk scene in Miami.
Mike: Probably the biggest, as far as numbers, punk scene in Florida. There are so many kids down there who just want to come and hang out and go to a good show.

MRR: Where should touring bands go to try to get contacts?
Larson: They should contact Daniel Halal for Gainesville.
Robbie: Daniel Halal for Tampa.
Larson: They should contact Pat from Volcanic Slut for Tampa. And I don't know, who should they contact for Miami—
Adrien: And Daniel Halal for Miami.
Mike: Miami, if you can get in touch with any of the kids that live at the Firefly, a lot of them do shows. Just look up the Firefly on Google, I think you can find it.

MRR: Where's our scene report, man?
Adrien: Bob Suren did one.
Larsen: Florida's a cohesive unit, you know? I mean, we can't *just* talk about Gainesville.

MRR: I heart Bob Suren a lot.
Mike: I heart Bob Suren a lot too.
Robbie: Most of my shirts have been made by Bob Suren.

MRR: I saw a show in a garage in Ft. Meyers at some suburban house a kid had.
Adrien: Merkit, all the dudes in Merkit.

MRR: What about Pensacola? I've heard good things about them in the past.
Adrien: We recently got asked to play a house show in Pensacola. I've been there for shows and other events and I've always had a good time. Us as a band have never played there and we don't really know how we would be accepted there but we've been asked to play, so maybe we'll do it and then we'll know.
Larson: I feel like we'd be received well in Pensacola. Just because every show I've played in Pensacola seems random but the kids seem to care just because it's a small town and not a lot of bands ever come there.
Adrien: Beautiful beaches.
Larson: Not any more.
Adrien: Well, obviously not any more. But progressive kids. End of the Line Cafe and, what's the other one?
Larson: Sluggo's
Adrien: And Sluggo's are awesome places. Why Pensacola?

MRR: I was just curious. I know there's like some super-old punk house that's been there since the late '70s.
Larson: The 309 House.
Adrien: Yeah, the 309 house.
Larson: The coldest house ever.

MRR: Yeah, I've always had a fucking blast in Florida. I'm bummed that the This Is For You Fest doesn't happen anymore.
Adrien: Not me.

MRR: I mean, maybe not all the bands that play, but like the naked swimming and debauchery and shit.
Larson: There's lots of debauchery in Florida. We're surrounded by nothing but farmland so there's literally nothing but wild animals for us to chase after.
Adrien: Here comes the interviewer, here comes the interviewer.
Larson: That's how it goes. You know, pigs are better than nothing, I guess.
Adrien: What? bacon.
Larson: I was speaking in terms of bestiality, but you know, we can talk about bacon if you want to.

MRR: Weren't we talking about cops? Like, pigs on gators? What?
Larson: No, cops have nothing to do with this. We get chased by wild boars like y'all get chased by crack heads and wild dogs.
Adrien: Boars are an invasive species on the prairie right now in Gainesville. Alligators eat those shits, and those shits fuck alligators up at the same time.

MRR: That's awesome.
Adrien: That shit's just fucking crazy.

MRR: That's a raw life right there.
Adrien: Me and Larson already made plans to go hunt down a boar when we get back. We gotta get some bows and some arrows. We'll wrangle that goddamned hog.

MRR: As far as shows, obviously different parts of the country have different types of venues. Having a basement show is rare in the West Coast. So what's the typical venue over there in Gainesville? Is it basement shows?
Mike: No, there's no basements in Florida. Most of the awesome shows are either at Wayward or 911 House. The Junkyard.

MRR: Is that like a living room or something?
Larson: House shows and small venues, basically.
Adrien: The thing with Gainesville though is house shows and small venues exist and it's awesome but it's also not hard if you're putting on a big show, it's not hard to get a show put on at the Atlantic or Common Grounds, which are bigger venues but they're all run by people that you hang out with at parties, so you can be like, "Yo, man, book this band," and they'll do it. That's why Gainesville's easy. House shows exist strictly because house shows are awesome and they should exist and they're fun but, like, if they didn't exist, there are plenty of places to put on shows.

MRR: So, all bands touring should go to Gainesville
Larson: Yes, indeed. Because Gainesville is the, uh, is like, the top of the black hole that is Florida. Like you don't have to actually like dip down *in* that shit.
Robbie: Yeah, you go like an hour-and-a-half south of Georgia and you're in Gainesville.
Larson: And then you just gotta keep going west, man. That's all you gotta do.

MRR: What happened last night?
Larsen: Uh, what do you mean?

MRR: I heard some shit went down.
Robbie: See if he wants that. See if he wants that.
Larsen: See if I want that?
Adrien: Yeah, you want that?!
Larsen: There's nothing to talk about. I fainted, busted my chin open, had to go to the hospital, got that shit sewn up. Here I am. I still got anesthesia in my cheek. I still can't feel this shit, man.
Robbie: He still played.
Jake: Your story this morning was the best, though. You said you smoked more weed than you ever had, in ten minutes.
Larsen: Dude, in ten minutes than I ever have in my entire life. And my body freaked out. I was like, wow, I'm in Arcata. It was the weed I've been smoking my entire life, but it was like, fresh, right? So my body was like "Oh wow, what do I do with all this cannobinol? I don't know. I guess I'll just go to sleep."
Mike: They gave him a redneck goatee at the hospital.
Larsen: It was a combination of a lot of other things. Don't be scared of smoking weed, kids.

MRR: Goes good with Lucky Charms, I hear.
Larsen: Lucky Charms are garbage.
Adrien: Fuck weed.
Larsen: Fuck Lucky Charms. Fuck a bunch of leprechauns, dude.
Adrien: Oh, that's racist.

MRR: Says the redhead, right?
Larson: Says the redhead with the last name McBride. I hate Irish people.

MRR: Ah, self-hating Irish.
Adrien: This is the reason our other interview isn't on our merch table.
Larson: Because I get too comfortable with strangers.
Adrien: Yeah, you guys regret this now, huh?

MRR: No, not at all.
Mike: It's not even recording
Adrien: There's no tape in there.

MRR: You guys are talking to a plastic box.
Larson: Whatever you guys remember is what's most worthwhile to be put into your zine.

MRR: It's all being put in. You guys are fucked.
Robbie: So, what's this going in?

MRR: *Maximum Rocknroll.*
Robbie: Oh really? Hell yeah.
Adrien: So most of it will be in differentiation...
Larson: "What's this southern bullshit?"

MRR: (Dan) I'm not transcribing this. (Mariam) I am. I'll do it. I speak drunk.
Mike: We had one interview where Robbie was just snoring in the background the whole time.
Adrien: Robbie passed out before the interview happened. I don't know what zine it's for. Ian from Perdition did it. But we shoved the microphone in his mouth while he was sleeping—
Robbie: And I didn't wake up.

MRR: That's somebody's fantasy somewhere, for sure.
Larson: And he proceeded to tell us all his deepest, darkest secrets unknowingly.
Robbie: Next question, next question!
Mike: Next question, you guys gotta move on!

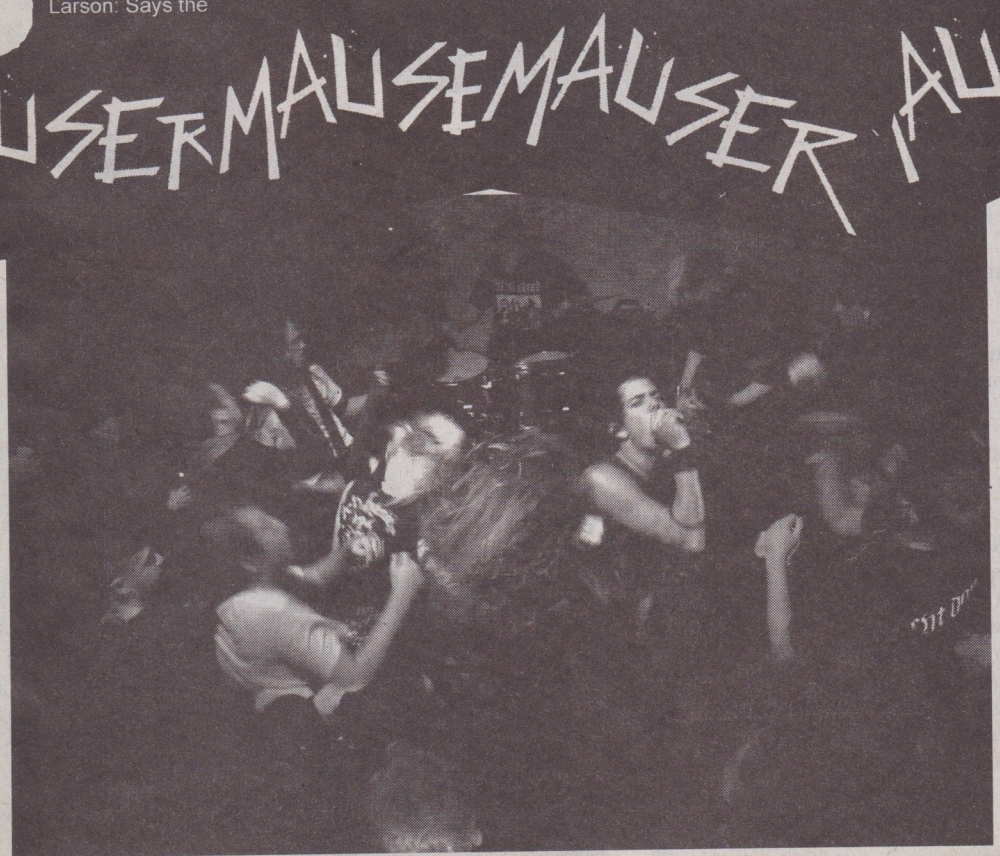
MRR: Alright, any last words, guys?
Larson: None
Mike: Play in Florida. Tour.
Larson: If I'm gonna die, die now.
Adrien: Why is this interview about playing in Florida?

MRR: Because it should be, man, that's where you're from.
Adrien: We just played in Portland.

MRR: Florida's better than Portland.
Adrien: Y'all look out for the Hisscharge record, alright? I ain't gonna say nothing about it, but listen, Hisscharge.
Larson: It's all cats. [Cat scream.]
Mike: Stop it, stop the tape.

MRR: No.
Adrien: Are we definitely done?

MRR: I think we're done now.



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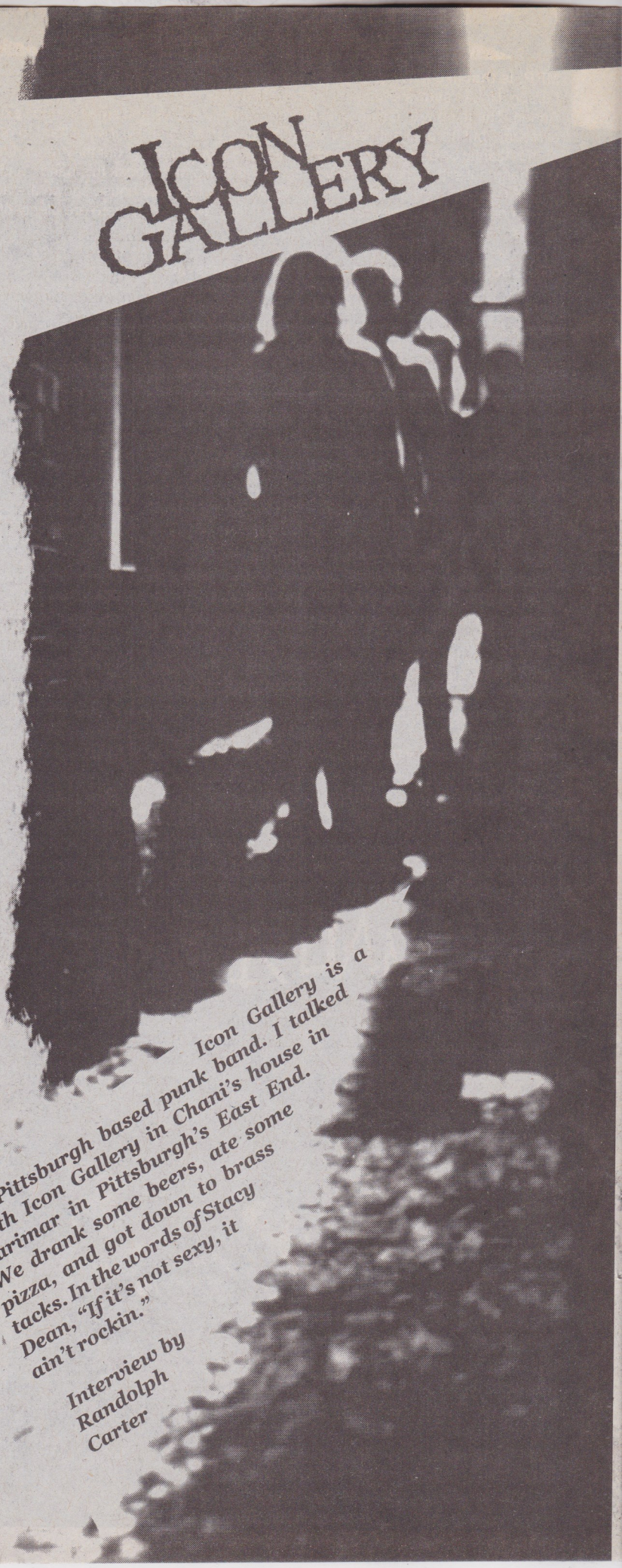

Pittsburgh based punk band. I talked with Icon Gallery in Chani's house in Larimar in Pittsburgh's East End. We drank some beers, ate some pizza, and got down to brass tacks. In the words of Stacy Dean, "If it's not sexy, it ain't rockin."

Interview by Randolph Carter

MRR: Who is Icon Gallery and what do you play?
Kevin: Is that thing recording?
Chani: Vocals.
Kevin: Shirtless drummer.
Stacy: Guitar.
Aaron: Bass.

MRR: How long have you guys known each other and how did you meet?
Aaron: Chani and I remember fondly our time at Champion Christian School. I was in kindergarten and I believe Chani was in the first grade.
Kevin: Is that when you first made out...
Aaron: We didn't know each other.
Chani: I didn't know that Aaron went to my school at the time.
Aaron: We do have a distinct memory of watching the Challenger space shuttle explode. It was such a small school that we had to have watched it together.
Chani: It wasn't until we met again years later that we realized we shared that experience.
Kevin: How did going to a Christian school shape your outlook on life?
Aaron: We are clearly fucked. (Laughter)
Kevin: Stacy and I met in hike school.
Aaron: Hike school?
Chani: I met you, Kevin, because you were the seventeen year old that practiced in my basement. You got to carry the beer downstairs for all the older...
Kevin: You mean I got to carry beer for all the 26-year-old alcoholics. Which now, I guess, is me.
Chani: Kevin used to have a Mohawk back when Kevin had hair. Hey-Oh.

MRR: How long have you been playing together?
Kevin: It will be four years in September. Which is a...Makes me think what have I been doing with my life. (Laughs all around) Enjoyable, ups and downs.
Aaron: We currently all love each other, that's for sure.
Kevin: Yeah so, originally I wanted Chani to sing for the power metal band I was in called Valiant Quest, but she refused to sing about dragons, and knights, and wizards. Then when Chani and Aaron's band Die Screaming broke up, we got together.
Chani: Aaron likes to joke that he and I are a package deal.
Kevin: When Stacy and I first spoke we talked about how it should be something like the Birthday Party...but that didn't happen. And then we started jamming in the basement at the Ward street house.
Chani: Then we played and practiced for six months before we played a show.

MRR: Where did you get the name Icon Gallery?
Aaron: For a couple of months we couldn't come up with a name. What were some of the rejects?
Kevin: Laser Beam Viking.
Chani: Grape Cake.
Aaron: Yes, the amazing Grape Cake.
Chani: Bow Echo.
Aaron: So yeah various names came up and were shot down. Icon Gallery was just kind of a happy accident. I had been working at the Andy Warhol Museum at the time. A bunch of employees there were talking about starting a band together. I wasn't a part of this, but I came up with a potential name for their band. It used to be that when you paid to enter the museum, on the first floor, there was a gallery before the stairs. That gallery often housed Marilyn Monroe, Elvis, Campbell's Soup cans, and other iconic

works Warhol did. All of the Warhol staff just called it the Icon Gallery. I suggested that they call their band Icon Gallery. But it all ended up being just talk. They never did anything. I just happened to tell this story to the rest of the members of what is now Icon Gallery. Everyone seemed to kind of like it, so we just ran with it. I also like that name because of its religious connotation. Icon galleries refer to galleries of religious art. I have always liked religious iconography. Religious beliefs vary in the band to some degree. I just like poking fun at classic organized religions. That is just my thing though.

MRR: What do each of you draw on musically or what influences you for Icon Gallery?

Chani: When it comes to vocals, I just do what I feel needs to be done. I am not setting out with any specific thing in mind. I mean I wish I sounded like Tina Turner! But there is a huge spectrum of vocalists that I like...I always liked Cyndi Lauper, Pat Benatar, and Madonna to stuff like Mary Weiss of the Shangri Las. I liked that stuff for harmony and melody. At the same time I really liked singers that had the gutsy rough vocals. I liked rock'n'roll bands like the Runaways and metal bands like Iron Maiden of course. I thought Doro Pesch of Warlock was badass as hell. I don't have her vocal range but those are all things that I guess I draw from. My grandmother was the singer in the family! I get it from her.

Kevin: So Stacy, who are the top three guitarists you rip off?

Stacy: I don't know, I can't answer that. I mean I think I have a pretty open mind when it comes to music. When we started the band I didn't really listen to punk music. I mostly just listened to funk. (Laughter) It's true. When we had our first practice I had an idea of what it could sound like. I guess I have been just trying to do that.

Kevin: I taught myself how to play drums. I like a lot of different styles of music as well. There are drummers that I idolize and think are awesome but I don't play their style. I know my limitations and play pretty much straightforward rock, or punk, or metal stuff. Topper Headon of the Clash and Clive Burr and Nicko McBrain of Iron Maiden are some of my favorite drummers. But I don't play like them. Like Chani, I just do what feels right.

Aaron: I guess I've always been into post-punk and early peace punk. I write pretty straightforward melodic bass parts.

MRR: So did Icon Gallery set out with any particular sound in mind?

Kevin: Post Regiment meets Heart.

Aaron: I don't think that there was a specific sound we were going for from the beginning. Chani, Kevin, and I had all been punks and Stacy had not. I'm sure we all just imagined some sort of rock band.

MRR: Do you think you are doing something different than most bands playing today?

Kevin: I think we are a little bit different. We're not doing the whole tape scene mysterious guy hardcore stuff. We're kind of classic rock influenced punk stuff. I think we have our own sound. We aren't easily classified.

Aaron: I agree. I think because we do each have different musical backgrounds, what comes out is a bit different. We don't try to sound like a specific type of music.

Kevin: We often play shows with some sort of metal or crust band but we really don't fit in with those genres. We have tasty licks and operatic female vocals but it isn't really metal.

MRR: People sometimes call you metal. You don't think that is an accurate description then?

Kevin: The influence is there, but I don't think it is accurate to just call us a metal band.

Stacy: Metal is such a broad category anyway. It doesn't mean anything.

Chani: I think that every review we've had we've been called something different.

Stacy: If this were the '70s we would be considered metal.

Kevin: I think it is NWOBHM mixed with punk mixed with '70s rock. How many more questions?

Stacy: What's your favorite color?

Kevin: I do like a good brown I think.

Stacy: That's your favorite???

Kevin: What's your favorite color then?

Stacy: I don't have one.

Kevin: So yeah fuck you. (Laughter all around) Next question...

MRR: What is the first piece of music that you each owned?

Chani: My first real record my dad bought for me. It was Boxcar Willie. It was country hobo songs about trains and whatever else. "King of the Road!" I played that thing until it fell to pieces under my turntable. It was the first record I owned that didn't say, "when you hear this sound...you can turn the page."

Kevin: I think the first music I had was taping Annie Lennox songs off the radio and Weird Al Dare To Be Stupid.

Stacy: Well the first thing I ever bought was an MC Hammer cassette.

Kevin: Yeeaahhhhh!!!

Stacy: I was in first or second grade. But the first CD I ever owned was that '90s Rolling Stones album Voodoo Love or something. (Everyone laughs) That "Love Is Strong" single or whatever.

Aaron: Ha. The one where they are walking through the city.

Stacy: I was obsessed though with a dubbed copy of a dubbed copy of a recording off of a record of the White Album. I listened to that over and over again. That was when I was in like 5th grade.

Aaron: The first album I had, that was given to me as a gift, was Bobby Brown...it had "My Prerogative" and "Tenderoni" on it.

Chani: Wow, we're all really not cool. Ha. I'm trying to think what the first thing I bought with my own money was.

Aaron: Mine was R.E.M.

Chani: Mine was probably Bon Jovi's Slippery When Wet or Poison's Look What the Cat Dragged In or something.

Kevin: I bought Bon Jovi's Keep the Faith on CD when I was in third grade. I had a babysitter that made fun of me for it.

MRR: So what are some of your favorite bands?

Kevin: What if you had to be stranded on a desert island with five bands catalogs of music what bands would they be? That way you can pick David Bowie and have a month's worth. I guess mine are David Bowie, Black Sabbath, Iron Maiden, the Clash, and the Pogues maybe. For various reasons...growing up and such.
Aaron: I'd say the Chameleons, the Sound, New Order, R.E.M., and Bowie.
Kevin: I'll probably think of another when this is done. WTF. The Beatles too, but that is more than five. Fuck.
Chani: I agree with Black Sabbath. I don't think I could live without the Chameleons now. The Gits, definitely. Iron Maiden, of course. Replacements.
Stacy: I don't know...Kraftwerk, Prince, Serge Gainsbourg, and Beck. Um... Miles Davis.

MRR: What releases have you guys done and what is on the horizon?
Kevin: First there was a demo in 2007. Then there was a single in 2008. Then we rereleased the demo on vinyl in 2008. We'll have our first full length out by the beginning of 2011.
Aaron: The LP will be self-titled.
Kevin: Dear Skull Records will be putting it out. Dear Skull put out everything but the demo, which we did ourselves. We are hoping to do some touring once the LP is out. Hopefully we'll tour in Europe in the fall of 2011.
Aaron: My good friend Ben Kehoe painted the cover art for the LP. And "My War" Matt, (Matt Schor), did the recording for all of our releases.
Chani: Kevin has done all the layout and design for all of our releases.
Kevin: We like fairy tales that are dark. Stories like Baba Yaga and other folklore. And carpet cleaning wizards too. Wizards that will clean your floors. (Laughter)

MRR: So why Dear Skull and who is Dear Skull?
Kevin: Dear Skull is our friend Mike Seamans. He also runs the Mind Cure record store here in Pittsburgh. He has a lot of faith in us. He is an overall good dude. He has put out records for other Pittsburgh bands and musicians. He knows his shit.

MRR: How are your songs written? Who writes the music and who writes the lyrics?
Chani: Chani writes all the lyrics.
Kevin: Well, we'll sit in the basement...for probably about a month...jam on one riff...then get rid of it... then come up with another riff that will turn into a song pretty quickly, you know, only two or three weeks.

Then we won't have another idea for another month or two. (Laughter) That's how it goes. Slowest band ever.

MRR: So Chani, since you write all of the lyrics, what do you write about?
Kevin: All my songs are about my ex-boyfriends. Ha.
Chani: No. As much as everyone might like to think they are. Ha. I don't know, man. They are mostly personal. "More Than Memory" was particularly personal. It was about a family friend who took his life. It is about the mixed emotions of not only sadness and loss but also of anger and resentment that you go through when you deal with that. That was probably the hardest one for me to write, because I really wanted to get it right... do it justice...it is hard to sing it and not think about it. When I think about it I want to cry. It was hard to record. "Babes in the Woods" is a bit different. It is based on a poem of actual events. It was about two children who lost their parents to some disease before or around the 1500s. Their uncle was supposed to take them in and take care of them. He wanted their inherited fortune though. And he couldn't get it while they were alive. So he hired three thugs to take them into the woods and kill them. The kids were still pretty little, maybe like three to five. One of the thugs didn't have the heart to do it so he fought off or killed the other two. He was supposed to come back to the children to give them food and supplies. But he never did. So they died of starvation and exposure. People still claim to see ghosts of children in the Wayland woods in Norfolk, England.
Kevin: Ghostesses.
Chani: It was kind of fun to write something that had nothing to do with me. It was nice to just tell a story for once. All of our stuff has sort of a dark undertone.

MRR: Are you a political band at all?
Kevin: No, it's personal experience.
Chani: Whenever I talk about politics in the songs it is sort of vague.
Kevin: There is the word government in one of our songs though.
Chani: That is in "Lullaby." It is about the typical American just thinking things don't apply to them. The whole poor little baby thing. Even when things are in their face they just put the blinders on.

MRR: What are your favorite memories of being in the band thus far?
Kevin: None.
Chani: I'm going to talk like Kevin until Kevin is happy again.
Kevin: I liked "Turn up the Weed!!!"
Aaron: That was a lovely moment in Philly.
Kevin: I just like going out of town with the band. Travelling is always fun. Philly is awesome. We love hanging out with everyone there.
Aaron: I like when we just get to hang out. Like now.
Kevin: Family dinners in a ghetto practice space in Braddock.
Chani: Playing Chicago and going to the heavy metal burger bar. Doing shots of Jameson at 10am.

MRR: I hear Icon Gallery has a catch phrase. What is it and what is the deal with it?
Aaron: We always say "It's fine." We all have big personalities.
Kevin: Is that what you're calling it? Big personalities? Everyone is a mouthy asshole.
Except for Stacy.
Kevin: When times are tough. Things are going wrong. You just got to remember "It's fine."

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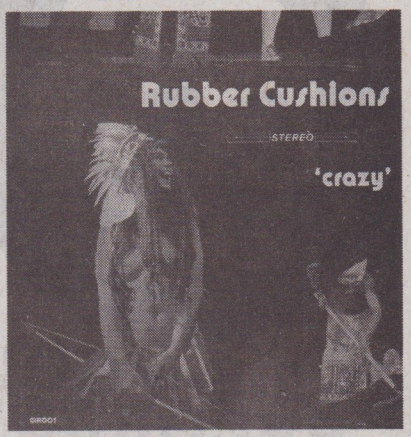

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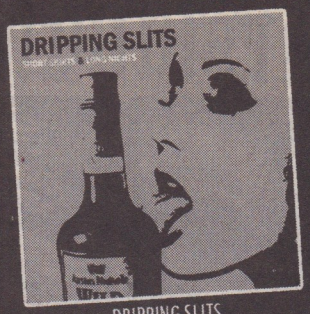

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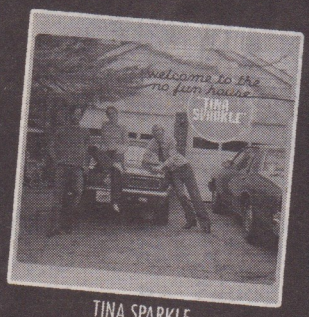

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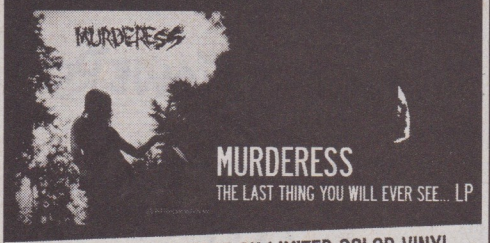

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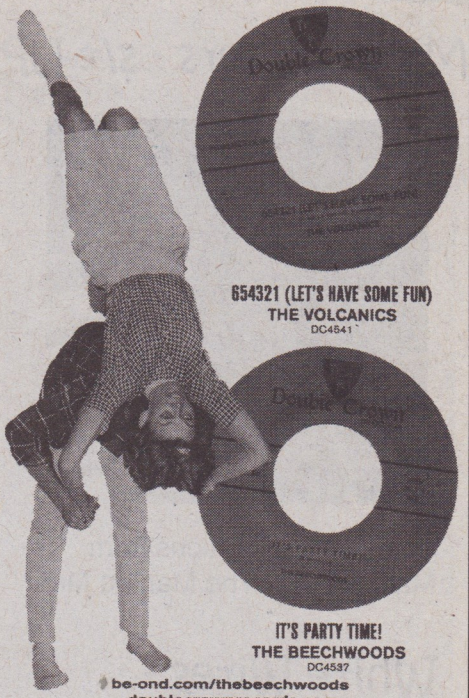

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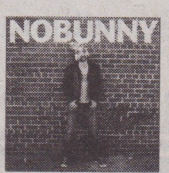

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DIY show spaces are the lifeblood of most punk communities, and Connecticut is no exception. For the past two years, the Whitney House in Hartford has been the anchor of a vibrant punk scene in central Connecticut, offering both local and touring bands a place to play, hang out, and even crash. In this interview for MRR, Sean Murphy, one of the original founders of Whitney House, discusses how the venue came together, its history, and what DIY spaces mean to the survival of punk communities.

WHITNEY HOUSE :: DIY Show Space :: Hartford, CT

Interview: Sean Murphy of Whitney House
Interview by: Paul J. Comeau
Photos by: Whitney House

MRR: How did Whitney House first get started and who was part of it?

The history of the Whitney House actually started at this place called Pratt St. in downtown Hartford. It was a very similar setup to the Whitney House itself except it was in a commercial space that a bunch of people lived in. It was there that I met two very good people who are still friends of mine, Ken Tong and Anthony Perone. Ultimately Pratt St. got shut down because they were in violation of zoning ordinances. Simple fact is, it was never used as a commercial space to begin with. They ended up getting evicted because they ran an open-mic every week, and that eventually got some press in the local arts weekly, and the landlord saw that and evicted them. About a year and a half later, me and these two other guys were looking for a place together. My friend Brett had moved into the second floor here, and he told us the first floor was open. We went and checked the place out and saw that it had this huge awesome basement, and we had one of those Field of Dreams moments where we're like, we can tear down these walls and put up walls here, and just make a decent basement space. So me, Anthony, and Ken all moved into the first floor and after about three or four months of living here, we got to working on the basement and turned it into a show space.

MRR: What was the process of getting that all set up?

Well first off we had to make sure it was kind of cool with the landlords. We were fortunate enough to have landlords who didn't really care what we did so long as the rent got in on time. We had everyone in the building pretty much signed on for it, saying it would be cool for us to have a space to play music and have bands play. Everyone in the house was up for it. So then we went down to the basement, tore down some walls, built up some new ones... It was actually a last minute thing.

I forget what the original venue for an alley cat bike race after party was, but they didn't have a place to do it, so they were like, you've been talking about making a show space in your basement for awhile, and we were like yeah, we've been kind of working on it off and on. They said, well if you can have the place ready for Friday, we can do it there. So you know, then we actually got our shit together and built the place.

MRR; How have the people that have lived here changed over time? You're the last of the original people who lived here?

They've gotten younger. Either that or I've just gotten older and haven't gone anywhere. When this all started it was a lot of my old friends living here with me, and as time went by they moved on to something else. It's an environment that is seldom in equilibrium because of the rotation of people through the house. Generally everyone gets along. Sometimes they don't. I've just gotten used to the faces always changing.

MRR: Who lives here now, and are they all in bands?

Nine people. Only one person is in a band.

MRR: Why do it? (What made you want to do it?)

Why not do it? It came about because we realized that if we wanted to have a venue for shows in this town we had to do it ourselves. While there are some halls, legal venues and bars a show would only come along every few months. It was frustrating to dump money on halls to just scrape by if you were lucky. There were shows you wanted to see but didn't have the money for. The thing about a basement space is you can do a show with no overhead. It lets you do things like $5 suggested donations for shows. You can still get money for out of town bands. You can take more

risks as a DIY promoter if you don't owe money from the start. I picked Hartford because it's where my friends lived and I was fairly active in the local Food Not Bombs Chapter. It was home. We were preceded by this place in Bloomfield, CT, (a suburb of Hartford), the Weird Diner. Jeff, the singer of Veloz, ran the place. Luckily we got the Hungry Hungry Hippodrome (almost immediately renamed the Whitney House) started before that ended. This kept DIY shows alive in the area.

MRR: What's the most memorable show that you've put on?
I'd have to say it was the first Off With Their Heads show. We've done a lot of really good shows, but that one sticks out in my mind the most because it was the day after Thanksgiving and one of our first really big shows. Anyone who's from Connecticut who's gotten past high school realizes that with the exception of right around Christmas and the day after Thanksgiving, a lot of the people you grew up with aren't going to be around. It was really cool to go to all these old friends that had been like "Fuck CT, there's nothing going on here," and say "Hey, come to a basement venue the day after Thanksgiving when you're sick of spending time with your family!" And we had a really awesome show. It was the first time Off With Their Heads had played the area and a lot of people were really psyched for it at that point, and it all just came together really well. A lot of old friends who had been naysayers of the area were just like "Wow, if this had been going on when I was younger, maybe I wouldn't have left."

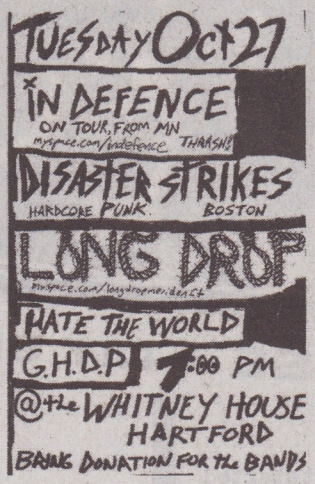
MRR: What's been the hardest part about keeping Whitney House going over the years?
Putting up with the landlord. Different houses have different issues. Some of them have issues with the cops or with the neighbors, but our primary issue has been the landlord. So long as rent gets in on time, he'll stand with us to the bitter death, but at the same time it's hard finding people to live in a house like this. Yeah it's fun, and people like to come here, people like to have a good time, but do they want to live here? So it's kind of hard to keep the house full to keep it going. But somehow we always manage.

If it wasn't for the people that live here this place wouldn't exist. Some care more than others. I certainly don't work alone in this endeavor. We all work together in the house to make sure the equipment works, the space isn't a total shithole, the shows run smoothly and booking is taken care of. It's a group effort. The space is also used as a spot for people who don't live at the house to put on shows. Without community support a place like this will die.

MRR: How many bands practice here?
It's varied through the history of the house, at one point we had four. Right now there's only one.

MRR: Who's practicing here now?
Oiltanker is practicing here now in preparation to record for a full length 12" to be released sometime in spring 2011.

MRR: How important do you think DIY spaces like Whitney House are to local punk scenes?



I think they're pretty important, because where the hell else would anyone play? Halls are viable, but at the same time, how often can someone go and eat shit on a hall show, especially for smaller, newer, local bands, just to have an aspect of community? It's basically sinking 300 bucks for a show for your friends. It's very hard to make the door back from those types of things. If you have bigger acts out and they have more of a draw, it's more possible to make your money back, but for just straight up local shows it's kind of hard to do.

MRR: If someone were to ask you for advice about starting their own DIY house show space, what's the best piece of advice you could give them?
Go for it, do as much as you can until it blows up in your face, and you might be surprised when it actually doesn't.

MRR: Knowing everything that you know now about running a DIY space, if you could go back and do it differently, would you do anything different, and if so what?
I've never really given anything like that much thought. I mean, with a few nights here and there where I've wished I was in a different spot in the house when something bad happened, there's really nothing much that I have regrets for this. There's nothing that I feel "Well, if I did this differently..." about. Except for like the little things.

MRR: What's the future of Whitney House?
It will die. That's how these things go. The pessimist in me tells me that once this ends we'll go back to square one with nothing in the area. The optimist in me says someone will keep something going. I prefer the latter, but it's not my decision to make, it's everyone else's. That's the real point I am trying to make with this project. Anyone can do what we've done. It's simply a matter of getting your shit together enough to do it. If you're bored and don't have a place for shows find one. They exist. If you can't find any feasible ones, make one yourself. Finally, if you choose to complain about your local scene without trying to improve it, just move to fucking Portland already, odds are you're already annoying everyone else.

The Whitney House is in Hartford, CT. Contact them for booking, directions or other info: whitneyhousehfd@gmail.com

Paul J. Comeau is a journalist from CT. He is a frequent contributor to the online culture magazine Verbicide (www.verbicidemagazine.com), and a contributing editor to the radical political magazine Fifth Estate (www.fifthestate.org).
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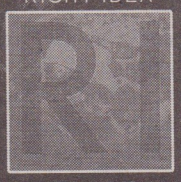

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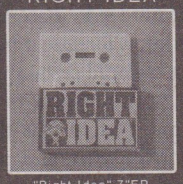

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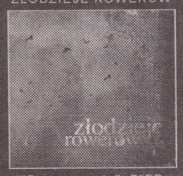

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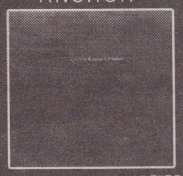

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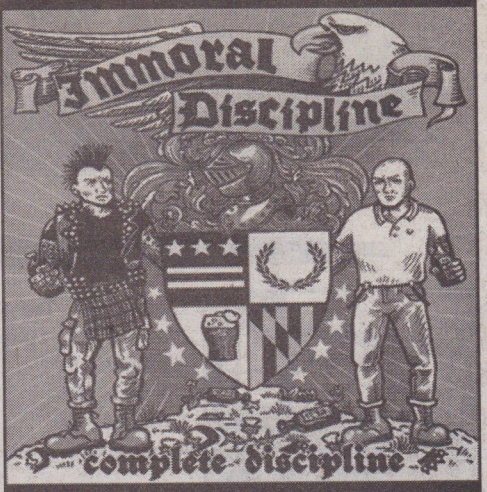

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BOOKS

Hüsker Dü: The Story of the Noise-Pop Pioneers Who Launched Modern Rock
Andrew Earles
288 pages • $24
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www.voyageurpress.com

Hüsker Dü is one of my favorite bands, and easily one of the most important US hardcore outfits in terms of their influence on music (and musicians) outside the realm of DIY punk/hardcore. Author Andrew Earles makes it clear that he is not writing the book that most punks want to read about the hardcore band from Minneapolis, indeed he states clearly in his introduction that his book would not address the homosexuality of 2/3 of the band (a reality that undoubtedly shaped their outlook on, and approach to, not just punk, but the music scene as a whole); he would not delve into the drug use of band members (various excesses and addictions that again no doubt affected their path); nor would he include any contributions from guitarist Bob Mould, thought by many to be the driving force of the band, and indeed the most vocal member during and after their existence. Earles' stated intent is to examine the band's history and their influence on more mainstream independent music, and he does so with limited success.

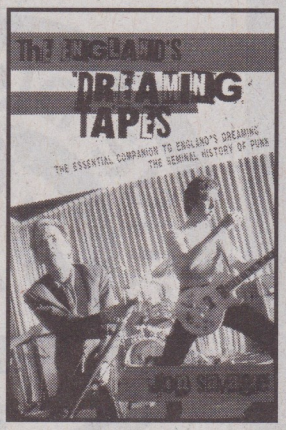
From a content perspective, the narrative meanders sloppily through Hüsker Dü's career, providing more than enough interesting content and anecdotes to make up for the confusing (often lack of) a timeline. Naturally, reading about an older band of which you are a fan is interesting, and hearing about their tours is engaging, but the presented history is more notable for omissions than inclusions. The pool of interviewed parties appears to be rather small, and filled with people only peripherally involved with the band, and even if this perception is incorrect, it doesn't change the fact that the insider information used to construct the early days of the band seems to have been provided by outsiders. Here, Mould's input would have been invaluable, but his absence is glaring. Even a reader with the smallest experience with the DIY community will notice the author placing emphasis where it doesn't belong, though from a purely historical perspective the first part of the book is engaging.

Once the author moves into the later years and the last couple of records, the interpersonal conflicts that were blatantly obvious at the time (and in mainstream rock media) are glossed over in favor of starting the discussion on Hüsker Dü's influence on independent rock music as a whole. Third and fourth degree associations and assumed or suggested influences take up a shocking number of pages (*"It's debatable whether Descendents were influenced by Hüsker Dü, or if they followed their own creative path"* is one of the more baffling quotes), and the roll call of bands who have covered Hüsker songs, ranging from Robert Palmer (mentioned twice, no less, in case you didn't not care enough the first time) to Charles Bronson to Green Day takes the issue of the band's "importance" and "influence" to new and completely irrelevant heights. But even accepting the mainstream bent of the book, and the author's apparent attempt to justify Hüsker Dü to a world of nay-sayers by rattling off a laundry list of cool artists who also thought Hüsker Dü were cool, the following collection of "Suggested Hüsker Dü Mixes" (including the *Mix of the Best Hardcore, Cathartic, or Generally Intense Moments*) and a list of bands who have written songs about Hüsker Dü borders on being completely pointless.

From a technical perspective, the book is poorly edited, with phrases, passages, and in one case, an entire paragraph on *Zen Arcade*, repeated word for word, sometimes dozens of pages apart. There is an attempt at a timeline following the band's career, but the story jerks back and forth through time, moving from one recording to the next and then back and then into a tour for the record after that. I frequently found myself re-reading passages and finding it harder to discern where or when certain events were taking place. I don't know for sure if an assault with a red pencil would solve these problems, but it would certainly help for future editions.

For a band like Hüsker Dü, it's impossible to write the perfect or the definitive book. There are so many rabid fans that are not going to get the book that they want, no matter what, and perhaps those glasses are clouding my vision as well. But whatever you want the definitive book to be, this one still falls flat. It's stated purpose is broad and vague, making it impossible to actually *be* definitive, and the haphazard editing job only hinders the author further - keeping him far from his goal and confusing the reader in the process. Whatever you want the perfect book to be, this one still falls flat.

—Robert Collins



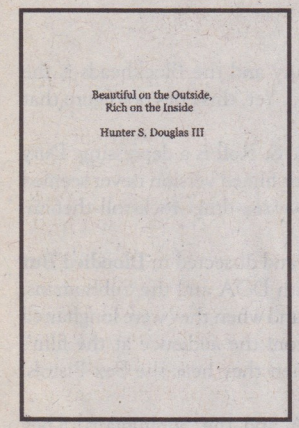
The England's Dreaming Tapes
Jon Savage
744 pages • $25.95
University of Montana Press
www.upress.umn.edu

This weighty tome acts as an extension to Savage's much lauded *England's Dreamin'*; basically transcripts of the interviews he used to compile the previous book. I think this review (and my opinion of England's Dreaming) differ vastly from the common consensus that these books are the "definitive history of punk." I am sure for the casual reader who believes punk was merely around from 77-79 and comprised of about six bands and a dozen people, both these books are a riveting read. My problem with Savage is that he buys into (and maybe is someway to blame) for this common perception. There have been many books and films about the Pistols, Malcolm McLaren and their place in the history of punk. For those of us who have been immersed in this subculture for most of our lives this assertion that McLaren and company single-handedly birthed and killed punk is laughable.

And so, I delve into the 744 pages of interviews with all the same faces: John Lydon, Malcolm McLaren, Paul Cook, Steve Jones, Siouxsie Sioux, Sylvain Sylvain, etc. who all bleat at length about how they were there at the beginning, how they started it all and how once they were no longer involved it was dead. If you want more in depth interviews on this subject then this book is great, the interviews read well and are chock full of interesting tidbits, but the scope of Savage's view is so narrow—he has stuff about Adam Ant, the Buzzcocks, Clash etc…—but nothing of the smaller bands, the smaller labels who took the initial momentum and ran with it. It's the unwritten history that I am interested in, the stuff that hasn't been covered a million times. There are some gems in here like the interview

with Roger Armstrong from Chiswick or the interview with TV Smith—but for the majority of the book it is the same tired old faces and the same tired opinions. If you are new to punk and want to buy into the Malcolm McLaren, "Godfather of Punk" ideology then this book is a decent enough read. For any of us familiar with '60s garage, MC5 and the Stooges, then this book is just another cheap attempt at shifting units.

—Tim Brooks



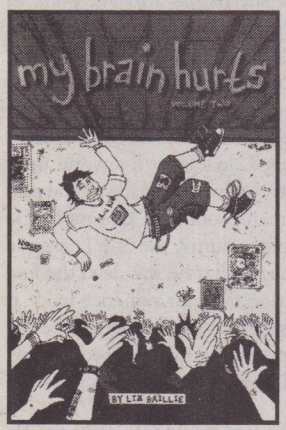
Beautiful on the Outside, Rich on the Inside
Hunter S. Douglas III
Chamber of Cobras
297 pages • $20
chamberofcobras.bigcartel.com

Let me just start by saying, if you're anything like me one of your guilty pleasures is reading the Craigslist Personals section. Whether it's Men Seeking Men, Women Seeking Men, or any combination of the above – and the more ridiculous the better. This book is all those cringe-worthy posts documented and personified, all coming together in the hilarious quest of Hunter S. Douglas III to find his ideal woman on Craigslist.

Hunter S. Douglas III is not just any man, but a filthy rich trust fund babe that likes to party on his yacht. Hunter believes that he has exhausted all of his options in the upper echelons of the dating scene and that Craigslist is his last hope. So he has his typist Annette set out on building a Craigslist dating advertisement. Turns out that his basic requirements are not that different from your "average" man. He basically wants a lady in the street and a freak in the sheets. With over 100 replies from people of various genders across the country, complete with pixilated pictures covering private parts and people's faces, I would say this book is entertaining to say the least. That said, even after reading all the sordid juicy replies in this book, I am still in awe that someone spent the time and money to print this book. (Also did I mention it is "written" by one of the members of the Libyans?)

After the embarrassment has passed and the laughter has subsided this book teaches us a lesson in humanity. That everybody just wants to find love, no matter how cheesy or obscene they may be. Yes, I know it's a joke book, but for Hunter S. Douglas III, wherever you are – there will always be a place in my heart for you, and maybe even my yacht.

—Danielle Gresham



My Brain Hurts, Volume Two
Liz Baillie
128 pages • $7.00
www.microcosmpublishing.com

Originally published in *My Brain Hurts* comic zine, issues six through ten, *My Brain Hurts, Volume Two* picks up where *Volume One* left off. Here with an eye-catching color cover in book form and for its artistic merit, sub-cultural appeal, well-paced storytelling and character development, Liz Baillie cranks out her best comic art yet. *My Brain Hurts* sits among my top favorite DIY comics list!

Best friends Joey and Kate, the two main characters, are both queer teenage punks living in '90s NYC. Immediately, Baillie's talent to illustrate the setting's details so insider-spot-on creates a strong foundation for the characters to be placed in the story. The details are punk rock eye candy—the flyers, patches, t-shirts, tattoos, and political hints all capture the true feel of a specifically punk subculture at a specific time and place. Because of being placed in this context, Joey and Kate come alive as they struggle through adolescence and all the turmoil coming with it. The excellently developed characters are the crown jewels of *My Brain Hurts*.

It begins with Joey having just woken up from his head injury-induced coma and doesn't remember a thing about the fight that landed him in the hospital and now in his grandmother's custody. The story shifts quickly to Kate's opening scene. She's in love with Desi, her Catholic girlfriend who won't allow sex before marriage and both of them are frustrated with each other because of the differences in their attitudes about sex in the relationship. During Kate and Desi's ensuing argument, spurred on by Kate's maybe-serious-maybe-not marriage proposal, Kate's character comes across with sweet sincerity. Her passionate desires to get it on with the one she loves made her immediately likeable and therefore, made me sympathetic to her plight. But Kate's got a couple things going on for herself without Desi—an internship at the Lavender Alliance that counts for credit towards her High School Diploma, as well as an old sweetie acquaintance, Verona, whose invitation for casual passion is a sure remedy for Kate's frustration. Baillie scores big points for her rounding out Kate's character here so fully so quickly. Appropriately, Desi is kept more flat in her supporting character role.

We then go back to Joey, he's focused on making a new start for himself at St. Jude's, a top school for genius kids like himself. Joey hoped to keep his past a secret but the rumors led a new friend directly to him, Marcus, a well-meaning classmate who's full of hope that the rumors are true. Next, just as Kate is finally settled in to her new internship, a not so pleasant surprise, Nate the skinhead, shows up via court ordered community service for his involvement in a hate crime. This exciting twist steps the plot up a notch as well as makes the overwhelming largeness of NYC a much smaller world.

Joey and Marcus' budding friendship finds them soon facing school suspension together in a scene that had me laughing out loud. Always one to enjoy some sass back to authority figures, I thought the way Baillie created the sharp-witted dialogue was as brilliant as Joey and Marcus' brilliance being exemplified. With a switch back to Kate's day, she and Nate come to an agreement to be civil after she learns some big news. On her walk home a few weeks later, she runs into Joey on the street. It's the 1st time they've seen each other in weeks and Kate shares the big news with him that she can't believe no one had told him—the truth about who was responsible for putting him in that coma.

Though the big news held potential for reuniting Joey and his father in the immediate, there was too much unreconciled past hurt. So as quickly as Joey had returned home, he left, again on the streets. Meanwhile, Kate and Nate were arrested for a "bad decision" (says Kate's now ex-girlfriend Desi) at a counter protest showing support for the family of someone who'd died of AIDS.

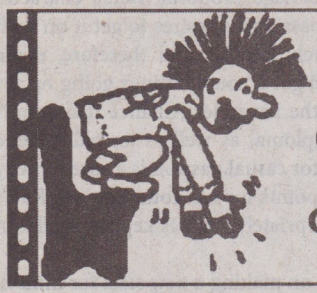
Joey finds his way to Kate's place in the middle of the night seeking refuge, and a place to shoot up. They immediately have a falling out and Joey takes back to the streets. With a fellow spanging, trash pickin', junkie punk street rat that he sees as his only friend left, Joey makes plans to head west. But before he does, he and Kate have one last good-bye that starts in the pit of a Coney Island High show. (I'm going to guess it's the Bouncing Souls playing.)

The story ends, not to be continued. Instead, Baillie includes a "Where Are They Now?" wrap-up. This is followed by twelve pages of "extras" that show her progression with sketching Joey and Kate over the years; a short, unfinished original Kate comic, a couple pages of original script and three alternate opening pages of *My Brain Hurts, Issue Two*.

This book is an exciting, fast read, and at $6, you can't go wrong. Plus it's a comic that's enjoyable to re-read. But it's not something that should be left out on the kitchen table for your elementary-aged kiddo to innocently pick up and start reading, totally unsuspecting of her soon-to-be-uneasy feelings of, "Uh mom, this isn't for me, is it?" (Oops!)

—Jessica Mills

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK

I am sure it goes without saying that I see every music documentary or musical bio-pic I can get my hands on. When I heard there was a film about Ian Dury and the Blockheads in the works I couldn't wait to see it. During this time I heard a weird rumor. I still don't know if it is true, but it makes a great story. Actor Andy Serkis who plays Ian Dury in the film allegedly got so into the role that he shaved all the hair off one side of his body because Dury was similarly hairless due to his polio. Serkis' wife wouldn't sleep with him because of it. How could that really be true? But it did make Serkis seem a more intriguing actor to play the role. I loved Serkis as Martin Hannett in **24 Hour Party People**. In fact I became somewhat obsessed with Hannett because of it. Serkis made Hannett seem incredibly odd, difficult, but also came across as a genius. I couldn't wait for him to bring that to Ian Dury.

The film is appropriately titled **Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll**. To say that Serkis is incredible in the role would be too understated. He really gets the character, which is probably why his wife was (allegedly) freaked out by it. The film comes across as a one-man show. Dury appears on stage performing the songs that made him famous. He speaks to the viewers about his life, the songs and his thoughts. That is the interesting part. This performance is interspersed with scenes of Dury's childhood and his relationship with his son Baxter.

Ian Dury contracted polio at age seven, which leaves him paralyzed on one side of his body. Naturally this handicap defines his whole life. As a child he lives in an institution that takes care of handicapped children. The man that runs the institution, Hargreaves, becomes a nemesis to the young Dury. He remains defiant to this authority figure and attempts many times to escape his incarceration, which is particularly difficult for a paralyzed child.

Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll starts out with Dury's first band Kilburn & the High Roads showing up for a gig at some crappy bar. When the man behind the bar gets a look at the band as they enter the club suddenly he is not interested in having them play. Kilburn & the High Roads don't care what he thinks; they're there to play. So they play and most of the few people gathered hate them. The club owner doesn't want to pay them the guarantee so the band starts a fight. Then members of the band quit. The scene sets Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll as a compelling rock'n'roll film.

Unfortunately **Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll** goes on to focus mostly on the personal aspects of Dury's live. There is particular attention paid to his relationship with his son Baxter. When Dury moves in with his girlfriend Denise Roudette, his wife Betty forces him to allow his son to move in with them. Baxter has been having problems at school getting beat up and skipping school so he needs his father's influence. Of course, Ian Dury is not used to having a child around so he maintains his rock'n'roll party lifestyle.

Meanwhile the story of the Blockheads gets pushed to the background. Collaborator Chaz Jankel gets his story told somewhat. He wrote the music for some of the Blockheads biggest hits. Yet, the other band members get barely any attention. In one scene the band members are introduced rather quickly. One of the more interesting aspects of Ian Dury and the Blockheads is the rather diverse collection of musicians assembled. Yet, this does not figure that much into **Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll**.

Overall, the story of **Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll** is a depressing. Dury overcame obstacles to become a rock star, but his filmed version never seemed to be happy with his achievements. (http://www.sex-drugs-rock-roll-thefilm.com)

The history of Vancouver punk is discussed and dissected in **Bloodied But Unbowed**. Where did it begin? Apparently with DOA and the Subhumans. Members of both bands were originally in one band when they were longhaired hippies. The pictures of which elicit laughs from the audience at the film's screening. The guys shed their hippy ways when they hear the Sex Pistols. Punk in Vancouver is born.

Bloodied But Unbowed centers on DOA and the Subhumans. They are probably the two biggest punk bands from Vancouver. As such, there is a rivalry between them. However after that is established, lesser known bands such as Pointed Sticks, Modernettes, K-tels, Active Dog, U-J3RK5 get attention too. Like most early punk scenes there is a disparate group of bands that make up the scene. One person jokingly comments in reference to Pointed Sticks "If they're punk rock what is DOA?"

Bloodied But Unbowed interviews everyone you could imagine in the Vancouver scene plus others from other cities who affected the scene. It is noted that the San Francisco punks were an influence. Penelope Houston and Jello Biafra are interviewed. There is also a connection to Los Angeles. Former Black Flag singer Ron Reyes moved to Vancouver after he left the band and Keith Morris is also interviewed. There are also some you probably wouldn't think of like Guns N' Roses' Duff McKagan. Yes, he too had a Vancouver connection. The most notable missing person is former DOA drummer Chuck Biscuits. His absence sticks out mostly because every time a clip is shown where Biscuits appears his face is covered with a black box. I asked the filmmaker Susanne Tabata why this was, but she couldn't comment.

One of the more interesting interviews is with Gerry "Useless" Hannah of the Subhumans. In it he discusses his environmental activism that sent him to jail in a rather nonchalant way. Another is Mary Jo Kopechne of the Modernettes who discusses the rough time she had as a female punk in Vancouver. She discusses her experiences with equal candor. Her bandmate Buck Cherry recalled seeing Kopechne deal with a car full of men harassing her by smashing the car window with a rock. Kopechne scoffs at that remembrance.

An odd moment in **Bloodied But Unbowed** is when the discussion turns to Art Bergmann singer of the K-Tels / Young Canadians. Everyone talks about him in an almost hushed reverence. Each comment is made in the past tense. He was a great songwriter. When Bergmann suddenly appears in the film it is shocking. The people sitting in front of me during the San Francisco screening actually gasped. He's alive. I also thought that he was dead the first time I saw the film. But hearing the same reaction from an audience made it more obvious. I don't think it is the filmmaker's fault. It just happens to be the way everyone spoke of Bergmann probably because he had stopped playing music. I guess we are all becoming conditioned to assume that musicians who haven't reformed their bands are dead.

However the music is what matters in **Bloodied But Unbowed**. I hope when the DVD is released it includes as an extra full versions of some of the live clips shown in the film. There are so many cool performances included in this documentary. I particularly like the shots of the Subhumans playing "Slave To My Dick" in a TV studio. These classic live performances are usually the main reason why I want to see a music documentary. There are a bunch of band videos available at the film's website too. (http://www.thepunkmovie.com)

The fight is still on to save the radio station KUSF 90.3fm in San Francisco. Visit www.savekusf.orgto help.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknrollcom. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

SNFU sprung from the boondocks of Canada (itself a boondock) at a time when hardcore music was just getting its legs. As such, they have truly helped shape the punk rock scene as we know it. A documentary on them is long overdue.

Open Your Mouthand say... Mr. Chi Pig runs chronologically, spending its first act establishing SNFU's rise and plateau (never a fall). There is quality footage from their first ten years and interviews with luminaries in and around the scene at that time, including folks like Jello Biafra, their numerous bass players and drummers, and Shaun Stern from Youth Brigade and BYO Records who put out their first two records.

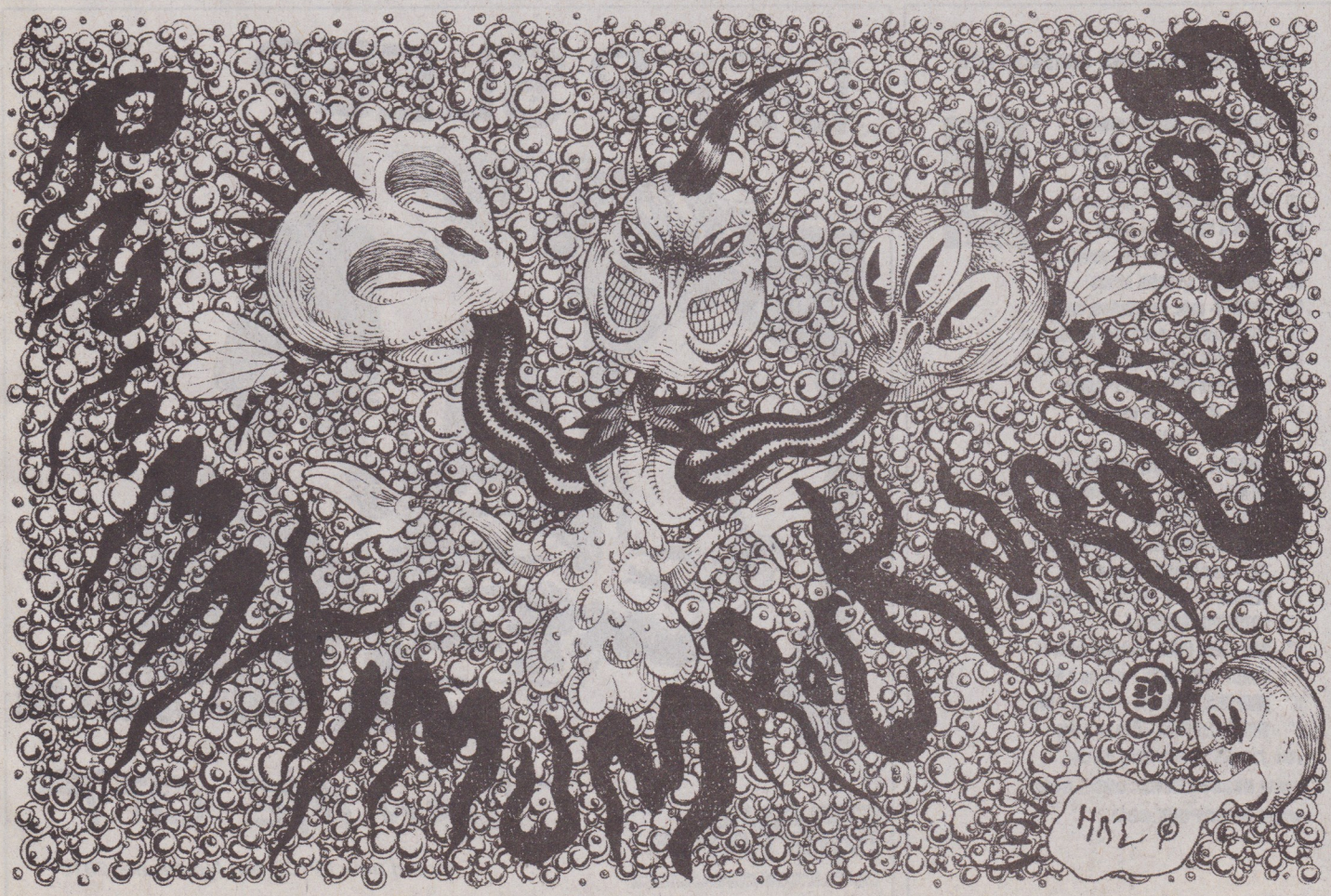
At the heart of SNFU (an acronym for Society's No Fucking Use) is singer Chi Pig, considered by the most charismatic and engaging frontmen in music to be *the* Most Charismatic and Engaging Frontman in Music. His lyrics are equally inspired, setting benchmarks in wit and delivery. But with all brilliance comes a dark side.

And as the title suggests, the focus of the documentary shifts solely to Chi—particularly his worsening schizophrenia. Being abused during his childhood (a subject which he has craftily documented in his lyrics) bore certain psychological disorders that surfaced as he grew older. This was all brought to the fore when Chi sustained a head injury on stage one night. After that incident everyone, Chi included, agrees that he has not been the same since. The band began to crumble as Chi became harder to relate to. He turned to self-medication, which further alienated him from his peers and exacerbated his mental disorder. At 20 he was touring the world and helping give definition to the DIY underground, but by 40 he was a street person living in Vancouver with no teeth.

Chi is interviewed at least a half a dozen times in this film. In each session he appears to be in a different state of mind, ranging from tack-sharp and articulate to loopy and expletive-laden. They all add up to a very broad personality profile, which is fascinating if not cautionary. Two psychologists are also peppered throughout the film narrating how drugs and psychosis have been ever-shaping Chi.

As Chi will admit, his records don't make any substantial money so a documentary about him can't expect to either. That leaves the obvious reason for making this movie—a love of the band and a personal interest in its frontman. The director reverently lays out this story and, most impressively, leaves nobody looking like a bad guy. Even the Belke brothers, who declined to be interviewed due to unsettled animosities, don't come across as anything less than normal bystanders to Chi's erratic condition. In the end everybody directly involved is still alive and we feel the adventure thus far has been adequately portrayed. This movie is well-constructed to the point of being interesting to any music fan, regardless of their knowledge of, or interest in, Chi Pig. (97 min, w/ bonus features, $17 from www.MVDb2b.com)

—craigums



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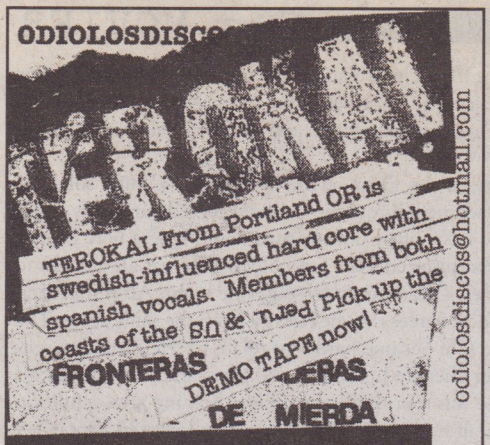

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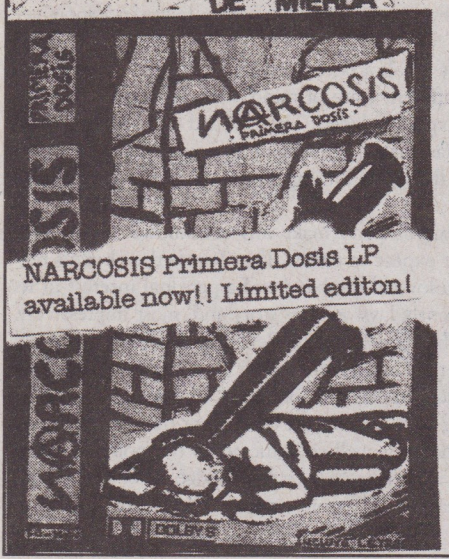

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(AU) Andrew Underwood

THE 20 BELOWS – "For Better Days" CD

Fairly typical SCREECHING-QUEERS-core pop punk that occasionally leans to a street-punk style: pretty much a formula that has been milked within an inch of its life. But, there is a huge scene for this kind of thing over in Europe, particularly in Holland where the kids—old and young alike—are eating it up by the bucketload. So, they're obviously doing something right... (GG)
(Monster Zero)

ACID REFLUX – "Moves" EP

Yessss. ACID REFLUX has never failed to deliver live or on record, and this one has them more raging than ever. A baseline musical comparison would be one part ANGRY SAMOANS meets two parts LA's WASTED YOUTH, but this isn't quite as bratty and irreverent sounding and is more of a potential soundtrack for debauchery and losing one's shit. Ron's vocals/lyrics are snotty, livid and intelligent all at the same time; the instrument tones and recording are the perfect balance between raw and well but not *too* well recorded; the record flows well from start to finish, complete with the sax jam-out finale that ends on a locked groove. I know Albany is hell on earth and all, but please don't break up the band. (DG)
(No Way)

ADAPTIVE REACTIVE – "Terminal Hate" EP

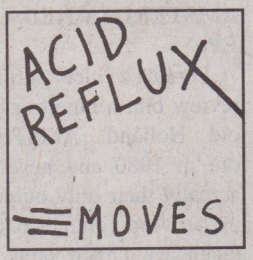
The first track fucking sounds like Lux Interior singing for POWERMAN 5000 or some shit. The other sounds like ROB ZOMBIE's later electro stuff if he was more straight-ahead punk rather than being so weird and gothy. It's all really slick and trying really hard to be tough and badass or whatever. It just sounds like they're trying to make it in the straight world and I'm just really bored. (MM)
(self-released, no info)

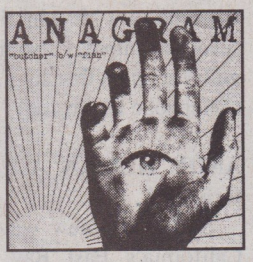
AL-THAWRA – "Edifice" CD

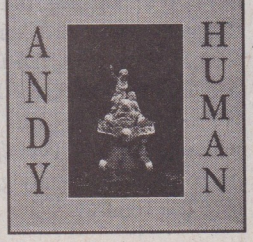
This is experimental crust punk, people. And I mean *experimental*. There are eleven extremely atmospheric songs here that take you into a place where heavy-as-shit crust and the Middle East meet. I really appreciate this and I think anyone that is a fan of bands like NEUROSIS pushing the boundaries of this genre would be interested. AL-THAWRA could share a stage with NEUROSIS, FALL OF EFRAFA or even GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR and noise outfit MUSLIMGAUZE. The sampling and some of the sound quality give these songs almost an industrial edge, and there is a lot of Middle Eastern percussion and note progressions. Some songs are better than others and luckily the woman that used to sing for them, Sahar, will be on the next recording, which will break up some of the droning tones. This band has been around for some time with Marwan Kamel, of Syrian decent, at the helm. Their bass player, Mario Salazar, is Mexican. I mention this because this is a band where personal experience and ethnicity play a large part in the writing of music and lyrics, and it shows... Personally, it makes me very happy to see that this project is being realized. This isn't for everyone. There are definitely some new rock and industrial moments that I can't really align with and the sometimes the production is a little too slick. Overall, I would suggest not to discount this album because there are some amazing moments and these guys definitely have a sound—a direction and a grasp on a type of music that here in the West is still somewhat of a mystery, if not, embarrassingly, a novelty. Lyrics are in Spanish, English and Arabic (one being a translated poem originally in Persian). Well done, guys. Very interesting. (MB)
(Shaman)

AMORT / IVES – split CD

What we have here is a two-person black metal band from Florida, and a funeral doom band from Seattle. IVES features two members of the Seattle thrash band TALK SICK EARTH and these tracks are a reissue of a tape release from 2009. While they have a modern black metal sound it has a vague punk vibe. The closest comparison I could think of is DARKTHRONE. The guitars are a noisy buzz and the drums have that "having trouble keeping up" black metal thing, while the tracks are surprisingly short which again appears to be a punk influence. AMORT is a completely different beast altogether, and a unique one at that. They have one







fourteen-minute track on this split and for a good portion you wouldn't know this band plays heavy music. Even the instruments—guitars, vocals, gong, sax and keys—are unique. Distant female vocals and various quiet sounds from the gong, keys and maybe a guitar create the scariest horror soundtrack you could imagine. About five minutes into the track it has an improvisational feel and I really love this part. Then a very slow guitar/vocals/keyboard section shows up which might as well be in the dictionary as the definition for hopeless because I'm left feeling like there is nothing to hope for after listening to this. The track never gets very heavy and—dare I say?—it's beautiful. (MH)
(Boue)

AMSTERDAMNED – "Ballroom Dancing" EP

Found a nice surprise in this month's review bin: a nine-track monster out of good old Holland. AMSTERDAMNED started out in 1980 and never had a solo release; actually their only output was six songs split up between volumes one and two of the now-legendary Dutch punk compilations *Als Je Haar Maar Goed Zit*. The bonus to this record is three unreleased tracks. Search this little fucker out cuz it is great punk with hardcore moments; some tracks are sung by various members of the band. A classic example of early-'80s Dutch chaos packed onto a nice little EP. Great! (MS)
(Gummopunx)

ANAGRAM – "Butcher/Fish"

ANAGRAM's vocals are monotonous, making them occasionally come across as whiny. Probably one of those singers where you either love his style or you hate it. Not helped that much by the trudging music on "Butcher." There is just one riff being played over and over. It doesn't excite me too much, but I did find it kind of funny during "Fish" when he says "fuckin' fish, fuck you man!" It seems so stupid. I also like the nice fuzzy surf guitar style on that song. (CK)
(Telephone Explosion)

ANDY HUMAN – "Toy Man/Center of Gravity"

Some '80s new wave indie hailing from California's East Bay from the right-now days. It's polished but that's exactly what this genre calls for. Coming off part LLOYD COLE, part TEARDROP EXPLODES and part Flying Nun Records, it's quirky enough not to fall into the "Hits of the '80s" category, with enough John Peel charm to keep it firmly in the small-label-only gang. (SD)
(Tic Tac Totally)

ASSHOLEPARADE – "Live in Rostock, Germany" 10"

This band fucking rips. I remember first hearing them around the time of the self-titled EP or the split with ANSOJUAN, and I was so stoked that there was a current band playing fast and pure hardcore drawing from the same canon of bands that I was totally into at the time—CITIZENS ARREST, INFEST and BORN AGAINST. This was a dark era of punk and not much good shit was around, making these guys a friggin' godsend. And they were from my insufferable home state of Floriduh, to boot. Who'd have thunk? And they were fellow potheads on top of all that! These two EPs did not leave the rotation for a long time. I don't think any of their other records have lived up to that state of perfection (in my head at least), but they have all been pretty killer just the same. Now, all that said, I'm not sure if a live set is an essential piece for your record shelf, but the 20 tracks of this energetic set from 2009 are of good sound quality and it sounds like it was a badass show. Definitely worth checking out if you're a fan. (BG)
(To Live a Lie)

BAD INFLUENCE – "War's No Fun" EP

Great, scrappy '83 hardcore courtesy of this Bay Area band that would've fit right in on *Not So Quiet on the Western Front*. The eight-song *War's No Fun* was released back in the day as a demo tape, but it's a studio recording and the sound quality is quite good. The lyrics to their theme song deserves understatement of the year honors: "Nuclear war, it's a bad influence." Well, I guess that's one way of putting it … It's too bad this release ended up as shoddily assembled (e.g. blank labels, typos, minimal artwork, etc.), limited-to-300 collector's fodder, the stuff of record hoarders and eBay speculators… (CS)
(Who Cares?)

BANRAN – "Stop Kor" EP

Eleven awesome tracks of brutal fastcore from South Korea, with a DROPDEAD-styled severity to the vocals and blast beat attack. There's a bit more of a straightforward fast hardcore attack on the A-side and then the B-side treads closer to a total thrash blizzard, overwhelmingly powerful on both counts. Lyrics seem to bring up rape, *hentai*, prostitution more than is comfortable by US hardcore standards (or at least starts to prompt a "what the fuck?"), but I give them a cultural pass because of how confusing the lyrics are translated or written (like a lot of classic Japanese hardcore) and the perspective seems more male angst than sketchy... This is a total raging EP and (one of) the first fast hardcore EPs from South Korea. Excellent. (KS)
(Way Back When)

BARE WIRES – "Seeking Love" LP

The WIRES are back after their astonishing debut of…last year? Two years ago? Whatever… More of the same sugary sweet, glamtastic, hook-laden songs, but with Matt Melton's signature red raw recording. The band has the look, they got the hooks and the fuckin' songs, but I think it's the attention to detail in the sound that really makes this lot. It sounds so…analog! Kinda like a punker T. REX or some of the old, wimpy bands from Northern Ireland but with bigger balls. These guys hover into the too-cool-for-school territory, but they deliver so I'm into it. (TB)
(Castle Face)

BIG EYES – "Prefer to Be Alone" EP

You can definitely tell these guys fit right in with the indie-punk scene going on in Brooklyn right now. You know—the whole ERGS!, MEASURE crowd. But BIG EYES play power pop that has a way sharper edge than most of their East Coast scene-mates. It's a lot more garage and *rock* influenced. It falls somewhere between good-era DONNAS and the DIRTBOMBS. Good, fun, catchy rock songs. Recommended. (FS)
(Evil Weevil)

BIG EYES – "Why Can't I/Your Lies"

Female-fronted punk-pop with a thick, expansive sound, despite (or perhaps because of) the sparse, ever-so-slightly into the red production. Somehow, the two songs here generate an electric attraction, possibly based around the skyscraper-sized hooks and the vocals that have me reaching for my SUZI QUATTRO records. This girl is a seriously good singer/guitarist. (AM)
(Don Giovanni)

BIG SODA – "Paper Route" EP

Reminiscent of latter-day J CHURCH, minus some rocking, plus some whine. Not a bad little effort, I just prefer music with slightly bigger nuts. (GG)
(Evil Weevil)

THE BLITZZ – "Go Now/You Got What You Want"

The second single by circa-'78 Dutch power-poppers the BLITZZ. Look for Brooksy's review of their first outing below. Combining punk energy, pop hooks and thug-glam production, the BLITZZ were almost Amsterdam's answer to early COCK SPARRER. Fucking great stuff. I want to marry Sing Sing. (AM)
(Sing Sing)

THE BLITZZ – "So Free/Degeneration"

Yet another banger from the quality driven cats at Sing Sing. BLITZZ were another bunch of late-'70s no-marks from Amsterdam. Total pub-rock goodness, like a lot of the early Chiswick gear, or even EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS. There's even someone tickling the ivories!!! Nice one. (TB)
(Sing Sing)

BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS – "Big in Adelaide" EP

Australia has been front row center of the Non-Commercial/Bloodclot Records/Cleveland-influenced punk trend, considering STRAIGHTJACKET NATION has been at it for years now, and you can color BLOODCLOT FAGGOTS another stripe in that cloth. It's impossible to not notice traces of H100S in the sound here, but it comes off as more "punk," less "hardcore," and seems to have a lot more outside influence seeping in than other bands taking this approach. *Big in Adelaide*'s got a real GERMS-like looseness to it and at times it even veers dangerously close to all that modern Fonzie-rock. I have doubts that it was intentional, but the clean, slightly jangle-y guitar tone and the vocals remind me more than a little bit of YOUNG WASTENERS. Yes, it's ignorant. Yes, it's brain-damaged. Yes, it's a fitting take on its influences but distinct enough to stand as its own thing. But unfortunately, it's really mediocre to me and strikes zero emotion. Maybe this isn't the case and these are some fully deranged dudes, but it just does not feel dangerous—at all—and with punk like this, if it is lacking in fear, confrontation and unpredictability, it almost comes off as cutesy and safe. As does this 7". (JU)
(No Patience)

BOSKOPS – "Sol 12" LP

Vinyl reissue of this German band's 1983 debut album. To my ears, *Sol 12* is an archetypical example of '80s Deutschpunk: driving, melodic riffs over straightforward 1-2 drumming. BOSKOPS displays a decent amount of variety over the 22 tracks, and although nothing stands out as particularly classic, it's a nice collection of gruff-voiced and catchy hardcore punk. The label has kindly duplicated the thick booklet which includes page after page of collage art, German-language lyrics and brief English explanations—and threw in a *giant* poster that I suspect wasn't part of the original package. *Danke*! (CS)
(Farewell)

BRAINF# – "So Dim/Symptom Set"

This band is so good; their sound somehow invokes both GUN OUTFIT and BLACK TIME, with the urgency of early Dangerhouse Records in delivery, all of which obviously combine to create a totally dreamy selection of musical ideas. Thick guitars, furious duel male/female vocals, frantic drums—like an update on Fred and Toody's RATS (on PCP, to invoke a reviewer cliché!). Both songs do not let up; it's total punch-in-the-face, car-crash garage punk that'll make you anxious and pixelate your train of thought. Essential! (LG)
(Grave Mistake)

BREAKING STRAIN – "Life Game" CD

These kids do not break out from the pack. This is pretty typical shorthair Euro HC, halfway tough guy and halfway melodic sounding. These dudes are not the most in-tune singers. The lyrics are personal in nature. The production is too pro—I mean, even the toms are warm—and a rougher sound would be better for this stuff, I feel. There're three songs like this and one dub track. Their future is not in dub. This is adequate for the genre and their friends, and it was wise to have a ten-minute release, but that's the best I could say. (JM)
(self-released)

BRICKFIGHT / LIARBIRDS – split EP

LIARBIRDS take their name from one of the coolest animals on the planet. Seriously, those things can mimic just about any sound they hear. Anything from other birds to a fucking chainsaw, they got it down pat. It's truly amazing. The band ain't too shabby either. It's nothing super original, just fast, snotty pop punk from Minneapolis, yet without the DILLINGER FOUR influence. They won me over with a song that (as far as I can tell) is about the same shitty bus stop and the same shitty bus that was the first of three on my shitty two-and-a-half hour ride to my shitty job in the shitty suburbs. BRICKFIGHT is from Chicago and plays a similar style of Midwest pop punk. This is a solid split worth checking out. (BD)
(Let's Pretend)

BROKEN NECK – "Third World Media" EP

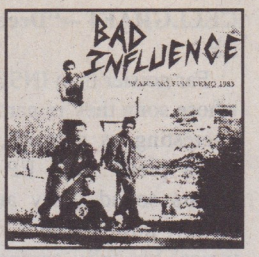
This is the second great 7" from a Pittsburgh hardcore band I got to review this month. That town is doing something right. BROKEN NECK seem to me like what would happen if PUNCH got together in that town instead of San Francisco. Mostly faster- to mid-tempo songs in a crusty youth crew style with a female vocalist. Lyrics are mostly personal with the band's politics lurking in there but not coming across as preachy. I like it. (BL)
(Art Fraud)

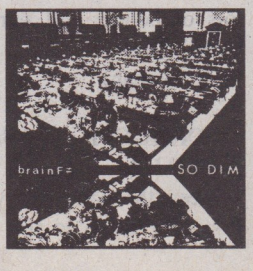
BUTCHER COVER – LP

It's like FLIPPER but super sped up—all the sludge and similar vocals but not so lazy like. It sounds really good, really fucking evil. Collages of weirdo sounds in between songs and stuff. Too bad they seem to have a penchant for rape jokes. Note to BUTCHER COVER—yr band sounds really good, try to stop writing lyrics like a shitty brat of a 14-year-old boy who thinks he's being shocking. Shit's boring. Thanks. (MM)
(Rotted Tooth)

BYRDS OF PARADISE – "Rowena/Kids in the Hall"

I think the VIVIAN GIRLS own this label, so expect these cats to be headlining a festival near you soon. This disc is great: indie-influenced punk rock. It has a bundle of C86 goodness, like a less jangly WEDDING PRESENT mixed with some of the new HoZac stuff but with real songs and hooks. Awesome. (TB)
(Wild World)





CELLGRAFT—"Deception Schematic" EP

Far noisier than INSECT WARFARE (after whose song they're named) and perhaps more interesting as a result, CELLGRAFT busts out a pretty solid EP of noisy grind. The guitars sound fuzzy and heavy; the drums clanky, powerful and raw; the vocals are a typical but fully competent low, mixed with the ever-annoying (and one day hopefully dead) high-pitched scream. Low is all that's needed. It's one thing that makes bands like TERRORIZER—the early stuff—and ASSUCK supreme grind. This is a noisy grind band that likes their FEAR OF GOD. A band worth watching. I like... (DB)
(No Reprieve)

CHEAP GIRLS / LEMURIA – split EP

Yikes, how did CHEAP GIRLS end up on No Idea Records? I know the label likes to go for a little variety, but dang. The band plays mid-tempo indie rock that sounds like a late-'90s alternative radio station. Think COLLECTIVE SOUL or SEMISONIC. Pretty boring stuff. On the flipside, LEMURIA offers two tracks of soft indie pop. Both are about love in some capacity. LEMURIA has written some great songs in the past, but this isn't their best stuff. The backup vocals on the first drove me up the wall; they were terrifying. And the second was like something out of Lilith Fair/ singer-songwriter town. You know—super flowery and sweet. Not super great. (FS)
(No Idea)

CHEAP MEATS – "Vigilante" EP

Pictures of corn dogs and chicken legs on pink vinyl make this kind of interesting to a girly slob such as myself. What this lacks in originality it makes up for in energy and fun. Viva la SLOPPY SECONDS, eh dudes!? (GG)
(All You Can Eat)

CHEVEU – "1000" LP

Well I certainly don't enjoy this. Very *European*. What if the COUNTRY TEASERS sounded like *shit*? Is this what the REBEL sounds like? This sounds like VERVE (*Bittersweet Symphony*). I'd much rather be doing something else than listening to this. Did they make this record on their iPod??? Are these "*samples*?" Music by virgins for virgins. Nice barcode on the back by the way, I'm sure lots of people will purchase this record (it sucks). (BB)
(Kill Shaman)

CHIXDIGGIT – "Safeways Here We Come" LP

Seen the name for years, but this is my first ever listen to this Canadian band who have been slogging away playing pop punk for nearly 20 years. As I drop the needle I get exactly what I was expecting...except it's better than I expected. Crystal-clear sing-along ditties about girls and haircuts and eating soup—even the handclaps are calculated, and after I add everything up, it turns out that the time CHIXDIGGIT have spent honing their craft have paid off. Silly pop punk meets professional Southern California melodic punk meets RAMONES riffing and while I might not need this every day, I confess that I find it to be rather pleasant...so really it's all about what you're after. (WN)
(Fat Wreck)

CHRONIC SICK – "Cutest Band in Hardcore" LP

New Jersey's second-best export (second to DR HOOK AND THE MEDICINE SHOW). An extremely ugly rock group. Looks like SICK PLEASURE and sounds like them without the heroin. Swastikas abound (boo hoo), everyone who is a punk likely knows about this record and most people with twelve dollars will likely own it by the time this sees print. Better than the band KLEENEX but not as good as the RAMONES. (BB)
(No Way)

CHRONIC SICK – "Reagan Bands" EP

Their second record. Not as good as the first but still amazing. Guess this is a legit reissue. Pure white trash catchy hardcore punk from the Jersey Shore and I'm not talking J Woww and the Situation. Songs that will piss off some. Personally as a 43-year-old punker I find it hard to get offended by some '80s shit. Get it! (RO)
(No Way)

CIGARETTE CROSSFIRE – "Man's Best Friend" EP

Usually when I get melodic stuff like this to review, the number one influence is JAWBREAKER. I am happy to report that said influence is nowhere to be found with this one. I appreciate that. A lot. This Finnish band sounds like a cross between LEATHERFACE and the one good MANIFESTO JUKEBOX EP. Overall, not bad, I must say. (BD)
(Unsane Asylum / Hockey Champ)

CIRCLE PIT – "Sewercide/Roll with the Punches"

It has been a long time since a single's A-side carried the whole 7". It's relieving. "Sewercide" is a true waffle-stomper of a single, replete with LED-ZEPPELIN-in-hell rocks and rolls. The guitar and drums have a huge, blocky sound and would make grandmammas and leather daddies alike do the self-satisfied dickwalk down the street. (You should be imagining being the main character on the Venice Beach boardwalk in a movie where the STRANGLERS provide a narration of the scene: "Walkin' down the beaches, lookin' at the peaches...") This track is truly an excellent piece of pervved-out bar rock. "Roll with the Punches" doesn't even sound like the same band that wrote "Sewercide." However, I believe that this is the true function of side-A vs. side-B. Well done. (HD)
(Sweet Rot / RIP Society)

COBRA SKULLS – "Bringing the War Home" 12" EP

This band has been around for a good many years now and I've seen them live a few times, but this is the first I've actually sat down with one of their records. Their sound is fairly by-the-numbers pop punk, but the songwriting is maybe a bit above average for the genre. The third song on this one-sided twelve-inch, "Hot Sand," demonstrates a willingness to experiment with tempo changes and song structure. Four originals and a BAD RELIGION cover that actually ends up sounding more like AGENT ORANGE. Better than I expected. (AM)
(Fat Wreck)

CONFIDENCE MEN – "Funny Papers" EP

This is a pretty dull and forgettable record. Side A seems to be going for a dark, moody punk sound like TSOL or maybe something noisy and simple and monotonous like FLIPPER, but it's just a single boring riff that doesn't go anywhere played over and over. Side B picks up the pace for a bit before heading back into another plodding and kinda lifeless track. Thankfully, it's short and ends before things get really painful. (JH)
(Art Fraud)

COWER – "Land Before Time" LP

This record is more Northwest than an uptight, self-conscious UW student in a North Face jacket who has both TRAGEDY and the POSTAL SERVICE on their iPhone 4G. This Portland band plays a fusion of metallic crusty hardcore, stoner rock and "pretty" stuff reminiscent of late '90s NW indie rock and the period when every crust band was doing acoustic parts. They're pretty inventive in the songwriting department, and they get points for being eclectic, but they also lose points for the singing parts and I feel like they could've gotten a better recording to bring out the heavier aspects of this record. Definitely an interesting effort, but I won't be picking it up for the same reason that I don't want to hear a grind band with a flute. (DG)
(Television)

LOS CULITOS – "Déjame En Paz" EP

This is amazing. Trashy garage punk with a very cool guitar sound and attitude-laden female and male vocals. The guitars are fuzzy but in a crisp way; the vocals are sultry but tough. LOS CULITOS know how to play, they can sing, they write super catchy songs and overall it sounds so great. There are four songs on this EP—three fast ones and one ballad. A handwritten note says "garage punk in Spanish from Finland" which I only mention because it seems kind of cool. I looked up the translation for LOS CULITOS and it either means "The Assholes" or "The Bums." Either one is fine with me. I love this record. (CK)
(self-released)

DADDY NO! – "Pavement Beach" EP

This Scottish band plays passionate, energetic hardcore punk that wages a war on boredom and meaninglessness, writing songs with unique riffs and enough variation to keep things from sounding the same over the course of a given song or the record as a whole. The vocals remind me a lot of WHOREHOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES but even more spiteful, and the guitar has a great full, ringing sound to it. Limited to 200 copies, so hop on it. (DG)
(Chipped Teeth)

DAY CREEPER – "Problem at Hand" EP

Three tracks of smart-ass garage pop—and that no way means that this little diamond is in any way polished. A touch of the KINKS dabbling in a bit of time traveling and jamming happily together with JONATHAN RICHMOND. Much like the last CHEAP TIME LP, taking a good hook mixing it with their obvious influences whilst pushing the energy level frantically along with their punk rock sensibilities. I'm digging. (SD)
(Tic Tac Totally)

DEE CRACKS – "Attention Deficit Disorder" CD

This is musically along the ways of *Too Tough to Die*-era RAMONES. The vocals have a Lemmy-esque quality. So this is catchy rocking stuff with lots of "1-2-3-4" starts. From Austria, I enjoyed this, as it was different enough to not lump in with all the RAMONES clone bands. (RL)
(Monster Zero)

THE DEFECTS – "1979-1984"CD

Fellow Belfast misfits release their first demo (1979), a live show in Belfast (1980), live in Newcastle (1982) and a bunch of unreleased live stuff from god knows where. I was excited when I first got this, thinking that it was all the studio recordings from these UK82-sounding locals. The first demo is great, a worthy prelude to their classic *Defective Breakdown* LP. The live recordings are poor in quality and basically a waste of time. This could have been just like the band—brilliant—but unfortunately bad judgment has ruined a missed opportunity. (SD)
(Punkerama)

DESCARADOS – "Deslumbra" EP

A Latino band singing in Spanish from Chicago on a French record label and I'm listening to the record in San Francisco. It still amazes me to this day how punk rock, in its own small way, connects the world. The packaging on this record is awesome with the silk-screened cover, poster and colored vinyl. The music is straight-up DC/Revolution Summer stylings, in a later RITES OF SPRING (i.e. the 7") or ONE LAST WISH way, though with the plaintive vocals DESCARADOS actually remind me quite of bit of an upbeat AFTER WORDS—another band that interpreted the DC sound in its own way. Pick this one up. (MD)
(Stonehenge)

DESPERAT – "Hardcore Deluxe" LP

A limited-to-300 vinyl issue of eight tracks from (and not from) the band's initial demo from October. DESPERAT features Åke from MOB 47 and there's a similarity to the riffage and attack as well as the recording from the Bowling studio. There's a little less of the manic speed in favor of a blown-out, noisier attack. Packaged in recycled sleeves with hand stamped labels, there's an immediacy that's shared with the music—urgent, fast-paced, vaguely DISCHARGE-esque, classic Swedish hardcore. If you blinked and missed this limited to 300 issue—and indeed, the current trend of 300-copy pressings doesn't even offset the environmental cost of heavy metals used in record plating—fear not, as some of these killer tracks are slated for the band's upcoming 7"s releases. Killer and can't wait for more!!! (KS)
(D-Takt & Råpunk)

THE DESTRUCTORS 666 / GRIPPER – split CD

The first four tracks are delivered by GRIPPER, who sounds like a strange yet workable mix of ska drumming, GBH vocals, ANTISEEN, street punk guitars and new-school Oi. Weird. There are some bar rawk moments and while this isn't my shit, I can imagine a GRIPPERS show packed with toothless drunks raising their beers in a slurred party sing-along. The DESTRUCTORS play updated UK street punk, also in a GBH style, but with a rock'n'roll guitar sound that they should distort in my opinion. Not all the way, but enough to make it dirtier. I like this dude's vocals though—raspy, slurred and heavily Brit accented. The lyrics are sort of interesting in that they are politically aware. This is like a slower, cleaner SUICIDAL SUPERMARKET TROLLEYS. Overall, there is too much polished bad rock in these tracks for me to relate. It sounds too radio-friendly punk. There could be something here, but it's too clean and safe and the music leaves something to be desired. (MB)
(Rowdy Farrago)

DHC – "Choke to Death" EP

If you're wondering what the initials stand for, it's Drunken Hardcore and that's pretty much what it sounds like. I hear drinking-related words pretty much every song. Well, Oakland kids like to party and this is some solid hardcore. The music is noisy and blasted out, fast, raw and pissed off. It's very '80s. I saw them just a few days ago for the first time and was pleasantly surprised that this collection of fuckups could put this good of a band together. Eric the singer also puked a bunch of

times right after their set so that endeared me to them a bit. (BL)
(Be Nice)

DIRTY MARQUEE – "Hey Larry" EP

When my old band went on tour last summer, we were gifted a copy of these recordings plus a random mix of tunes by one of the folks in the band. I think we got maybe two or three listens out of it before our tape deck got hungry and decided to eat it. 'Twas a bummer, as we all liked what we heard. DIRTY MARQUEE is made up of members of too many past bands to even begin to mention. They play a unique style of twangy rock that sort of reminds me of what the REPLACEMENTS could have sounded like in their later days had they not gone the mass-appeal route and kept it more punk. A couple weeks ago they played what was rumored to be their last show, but from what I gather, it was just their last show for the time being. I'll keep my fingers crossed that they do keep playing in the future. (BD)
(Squirmy)

DISCHARGE – "Why" 12"

As a wee teen in 1983, on a sunny day in San Luis Obispo, California, I dug around the back of Boo Boo's Records' Punk section and after making my selection, began to walk down the long aisle to the register. The older lady behind the counter—she was probably in her late 20s or early 30s, but seemed much older in the way you misjudge age when you're really young—smiled at me, happy to see young kids excited to buy records. I made my way to the counter and plopped down my selection, and I firmly remembered the woman basically recoiled in horror at DISCHARGE's *Why*, with its collage sleeve of actual massacres, piles of dead bodies, women screaming in horror over the dead. Even with the legions of imitators, this still delivers such a raw shock by peeling back and thrusting into the limelight the horrors of war. DISCHARGE's musical, lyrical and artistic vision never got more crudely blunt with the "Noise Not Music" ethos, which is probably at its pure musical deconstruction apex on *Why*. Kudos to Havoc for re-issuing and making this genre-defining classic broadly available in the US, with only very few slight tweaks to the original layout and mastering. (KS)
(Havoc)

DISCHARGE – "Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing" LP

Fuck, dude. What can one say? You'd think this LP was mother's milk the way kids be jockin' it. It's a good record, sure, and only MINOR THREAT or maybe DRI rivals their influence in hardcore punk. But at my house I'm playing (a tape of) their *Decontrol* 7" or even MEANWHILE's *Same Shit, New Millenium* LP more than this. I don't want any kids who will be hearing it for the first time with this reissue to have their expectations too high. With that said, these dudes were outta England and released a number of EPs before doing this, their first full-length, in 1982. Their catchy, tough-ass, simple and repetitive sound is great for raising a fist, a glass and/or singing along on one's bicycle. The tight, heavy riffing mirrors the rumble of the bomb as the blastwave speeds toward then over you... A copy should be in every home. And this reissue does have a fuller, warmer sound then the *MRR* library's Clay original. This record will now be widely available in the US at a reasonable price, so get one for sure, but it ain't gonna levitate you off the ground or nothing. (JM)
(Havoc)

THE DISRUPTERS – "Generation Retard" CD

Holy fucking shit, this is just awful. Dear old bands: please stop re-forming. (AU)
(Overground)

DÖERSOVIT / TAINTS – split EP

Raw Denver shit punks team up for a split that drips with malt liquor and attitude. TAINTS are rudimentary and raw, a rough version of UK82 beats meeting gutter punk attitude. The multiple vocals make me think of BLATZ, even though the music is far more confrontational and arguably even more dysfunctional and wasted. DÖERSOVIT are more of the same, but faster and with more emphasis on the female vocals and catchier songs. Raunchy lyrics about using dudes as dildos and getting drunk as shit, but as long as that girl is singing, I'm sold—the lead vocals have a killer soulful lilt, even when she's squawking about some dude taking a shit on her chest. (WN)
(self-released)

ED NASTY AND THE DOPEDS – "I'm Gonna Be Everything/You Sucker"

Last Laugh is at it again with one of the most retarded head-scratchers of the entire *Killed By Death* oeuvre: ED NASTY AND THE DOPEDS! Ever since I started spying early punk wantlists, ED NASTY took the cake as the most tasteless and unbelievable sounding outfits, especially after learning of its unlikely 1978 Jackson, Mississippi origins. Over the years, sleeveless copies have barely appeared, and an actual picture sleeve is easily one of the toughest pulls in American punk. As for its musical (de)merits (*d'oh!*), it is a true achievement for punk morons everywhere. "Plodding" and "annoying" barely begin to describe this lowest of the low lo-fi trash POS. Sadly, the more you try to deny its appeal, the more it subtly seeps in. Hear American snot defined, you suck-ers, *you*! (GB)
(Last Laugh)

DUCHESS OF SAIGON – LP

Rumbling pop garage that sounds like it woulda come out on a flexi in 1986, somewhere between the MILKSHAKES and the FALL, and, um, BEAT HAPPENING. The last two references come from the chanted/incanted male vocals. The female vocals are too sweet for me; her drum style is really cool and disconcerting, but the vocals are so pretty "ooh ooh" '90s indie pop style that they're sorta distracting and incongruous. This is just guitars and drums, male/female vocals, a two-person band making rudimentary guitar pop with a hazy fuck-you appeal. The band apparently no longer exists—they're from the earlier part of the '00 Sacto scene and this LP remained in the S-S Records archive until recent discovery. Totally worth checking out... (LG)
(S-S)

EXTREME NOISE TERROR – "Phonophobia" LP

Depending on their age, some people's youth is defined by MINOR THREAT, CRASS or GREEN DAY; mine is defined by EXTREME NOISE TERROR, RIPCORD and HERESY. I was fourteen in 1986, so when ENT came out I was right there. Copied by many, rivaled by none, this band was a fuckin' steamroller. Dual vocals, fast as fuck... like the sound of a concrete mixer. New bands like NERVESKADE probably wouldn't exist without them. This record was their third, and while punishing, it isn't as good as the split with CHAOS UK or the *Holocaust in Your Head* LP. That being said, it's still better than nearly every one of your records... *aaaggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhh*. (TB)
(Farewell)

EXTREME NOISE TERROR – "A Holocaust in Your Head!" LP

This is a good record, some would say a classic, but to me it pales in comparison to the blistering '87 Peel session. Between the relatively lifeless recording and the endless samples (not to mention the departure of Mick Harris!) the songs lack the immediacy and frenetic pace of the live-in-the-studio sound of the Peel sessions. Still, it's nice to see this record, with one of the most widely-parodied/homaged covers of all time widely available again. Plus, it's a hell of a lot better than their metal records. Not essential per se,

but definitely recommended for lovers of Britcore and smelly dreadlocks. (AU)
(Farewell)

EXTREME NOISE TERROR – "A Holocaust in Your Head!" LP

One of the most essential Brit-core releases. Falling somewhere between the hyper-political anarcho bands and the bulldozer 'core of NAPALM DEATH, this LP had EXTREME NOISE TERROR complete with spoken poltico intros ending in all-out concrete-mixer hardcore. This band was the first to have the high/low screech/cookie monster vocals and peel *paintttttt*. A lot of these songs appear on the better-recorded Peel Sessions, but the whole package makes this an essential purchase. *Murrrdaaaaaaaaaaaaa!* (TB)
(Farewell)

THE FATHER FIGURES – "Lesson Number One" CD

I wasn't expecting much from the looks of this record (one of those cheap, glossy designs that I often associate with questionable musical quality). But just a couple songs in, I'm both impressed and curious enough that I need to know more about the folks behind it. After some research, it turns out the FATHER FIGURES are three older guys, all of whom did their time in various Arizona punk bands over the last 20-30 years. Most of the band names I don't recognize, although the bassist played in JFA (he's the tall, dark-skinned kid with big glasses—you know who I'm talking about!). Musically, this is on the post-hardcore side of things: power chords, driving bass and great hooks that hint at more simple punk roots, but with the nuanced songwriting, like FUGAZI, SHELLAC, or the JESUS LIZARD. The aforementioned references may be a turn-off for some *MRR* readers, but if not, do yourself a big favor and check this out. This is one of those rare records that combines everything a band has learned over the years to make something that is new, cool and relevant today. (JH)
(AZPX)

THE FIALKY – "Pruser" CD

I like these guys. I've reviewed them favorably in *MRR* before and nothing changes with this CD! Apparently this is a reissue of their debut from 2007, and listening to these Czech punk rockers nail a '77 sound ain't bad at all. I personally always find it a bit harder to get into bands that don't sing in English 'cos I can't sing along, but the songs are catchy as hell, which makes up for it. They have a distinct "Euro" sound not unlike one of my all-time favorite German bands PUBLIC TOYS, so thumbs up from me!! (ML)
(Papagajuv Hlasatel)

THE FIGGS – "Sucking in Stereo" LP

It all made so much sense with the help of the handy, hand-written note that accompanied this LP. This is a vinyl reissue of a CD released in 2000 by this upstate New York band that formed way back in 1987 and it sounds like it!! That is meant to be a compliment, as it stirs up nostalgic memories for me because the late '80s are about the time I first moved out and went to university, etc. At that time, "punk rock" was not as accessible as it is now, so for those of us that were into music beyond hardcore spent a lot of time at live music venues listening to bands that sounded like the FIGGS which is easily comparable to the likes of the REPLACEMENTS or SOUL ASYLUM (before they started to really suck it big time!). (ML)
(Peter Walkee)

FIRMEZA 10 – "El Grito de la Tierra" LP

Due to an ever-slowing international postage system (two months!), we just got this record for review. It already made my top ten of last year and here is why... This is no-bullshit DISCHARGE-sounding punk from Spain that puts raw, primitive sounds back into punk. There are no fancy guitar licks, no bullshit bass solos... actually no bass at all! This is a timeless record of sorts, because while the influence is obvious, there is no inkling of a rip off—it is just where the band members' hearts are and all the rawness and fury feeds into the sound that manifests the politics and rage of their beliefs. The beat (you know what beat I am talking about), is consistent throughout; the guitar is fuzzed out with enough low end to make a bass unnecessary; the vocals...oh shit, the vocals are growly, female high-pitched, yet demonic in depth: scary and commanding. Sorry D-beat bands, this is what you want to sound like but never will, because noise over music and passion over skill is what makes it here. A cool screened cover of a simple but rad design (like what you are getting on the record) and big sheets of copied lyrics which themselves are simple yet passionate. Straight to the point. So good—a must-have. (MB)
(Autoproducido)

FIRST BASE – "I Saw Her First" EP

This is some very poppy pop music. Jangly guitars and cutesy vocals performing unrequited love songs. It's all pleasant enough, but it is just too bland. Includes a cover of PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS' "I Don't Feel So Happy Now." (CK)
(Ric Rac)

FLAT TIRES – CD

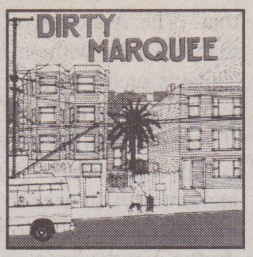
Redneck rock'n'roll from way down south. Like a mix of later GG ALLIN and ANTISEEN playing with SKYNYRD. Five regular tracks and a bunch of demo and live goods. (TB)
(Rusty Knuckles)

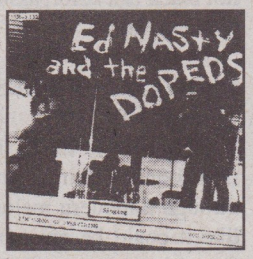
FLAT TIRES / JOE BUCK YOURSELF – split EP

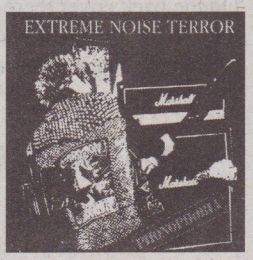
Both live. I guess the second band's thing is a reference to the much hated sports announcer. Kinda FLAT DUO JETS sounding but not as good. Hillbilly punk but sounds a little too professional. FLAT TIRES got one of those big guitar rock intros. Fat guitar sounding punkabilly. Like HELLSTOMPER but not as good. Not bad, but just OK. (RO)
(Rusty Knuckles / Cockfight)

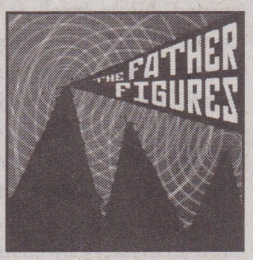
FLESH LIGHTS – "Jaye/Maybe Baby"

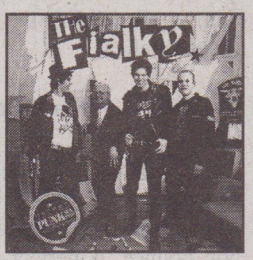
Wow. Can I just say this is excellent and leave it at

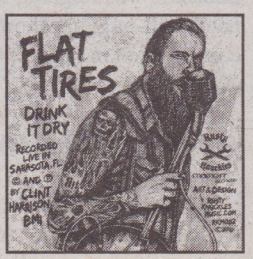












that? The A-side is a punk rock love song that is catchy without being at all pop punk. There is such a thing, you know. The B-side is another rocker and another (kinda) love song. If you like punk'n'roll, which is punk rock that is very catchy and loaded with guitars and bass and drums, you need to find this one. Limited to 300 and in six colors, including black. Or maybe just the promos are black. Don't even think about arguing with me about whether or not black is a color, asshole. (KK)
(Thread Pull)

FLOWERS OF FLESH AND BLOOD – "War Poetry" CD

This sounds like a bunch of drunk punx from London doing some heavy DRI worship through a modern melodic filter. That sounds like it could be great or terrible, right? This time it's pretty good. I would probably like this record more when I'm not so hung over. On the back cover there is a photo collage and one of the members has a mohawk made of dreadlocks that's awesome. (BL)
(Tuneless)

FRANKIE THE DAMAGE – "Payback Time" CD

This is a decently tight and aggressive punk rock CD that I can't really knock for any reason other than the totally inexcusable picture of the drummer wearing "stars 'n' stripes" bikini briefs in the liner notes of the booklet!! Really? I don't know if it's just because I'm grumpy today, but what's with bands/labels not including *any* info on the release anymore?? There is no contact info at all, so other than all the names in the credits being very European sounding, I can only assume that these guys are from Germany, or more than likely Sweden if I was to guess. This sounds like a harder-ass, more-punk version of the HELLACOPTERS to me, so not a bad thing at all... (ML)
(Psychadelica)

GAMES – "Don't Look For Her/Funny Girl"

Some glam mixed up with a touch of soft psych, like a tough NEW PORNOGRAPHERS. Riddled with pop hooks and an energetic power pop bounce. A perfect summer's day record (where were you two days ago, when Captain Sunshine was reigning supreme?), six-pack in hand, ball-hugging shorts and those cancerous ears lathered in Factor 50. Bring it on. (SD)
(Rob's House)

THE GIRLS AT DAWN – "Back To You/WCK"

Reminds me of GRASS WIDOW covering the SHANGRI-LAS. Angelic vocals, subtly layered over delicate, empyrean guitars and toy-like keyboards. Cute; well worth a listen. (GG)
(Tic Tac Totally)

GIRLS OF PORN – "Wax" EP

This shit's driving me crazy. I can't keep the headphones on for more than fifteen seconds without anxiety kicking in. And that's not some reviewer metaphor either, it's fucking me up for real—just ask Layla. In fact, that is something people should really strive for in their music. What I can discern through the static reminds me of a less structured BAD TIMES without the GERMS influence. I know there are *many* reviewers here that *might* love this record (see: Mitch Cardwell, etc.), but it's really not for me and I gotta shut it off. (JU)
(self-released, $5 ppd.)

GOLLIWOG – "Plague Allegiance" CD

GOLLIWOG is a melodic punk band from Slovenia with primarily lady vocals. They play fast punk that sounds much like NOFX or other bands of that ilk. This CD is densely packed with political rhetoric and (for lack of a better word) propaganda. The subject matter ranges from the Illuminati to microchipping, all the way down to neo-cons. Along with the jam-packed booklet, the CD itself is enhanced. Pop it into your computer for a PDF file of the booklet to share with those whom you feel could benefit from reading it, along with literature for further reading. (BD)
(Chainsaw)

H-100S – "Recorded Live 1995 Cleveland" LP

Live recording (duh) of this Clevo group delivering ten or so tracks to what sounds like a fairly hostile audience—they were opening for INTEGRITY, 25 TA LIFE and ONE LIFE CREW, though I'm sure the crowd's response was amplified by Tony Erba's hilarious verbal abuse (included here). The sound quality is lo-fi but the band is ripping... If you're after pure aggression, look no further. Limited to 500 copies with silk-screened covers. (CS)
(Non-Commercial)

HARBOUR – "Gwalia Deserta" EP

If you're feeling a bit down with hardcore since so much of it sounds the same, you might want to check out HARBOUR to renew your faith. This EP represents the best of what punk and hardcore should be—intelligent and meaningful in lyrics, loud and aggressive in sound, and even a bit of instrumental proficiency that enhances the songs without crossing the lines of other genres. These songs are crushing, almost sounding like a combination of the INSIDE OUT *No Spiritual Surrender* EP (and maybe even the BURN EP that came out around the same time) mixed with ARTICLES OF FAITH (who also managed to blend expressive instrumentation and smart lyrics into hardcore). And as is usually the case, the limited space of the 7" EP allows this powerful and challenging music to deliver a wallop without going on for too long and losing its impact. An excellent release! (BG)
(Carry the Weight)

HEADED FOR DISASTER – CD

In terms of sound, imagine a SABBATH-leaning CONVERGE doing a record on Tankcrimes, with various guest vocalists from mid/late-'80s Dischord and Revelation bands. I actually wouldn't be surprised if this is the product of younger kids that were reared on '70s and '80s metal, plus whatever US hardcore bands (current or has-been) happened to be exploiting the European market at the time, but who are as good or better songwriters than many of the generic bands they might have been seeing. While this would've benefited from shittier production and less generic instrument tones, it's not bad for a starting point, and I could see this band doing great things once they discover a wider range of music. (DG)
(self-released)

HEARTLESS – "Absent" EP

The first thing that struck me was how heavy this Pittsburgh hardcore band was without there being any real metal influence. It's mostly fast and the riffs sound like something a thrashier band would play, but these dudes are tuned down with crushing low end so the music has this driving and darkly aggressive quality. The lyrics are bleak, spiteful and angry, delivered in more of a low growl than a traditional hardcore yell, and that combination on this record makes for some punishing jams. (BL)
(self-released)

THE HEAT TAPES – "Raccoon Valley Recordings" CD

With a sound more Recess Records than Red Scare, this is melodic and tuneful but lo-fi enough to have you in absolutely no doubt that shit is being kept nothing other than real. According to some internet swill, these guys have only been together for just shy of five months, so this is actually pretty fucking good and accomplished. One of the better CDs I've been given to check out...(GG)
(Red Scare)

ICEAGE – "New Brigade" LP

The first LP by Copenhagen, Denmark's

ICEAGE; a bunch of teenage kids playing some weird shit. There are several post-punk influences going on here that people tend to lump together, but I would describe the sound as a more organic, less dark PROLETARIAT, a modern and less poppy WIRE with the severity of JOY DIVISION. Mostly it's a fucked-up punk kid's version of NEW ORDER. There are some "punker" parts with faster drumming, faster guitars and harsher (yet still relatively mellow) vocals, but there is a consistency with this LP that is impressive. The whole thing is good... The drumming is so on that it sounds unreal, like Stephen Morris incarnate with some syncopated beats and precision rolls. The music's dissonant elements are smoothed out somehow by the even and sweet vocals, and while the production first struck me as really polished, I realized I was comparing it to their beloved debut 7"—it's crisp, not slick, and it's necessary for what these kids are playing. There are several songs from the EP rerecorded here, one of my favorites being "Collapse," and they sound fucking killer in new form. A lot of shit going on here—it's catchy, a melodic at times, poppy but not saccharine. It's infectious! (MB)
(Escho / Tambourhinoceros)

IMPO & THE TENTS – "Ugly Girl" LP

The guitarist from IMPO & THE TENTS included a nice little note in their record, asking if we could write something clever about their record. (Actually, he called it a "piece of crap.") While I can sometimes be clever, I don't do clever-on-demand. I can, however, tell you that when he calls it a piece of crap, he is way off base. This is raw, catchy punk rock music that is pretty damn awesome. And with sixteen songs on this baby, you certainly get your money's worth. Good shit. (KK)
(Alleycat)

I.V. EYES / SCHILLER KILLERS – split 45

Two obvious tributes to Killed By Deathsville that would be annoying if the bands sucked. However, I.V. EYES are pretty amazing, managing to sound completely amateurish while actually pulling off a cool ode to classic punk. "They Saved Teri's Tube" even starts off with opening the riff of LA PESTE's "Better Off Dead" before going into its own. Plus, there are bratty vocals, gratuitous use of a stereo pan and slightly offensive, definitely dated subject matter. The female vocalist simply repeats "Pull, pull, pull, pull the plug on me." Great stuff. SCHILLER KILLERS' side starts off promisingly with a quick two verses of FEAR's "I Love Living in the City," but then the actual songs starts. The music is way too modern-garage jangly, but when the vocals come in they save it—they are mostly spoken and distorted and they manage to kick up the KBD quotient in an art-punk way. (CK)
(Rubber Vomit)

JESUS H-BOMBS – "Push the Button" EP

How the hell did this find its way into my box for review? Was it destiny, fate, or sheer luck? Or perhaps it was a bit of each. Whoever assigned this to me likely wasn't aware that I went to went to high school with, worked with, and/or smoked mountains of weed with three out of four of these gentlemen in the past. This record would be right at home on the *No Slow, All Go* comp. The recording quality is spot on for what I like, which ranges from "we recorded this in a garbage can" to "we know a guy who's a good sound engineer but can still make it sound like we recorded this in a garbage can." As far as the music goes, it's mostly Minneapolis circa 1995 without the crust. Imagine a sloppier MAN AFRAID, or a sloppier version of the CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE LP. But take no offense, I mean sloppy in the most endearing way possible. Let it be known, I'm still kicking myself for my early departure at the basement show they played with ANNIHILATION TIME before I knew who they were. That was a major fuck-up on my part. (BD)
(Bookoven)

JOYCE MANOR – CD

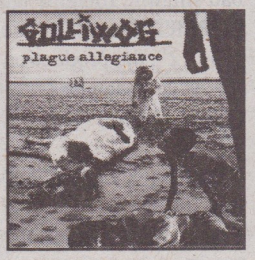
This is pop punk. Clean, well played, sincere. All things that should be considered good qualities and I do appreciate them. Yet somehow they do not add up to my idea of a musical good time. The singer has one of those sing-songy voices intoning some heartfelt lyrics. He also sounds like he is always out of breath. I know some people like that kind of intensity. I am not one. (CK)
(6131)

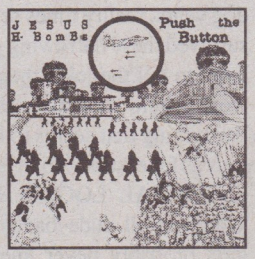
JUST URBAIN – "Burning" EP

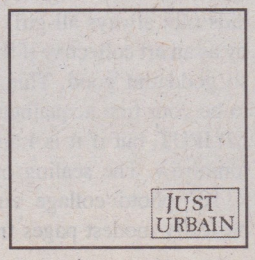
Dayyum! Austin's 540 Records is keeping the Aussie '70s Shake/Savage reissues flowing with the latest installment, an exact reissue of JUST URBAIN's ultra-rare first EP from 1979. An original copy complete with its picture sleeve might set you back four digits, and for those lucky enough to see one, the sleeve is emblazoned with iconic Chairman Mao imagery. Musically speaking, this probably the most Commie sounding Shake release with its rigid methodical bashing, jagged mechanical guitars (praise Mao for that crushing '79 guitar sound!), plus monotone shouts and a drum machine on one track. Every release on this label sounds unique, and everybody seems to have a different favorite. My personal Shake strategy has always been to buy 'em all now and sort it out later. All things considered, I think this release is more a grower than a shower. (GB)
(540)

CARRIE KEITH / MILK MUSIC – split 45 flexi

This came free with the ever-awesome *Nuts!* Fanzine—and true to the zine, it features some of the best and most interesting Olympia mutant sounds... MILK MUSIC plays a charged DINOSAUR/*Meat Puppets II* fueled celebratory sound that has a nostalgic feel for something you can't put a finger on: a forgotten memory, a bad dream. Infused with the true Northwestern sound of forever. CARRIE KEITH is perhaps best known for her work with GUN OUTFIT. This is acoustic stuff, that brings to mind that band, but it also for some reason made me think of NIRVANA *Unplugged*! Is that weird?! I love her guitar style, and her voice has a spectral warning off minor appeal that negates any potential female singer-songwriter rottenness. The sound on this was a little thin, but it's a flexi, so whaddya know. (LG)
(Nuts!)







KIDS OF THE BLACK HOLE – "Scary" LP

Naming one's project after some timeless punk shit is just inviting trouble. Kids hoping to hear the early '80s SoCal style will be disappointed—as will those who buy records cuz there's a rad painting of a shark on the cover. The folks who will be down enjoy heavy but still tepid "post-hardcore" (N.B. "post"-anything sucks), with meandering, bad singing. Imagine an even duller European SUPERTOUCH. On the plus side, it is a six-song 12", the production is decent and some of the lyrics touch on societal issues. (JM)
(Pain of Mind)

KLEENEX / LILIPUT – "1977-1983" 4xLP box set

Mississippi Records once again delivers long-lost treasures into the bedrooms of at-cost vinyl lovers. From the CLEAN to ANIMALS AND MEN, these guys resurrect classic music on vinyl that has often gone the way of the high bidders and downloaded afternoons. This 4xLP complete anthology of KLEENEX/LILIPUT doesn't feature any new tracks since the 2001 Kill Rock Stars 2xCD, but the legions of dedicated KLEENEX/LILIPUT heads out there will not be disappointed by these eight sides of monumental post-punk screeching from the throats of a rotating cast of Swiss women during 1977-83. Describing, reviewing or recommending something as dense as an anthology is a wave of overwhelming language, an attempt to articulate a nexus where a band changed the way you heard everything around you, let alone how you then listened to music. The previously mentioned 2xCD anthology was released my junior year of high school and nothing could have transported such an inaccessible world of punk, feminism, or Swiss graphic art more swiftly. 1977-83 feels like the longest years a genre of music has ever seen—dog years, reality times seven. And if your band survived these harrowing catapults in sound and lived to tell the joke, then hopefully your life's work would look as expansive as this band's. Everything that seems to have mattered to punk girls as far east as Zurich is here: PATTI SMITH, ESSENTIAL LOGIC, HANS-A-PLAST and a million all-dude bands or rad groups these girls probably never knew existed; making a grab bag of influences absurd. KLEENEX/LILIPUT were original, punk, feminist wild kids (not always all-girl) who might've gotten by as an art collective if their songs hadn't been so goddamn good. This probably isn't going to be your first acquaintance with KLEENEX/LILIPUT, but if it is I am so excited for your tomorrow. The sealing of the deal is the 10" x 10" photo collage zine/booklet, which is basically modest pages from guitarist Marlene Marder's complete KLEENEX/LILIPUT historical diary (available by emailing her for a shipping price at: mar_mar@bluewin.ch)—possibly the only thing in this world that could compare to these 46 tracks of total freedom through noise. Consider this the last tick on your bucket list, gramps. (JS)
(Mississippi)

LITTLE CUTS – "Bishop Eyes/What We Can't Deny"

Whoa! Bag of Hammers?!?!?!? *Nice!* LITTLE CUTS, who feature some dude from the SHINS and SCARED OF CHAKA, sound pretty fucking good to me here. "Bishop Eyes" draws from territory similar to the early recordings by LOVER!: mid-fi punk pop, melodically simple yet very effective. "What We Can't Deny" is a rougher tune, complete with a legit hard rock break that may or may not induce strutting. It lost me briefly, sad to say. Still, the A-side is a winner. It's as if it's 1994 all over again! (MC)
(Bag of Hammers, no contact)

LOS LLAMARADA – "The Restless Light/A Current"

"The Restless Light" finds Mexico's LOS LLAMARADA moving as close to CHROME as I've ever heard them: booming and buzzing in all the right ways, but repetitive and punky enough to illicit shaking. "A Current" is a far moodier number, beginning with appropriately accusatory vocals and simple blues-chug riffing, ending with some howling and sparse percussion. Both tunes rule. This band hasn't made a wrong move yet. (MC)
(S-S)

LOGJAMMERS – "Hit 1" EP

Coarse, trebled-out punk'n'roll from Orstralia. The vocalist's yowl resides somewhere between Darby Crash and Donald Duck; the music is like the Chipmunks playing a FLIPPER record. It's either trash or genius, maybe both, actually maybe neither. At any rate it exists, like a nasal infection that throws your inner balance off, drains you of your life force and stains your reality with Nyquil and snot. (LG)
(No Patience)

MANGES – "Bad Juju" CD

Oh fuck yeah! Some Italian dudes in their 30s playing SCREECHING WEASEL worship. (FS)
(Monster Zero)

MASS STERILIZATION / SLAVE – split EP

SLAVE, formerly NO MAN'S SLAVE, have got way too many parts crammed into their extremely short hardcore songs for me to comprehend. Pretty complex stop/start-type modern hardcore/powerviolence shit that never actually seems to get completely started. MASS STERILIZATION on the other side has a more oppressive feel to their songs. I can get into it a lot more—kind of like MOB RULES in that I can tell they probably dig CROSSED OUT and FLAG about equally. (AH)
(Give Praise)

MAUSER – "End of the Line" EP

Oh shit! This record slays! Straight outta Gainesville, FL. All right, here's what we got... Throaty and pissed vocals with more scream and less growl that are blown out with some reverbed and echoed effects. They have a SKITSYSTEM feel, as does the music. The lyrics are about hopelessness and how a shitty 9-5 job will kill you. I am a sucker for powerful drumming. It's driving and simple, but with some really precise fills—just as methodical and precise as Swedish stuff, but more balls and anger than study. This sounds much like FRAMTID and a less blown-out DISCLOSE with similar guitar squeals. The leads are simple, no dick stroking here, just straight-up, menacing disgust not intended to impress, just intended to maim. Sludgy, but not indecipherable bass that might throw off your heartbeat. The track "New Threats" is fucking psychotic. This record has all the rawness and anger that got me into punk in the first place. Yes, they like DISCHARGE, but they are honoring not aping. Well done. Get this record. (MB)
(Vinyl Rites)

ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES – "Go Down Under" CD

They are back with five new covers. This time around we have AIR SUPPLY's "All Out of Love" with a "We Must Bleed" intro as well as "Have You Never Been Mellow?" There's also a cover of SAMMY HAGAR's "I've Done Everything for You," which is pretty close to the original, yet punk. With this and HAGAR's "Space Station" (which isn't included here, and is technically a MONTROSE song) one might be able to debate that SAMMY played punk before punk. (RL)
(Fat Wreck)

MERDOSO – "In Silence" EP

Here we have three songs of brutal traditional D-beat from a bunch of fucking miscreants who belong in jail. Basic, *heavy* drums, vocals reverb-ed all to fuck, driving riffs that aren't any more complicated than they absolutely have to be... I fucking love this. This EP is over so quick you can't help but flip it over and start at the beginning. For

all the "raw punk craze" that's going on lately, you really don't hear a lot of bands that are coming at the style from this super-traditional angle. Great recording by Jeff Leppard, an under-appreciated gem in our local scene. If you don't buy this, one of these dudes is like to shove a glass in your face, and I might do the same. (AU)
(Prank)

METHODIST CENTRE – "Why Have Both When You Can Have One" EP

What the fuck?? This is definitely a case of the book not matching the cover… Or in this case, the 7" not matching the sleeve!! The odd name coupled with an image of three "normal" looking guys in suits sitting at a conference table in an office don't even hint at the music contained within. Once the needle hits the grooves a decent mid-tempo Oi/punk rock song smacks you across the face! This isn't great, but could have easily appeared on any of the classic Oi comps from the '80s alongside the likes of PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES or the GONADS and it would have fit right in. So if that's your thing, ignore the horrible band name and cover artwork and check these guys out… (ML)
(Invisible Spies)

MIND SPIDERS – LP

Everything I loved about last year's EP in a full-length. This sounds like a '60s, JOE MEEK produced depiction of the future of rock'n'roll. Like the Jetsons if they were a band… Pretty neat to create something with such clear influences from yesteryear, yet with enough delicate nudges to current garage that it neither vanishes in the current Douchemaster/Goner garage crowd, or sounds dated. Favorite release of the month. (GG)
(Dirtnap)

MODERN PETS – "Killing Sounds for Rotten People" EP

These German dayglo punks (you know what I mean: striped shirts and spiky hair, thin new wave glasses, sneakers and cheap beer) are starting to get some hype and they totally freakin' deserve it because their songs are goddamn infectious! MODERN PETS have the knack to resurrect the sound of British pop punk like TOY DOLLS, ADICTS and the REZILLOS and then crank up the power and speed a few notches to create some seriously pogo-inducing party tunes. This five-track EP is chock full of catchy guitar hooks and lots of backing *oohs* and *aahs* and will not depart your turntable after just one measly spin. Trust me! And while the music might not be the most original—the BRIEFS and CUTE LEPERS and a bunch of others all do something along the same lines—this is definitely on the better side of the spectrum. Check it out. (BG)
(Modern Action)

MOUNTAINMAN – "Grief" LP

Oh man. I never thought I would end up reviewing a "concept" LP in the pages of *MRR*, but it seems judgment day has arrived a year early. Seventeen songs of heavy, emotional hardcore with tortured vocals, predictable mosh parts and a host of other clichés (described on the press sheet as appealing to fans of AMERICAN NIGHTMARE, CONVERGE and NEUROSIS) all centered around the theme of "the five stages of grief." So basically this is totally ridiculous. (JH)
(Think Fast!)

MUMFORDS / SAMUEL LOCKE WARD AND THE BOOHOOS – split EP

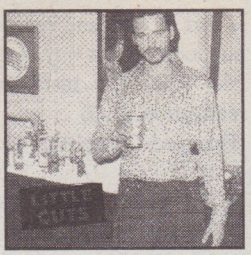
You almost never see punk records coming out of Iowa. I know there has to be punks in Iowa, but they never seem to be making music that makes it to national/international attention. Maybe that's cause they all move to Portland first. So to me, finding a punk record from Iowa is equivalent to finding a Polish leprechaun. How exciting! And this record has two bands from this elusive corn-belt state. To start things off, SAMUEL LOCKE WARD plays mid-tempo PAVEMENT-brand of indie-"punk." It's all right but each song just seems to drag its feet through the record. So of course I put the needle back to the first song and changed it to 45 RPMs, and at that speed it rules! Even the IRON MAIDEN solo on the third song turns into brilliance at the wrong speed. I listened to it once at the right speed and five times at the wrong speed. On the flipside, MUMFORDS have one song of acoustic folk music. It's seriously campfire time over there. All with a humorous twist in the lyrics. Makes you think of CAKE or THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS. Okay, so not the "punkest" record in the world, but it's fun. (FS)
(self-released)

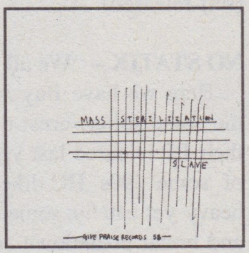
MURDERBURGERS – "Burned Out/Worn Out" CD

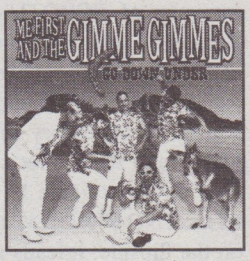
Pop punk from Scotland à la SCREECHING WEASEL and the QUEERS. Simple and fun stuff that has a lot of competition in this genre. Good enough, especially for the locals. (RL)
(Monster Zero)

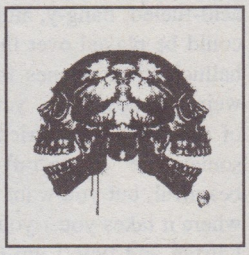
NEON BLUD – "B-Girls" 12"

Their 7" was one of my records of the year, so I waited for this with baited breath. *B-Girls* sounds like a totally different band. The first side is an epic atonal guitar jam that reminds me of fucking "The End" by the DOORS but played by methed-up burnouts just after the hippie dream died. (Is this a good thing or bad thing?) It gradually picks up momentum and purpose and guitar scree, taking us into perhaps the Camden pub noise scene spawned by the likes of MY BLOODY VALENTINE via HARRY CREWS, with a detour into Death Valley, of course. Towards the end of the A-side, some intoned vocals seep in, secret ceremony style, instructions for how to get outta this mess? Who knows. At first this is not what I wanted outta life, but in terms of thinking about it as a separate thing from the 7" it has something else to offer that I hadn't expected, and it grew on me. Like a lesion. Samantha's voice is compelling, a threat delivered, hate mail. It makes sense of the noise-inflected doom. The second side is more threatening, convoluted; it turns in on itself, with scratched-out guitars and the same incantations, indifferent but no less bloody. I wish I had gotten to see this band play when Samantha was still singing for them—apparently she isn't now? This









is sort of epic and remorseless, self-indulgent but doomed in a way that teenagers understand best while the rest must merely attempt a realization. (LG)
(Drugged Conscience)

NOBUNNY – "Raw Romance" LP

This record must be for children. It's like PAUL SIMON recorded a bunch of shit on a Dictaphone. This is the most boring 12" I've listened to in a long time. There's even a cover of "Tonight You Belong to Me." No thanks! (HD)
(Burger)

NO GIMMICK – "Loss for Words" CD

This sounds a lot like FACE TO FACE. From Arizona, this trio does a decent job with the pop emocore thing. Although not nearly on the level of J CHURCH, they do sound tight and punchy. A decent release. (RL)
(self-released)

NO STATIK – "We all Die in the End" LP

Here we have Bay Area ragers delivering the same killer, crust-tinged hardcore as on their EP released last year. This is in the vein of some '90s HC like DEATHREAT with heavy yet catchy, sometimes gallop-y chunks and brutal breakdown action, plus some '80s sensibilities thrown at you in drum pummeling and razor's edge stops and starts. Ruby, formerly of SCROTUM GRINDER, has a fearsome, scratchy scream that makes me certain she would eat her young. The lyrics are dark, cryptic and thought-provoking, giving you more of a story than just words. Move over Youth Attack, let's get really mysterious and flip this to side B. As on their previous release, NO STATIK is noisy and experimental on the flipside; it leads my ears to Japan (and would take me there if the guitar tone were a bit different) then suddenly this turns into an acid-fueled, flang-y, ambient dance track that could be played over the sensory deprivation hallucinations scenes in *Altered States*. The weird, atmospheric, yet not melodic nature of the A-side is carried over and takes you somewhere Lovecraft-esque. Frightening, beautiful, but you want to see it through. See where it takes you…you won't expect it… As I listen and type I am laughing manically at the balls of this band to say "Fuck it, let's get freaky." What a bunch of weirdos… A great band and a great record! (MB)
(Prank)

NOT ENOUGH HATE – "Knocked into Tomorrow" CD

Burly Swedish hardcore from this surprisingly long-running Gothenburg band—they've been together since 1994, and have at one time or another included members from TA.S.K., NISSES NÖTTER and the almighty ANTI-CIMEX. *Knocked into Tomorrow* is their second full-length and falls somewhere between the classic, straightforward HC of the aforementioned and the more contemporary and melodic sounds of, say, WOLFBRIGADE, SKITSYSTEM or VICTIMS. If I had to offer some criticism, I'd say the recording could've benefited from dirtier production, but all things considered this precision Scandi-core is tight and driving enough to deliver quite an impact. The lyrics mainly attack big-picture issues (war, religious fanaticism, violence, etc.) with one addressing organized crime in São Paolo. Worth checking out. (CS)
(Outvillage, no info)

OBN IIIS – "Runnin on Fumes" EP

This is dirty rawk 'n' rock. OBN IIIS take a page out of the STOOGES handbook. They've got heavy guitars, pounding drums and distorted vocals. Their songs are catchy in that fist-in-the-air, yelling "yeah!" kind of way. It sounds really good when you've had lots of beer. Plus Orville from BAD SPORTS is the singer. (CK)
(Tic Tac Totally)

OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB – "Tortures" LP

Taking the classic old sounds of a much-worshipped bygone era and making them sound refreshingly new takes wisdom and talent far beyond my jealous capabilities. OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB has this with a lot to spare, holding its own right beside JAY REATARD, MARKED MEN and CARBONAS—a lofty group of modern punk rock legends. Takes some of the off-kilter punk of the ADVERTS whilst pushing along with the sharp, jerky, harmonic energy of the BUZZCOCKS. Absolutely no filler—ten tracks that could grace the A-side of any single, each a shower-time classic, mixtape highlight and a pit-filling anthem. We got SOMETHING FIERCE in April, I sure hope Texas is grateful enough to lend us another of its sons soon after. (SD)
(Red Lounge)

OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB – "Crimes" CD

Apparently Joey Ramone rose from the dead, got in touch with Denton's best export the MARKED MEN and asked if he could re-record their B-sides with TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET. (GG)
(Alive)

OWEN HART – "Earth Control" LP

Modern hardcore presented as death metal—I really can't tell which it is at this point. This is the new school of short hair metal with lots of hardcore guitar wanking and unnecessarily technical songs. I've listened twice now, and I'm still waiting for it to go somewhere, but it just seems to be mosh part followed by guitar shred into double kick madness (drums are *way* too high in the mix—you ain't Lombardo) right into some blasting that loses all intensity when accompanied by melodic noodling guitars instead of crushing riffs. They save the crushing riffs for the slow parts, which are pretty OK, but that's the only time that OWEN HART manages to pull off anything even remotely interesting, as the majority of this release is just a mess of A.D.D.-core and they spend so much time flying all over the place that I'm just left at the end wondering what the shit they were trying to do. I'm not confused because I don't get it—I fully understand that your music is far more advanced than my puny little punk mind can comprehend—I just don't understand why these dudes who can clearly play their asses off made such an utterly forgettable record. (WN)
(Vitriol)

PARISO – "Sooner Insignificant Better" CD EP

Only a few years after the late '80s crossover thing had faded away, the dreadful trend of infusing metal into the purity of hardcore was reborn. Initially manifesting as angry and slow metallic hardcore and quickly regressing further to pure metal as many bands were trying to get heavier and more brutal than each other. Soon the songs no longer resembled anything punk in sound or worse, in spirit. I could barely discern metal bands like PANTERA from hardcore bands like VISION OF DISORDER or whoever else was doing that sort of thing at the time. What was the freakin' difference? Where did hardcore end and straight-up metal begin? London's PARISO seems to have all the ingredients for that type of metalcore today: real throaty vocals that sound like they're coming from someone about to burst a blood vessel in his forehead, headbangin' power chord destruction and some super clean metallic licks to hold it all together. For what it's worth, they seem to be pretty damn good at what they're doing, and I'm sure some karate kicks are flying at their shows. Extremely heavy and destructive sounds here, for those who dig the heavier, metallic side of things. (BG)
(Tangled Talk)

PINK NIGHTMARE – "Ad Nauseum" EP

The four angry sounding tracks of driving punk from this Boston band are sounding really good to me. The singer has a gruff tone

to her vocals that brings Donna Damage to mind. "Ad Nauseum" is the standout track on this record and is worthy of your attention. Cool first release. (MS)
(Compact Chaos)

PINK REASON – "Desperate Living" EP

Another PINK REASON release, this one more along the lines of the Fashionable Idiots one of a few years ago, though somewhat less harsh and more loose than that effort. Drug punk that might be more accessible to those whose conservative tastes have prevented them from enjoying PINK REASON's earlier records. Tasteful V-3 cover on the flip. I recommend it. (BB)
(Almost Ready)

PINK TURDS IN SPACE – CD

Yet another band that was of my time in the late '80s, PINK TURDS IN SPACE straddled the line between the hyper political anarcho bands of the early '80s like TOXIC WASTE and the UK crustcore bands of the late '80s. Their first record was a split with the mighty SEDITION that still gets spins 'round my yard, and this disc contains that along with the 12" and a bunch of other tracks. Fast as shit with gravelly female vocals and super politicized lyrics... Like a slightly tamer HEALTH HAZARD. This comes with a sweet '80s-style zine with reprinted interviews and lyrics. No mess, no fuss—pure impact. (TB)
(Antisociety)

PINTLIFTER – "Delusions of Grandeur" CD

This CD is a waste of time, me reviewing it is a waste of time, and now I'm off to waste my time doing something even less worthwhile. *American Idol*, anybody? (SD)
(No info... thank god)

POP. 1280 – "The Grid" 12" EP

Six tracks of heavy, slow post-punk with spindly, shattered-crystal guitar tones and final confession vocals... Synthesizer spasms and shards of industrial noise punctuate the downer, BAD SEEDS/no wave vibes. The best thing about this record is that, unlike a lot of current releases, it's not a direct facsimile of any particular style. There are elements of this or that but they all come together to make a singularly interesting and innovative (shit, remember that?) whole. Can't wait to hear more from this band. (AM)
(Sacred Bones)

THE PREFAB MESSIAHS – "Franz Kafka/Prefab Sun"

"1982 Wormtown Vault Extraction," or so Almost Ready says. How are we, the record buying public, supposed to keep up with the "brains" behind the Almost Ready and Last Laugh labels? Bahhh, I give up. PREFAB MESSIAHS play a fun brand of '80s garage pop, too smart and enthusiastic for paisley or Beatle boots (I see two members wearing sandals on the sleeve!). Seems like the most suitable reaction against hardcore punk imaginable, turning toward '60s garage psych and giving it a go. A really fun "fuck you" of a garage record. (MC)
(Almost Ready)

PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS / SLUG GUTS – "Ugly Pumping Muscle" split EP

This is really interesting—three versions of the same song about dicks, done by two weirdo Australian bands (one from the '70s and one from now) and each sounds so starkly different you probably wouldn't realize it's all the same unless you're totally taking notes on the lyrics or something. PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS shred guitar static along with a plodding drum machine on the first practice tape version, then they turn up the JOY DIVISION influence on the second try and it sounds so good. The SLUG GUTS' version is heavy and pummeling, repetitive and blown out; it's one of those records that sounds like danger across a bleak landscape, somewhere closer to the synth boredom of the NORMAL if they sounded more like MISSION OF BURMA. (MM)
(Sweet Rot)

PUNXIE AND THE POISON PENS—"Bad Girl" CD

This album is hard to take seriously. The players are just fine, the songs are definitely crafted with some level of care, but the schtick subverts any value this could possibly hold for me. It reminds me of a band that would open for MICHAEL MONROE who, rather than listening to the QUIREBOYS and DOGS D'AMOUR, listen to GARBAGE and shit pop cut of the same cloth. So, to sum up, this is rock'n'roll-infused punk with theatrical vocals (à la GARBAGE) and decent hooks. The vocals, the name, the aesthetic are what totally kills it. And the songs, though decent, sound too polished and radio-friendly. Pretty random CD. (DB)
(self-released)

RALPH – "I Can't Breathe" EP

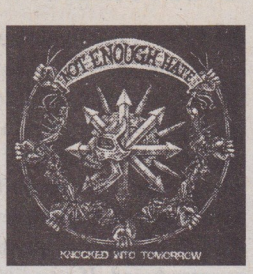
Straight-up *great* debut EP from this Atlanta HC band. Everything really just comes together here: slashing guitar, thick bass, manic drums, voice-near-cracking vocals, solid songwriting, raw recording—it's the complete package, folks! You want a comparison, huh? I'm gonna go with WHITE CROSS. Check the tracks "Destroy the Church" and "Death of a Delivery Man"—good shit. (CS)
(Scavenger of Death)

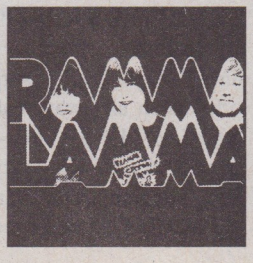
RAMMA LAMMA – "Tiger Don't Change Its Stripes" EP

The pic sleeve for this record fits it just perfectly, with the cartoons giving it a Hanna-Barbera feel. RAMMA LAMMA plays catchy pop punk music with a '60s pop feel that is catchy and easy to listen to. And while it is definitely pop punk, it's not watered down pop punk made for the masses. And like the old Hanna-Barbera cartoons, these guys are fun and don't take themselves too seriously. (KK)
(Certified PR)

RAMMA LAMMA – "Big Street Time/True Life Stories" EP

Good time femme-fronted rocking and a-rolling! Like a Mexican-cola-fuelled kiddie produced by a shameful shag in a shitter stall between TOP TEN, beer, NOBUNNY and pizza. Good stuff, fun times. (GG)
(FDH)





RÄTZ – "Looking for a Fight" EP

Defiant, youthful skate punk that's chock full of energy and guitar solos, and the drummer sounds like he's having a hard time keeping up but manages to pull it off. It's not breaking any new ground, but this stuff will always resonate with pissed off kids somewhere, and this record doesn't suffer from anything "professional" or overproduced. If you like bands like FIELDS OF FIRE (which I do), this will be right up your alley. (DG)
(Kink / That Lux Good)

REAGANOMICS – "Lower the Bar" CD

This Chicago band with members of RYAN'S HOPE knocks out the DILLINGER FOUR type punk. Up-tempo stuff that has more of a melodic hardcore sound. Lyrically lots of social commentary with humor. This disc rocks pretty good and is solid as well. A good new band. (RL)
(Red Scare)

RIDE AT DAWN – "Chrome Pillars" EP

Blackened metallic raw punk from Toronto, RIDE AT DAWN takes Swedish death metal guitars, treats them like implements of Japanese noise and plays them like primitive black metal experts trying to make '80s UK punk. "A Bloody Threat" is a total monster, with an intro that descends into industrial chaos and then launches into a scorching raw-punk-meets-raw-metal attack. This record is ugly and intentional high-fidelity noise—a complete killer that gets better with every listen. (WN)
(Schizophrenic)

RISING – "Black Mound" 12" EP

This trio from Denmark lays out some pretty stony riffs and can put them together into a solid slow metal song, but there is something about the vocals. It reminds me of a band that I don't like but can't put my finger on. Just too much of the layered, high-pitched-lament-with-delay thing going on. This and they have a penchant for breaking into a faster and somewhat melodically poppy part in a couple of the songs, which I felt is misplaced. Other than that they are pretty damn good. The guitar work redeems the issues I have with the singer. (BL)
(Pain of Mind)

THE RIVER RATS – "Rock City Falls" CD

I got this to work on my computer at work and I'm pleasantly surprised. Although not original in any way really (but who cares as I tend to like the tried-and-true formulas of punk rock), this is pretty good stuff! It has a mid-'90s punk rock sound that includes some old SOCIAL D in the way that the guitars are not too distorted and slightly twangy. And there is lots of chuggy guitar as well as the gruff vocal style that reminds me of some of the older Epitaph and Lookout! bands from the late-'90s. Not bad overall... (ML)
(self-released)

ROYAL HEADACHE – "Eloise" EP

ROYAL HEADACHE's approach has a winning trad-R&B tint to it, which works wonders against the pop/DIY backbone they're playing with. There's genuine feeling in their delivery, so much enthusiasm that you pretty much can't help but be won over. All four songs here are fantastic, taking classic influences and blending them together into a wonderful, off and very punk record. Recommended for the Aussie diehards as well as those of you out there who can appreciate the unhinged pop genius of bands like HOME BLITZ. Excellent! (MC)
(RIP Society)

THE SAILORS – "Guilty Pleasures/Let's Go Chromin'"

Hmm, we're starting things off with a ballad. That's gutsy. Or maybe it's ballsy. Oh, and they kind of ease into it, building up and building up... Will they "explode"? Stay tuned. No explosion, sorry. All kidding aside, it's a pretty damn good punk ballad that reminds me of JOHNNY THUNDERS. The B-side is a real rocker and raw, yeah. It kind of sounds like the FALL. This is pretty fucking badass. What exactly is "chromin'"? Seriously. (KK)
(Aarght)

SALVATION—"Mortality Interactions" LP

Pretty cool intro. Pretty cool poster. The production here is loud, clear and heavy. Good for a record of this style—minimal modern HC. The songs are hypnotic in their consistent tempos and repetition of parts. When they go faster—but never really that fast—I become more interested as the drums sound good and powerful. The mid-tempo stuff is cool and has an experimental, almost AmRep vibe at times, but I find myself just bobbing my head rather than really feeling it. The vocals are sort of blackened, highly distorted screams, which aren't my favorite style but they're well done and the vocal patterns tend to meander around the riffs rather than lock in to them. That swirling creates the extreme, sort of hypnotic effect though, which I think is one of SALVATION's strong points. The lack of variation in the vocals is cool but I think it's the constant attack that sometimes kills this for me. There's not a lot of room for the music in between vocal parts, and the patterns being so fluid, it creates a feeling the record being disjointed—in other words, it lacks hooks. But then again, perhaps that's the intention. Sort of a hypnotic discomfort. I can dig. (DB)
(Youth Attack)

SECRET PEOPLE – "Bail Out" EP

Debut EP from one of the Bay Area's better hardcore bands. There's definitely a youth crew/straight edge element in their look and the bands they seem to play with, but the majority of this record is just really classy hardcore in the mid-'80s NYHC tradition à la CRO-MAGS. There are one or two anthems on here, but no excessive breakdown bullshit—most of this is just well written fast hardcore with creative guitar leads, tight drumming and a whole lot of awesome dive bombs. In fact, a couple of these songs strongly remind me of VIOLENT MINDS with a slightly cleaner sound. Nothing new of course, but it's inventive, the songs are tight and they're played with conviction. Check it out. (JH)
(Downsided)

SHARP OBJECTS – "Another Victim/Left Without a Heart"

Sonoma-core in full effect: wine-infused punk rock harking back to Southern California 1982. This little two-song platter rocks. It's simple, but sometimes simple is so hard to do. Like their vineyard cousins MODERN ACTION, the SHARP OBJECTS are bringing melodic punk back into the mix without a hint of Warped Tour bullshit or Hot Topic poser-core. Early BAD RELIGION, the ZERO BOYS, ADOLESENCENTS and a host of other classic bands come flooding to mind. This just sticks and grows and multiplies—now straight to my top ten with you. (SD)
(Modern Action)

SHARP OBJECTS – "Zero Ambition/ Misspent Youth"

Sweet! Getting to review a relatively local band is awesome because chances are you already know them, have seen 'em live and know the songs! As is the case with SHARP OBJECTS since they have quickly become one of my favorite new bands... With former members of RADIO REELERS, the BRIEFS and even the BODIES (I think), you know that these guys are gonna be good! The songs are quick and razor-sharp (no pun intended) with dark and brooding lyrics about borderline hopeless situations. The guitars rip, the drums rock and the driving bass lines kick some serious ass!! If you think that Dee Dee was the coolest RAMONE of 'em all, then this is something you'll wanna check out for sure!! (ML)
(Modern Action)

SHOCK VALUE – "Yellow Peril" EP

SHOCK VALUE throws down six tracks of raw, skull-is-numb hardcore, creating the ultimate soundtrack for the occasional bouts of misanthropy and general disregard for all things modern culture. Yeah, the lyrics might not be the deepest, but they feel pretty heartfelt and that's what counts. And really, how deep can you get with tunes like "Nothing Life" and "Dead Society" anyway? These Aussie punks—all of Asian descent, creating brilliant irony in the historic phrase used for the title—combine the raw negativity of bands like VIOLENT MINDS and H100S with an '80s USHC influence to produce something familiar yet refreshing and welcome. This is the goods! (BG)
(No Patience)

SILLA ELÉCTRICA – "No Controlo" EP

Raw, straightforward punk rock that's rabidly desperate enough to have you crawling in the dark for mercy... The title song is a feverish frenzy, somewhere between VULPESS' "Zorra" and the TYRADES at their most frantic and destructive. Clara's vocals are vicious and unrelenting but achieve the true sounds of spit and fury without resorting to piercing shrieks of unpleasantness. They make the band, and up the frenetic and relentless attack feel of the record by 500%. The music is fast, raw and crude, totally unrestrained—adding more fuel to burn in the Spanish punk hype machine. My only criticism would be that the first song on both the A and B-side of the record is so much more powerful than the second on each side that it sort of weakens the overall effect. But I guess you need a break sometimes. (LG)
(Sólo Para Punks)

SLANG – "The Immortal Sin" LP

A European 2009 reissue of Sapporo, Japan's SLANG's ten-song landmark fourth LP. Issued in 2008 in North America on Schizophrenic Records, this was a cornerstone in SLANG's evolution from their NYHC-influenced period to their return to fast Japanese hardcore. Retaining the thick, slower, mosh-ready low-end heaviness and mixing it with gravel-vocalled, high-energy blasting, it's a brutal combination. Japanese hardcore seems like it is a tough sell in political-lyric-minded Europe, and SLANG is one of the few bands whose songs are less about resistance in day to day life and personal freedom, and more direct pointed lyrics like you'd expect from US or European bands. Limited to 500 copies. Killer record! (KS)
(Pain of Mind)

SOCIAL UNREST – "Songs for Sinners" EP

The sticker on the front says "SOCIAL UNREST return with their best material since *Rat in a Maze*!" but if I were them I'd have avoided reminding my audience of that classic 12"—this slickly recorded EP, with its pixilated cover art and ugly computer layout (which actually includes gear endorsements!), just pales in comparison. The lack of a lyrics sheet in favor of a stupid Dr. Strange ad flyer is a nice touch, though. I suppose this kind of middle-of-the-road reunion-core has an audience somewhere, but I'll stick with the old stuff, thanks. (CS)
(Dr. Strange)

SPERM WAILS – "Lady Chatterly/Mr. Wonderful"

SPERM WAILS was a band in the '80s who were forgotten (I know, sad...) but who apparently toured with MY BLOODY VALENTINE a lot, but that doesn't make sense. It seems like they would have done better with COP SHOOT COP or LIVE SKULL. They have that special BIG BLACK flat stomping bass, noisy effervescent guitar, and relentless punk beats. It's pretty much the best thing ever. (HD)
(S-S)

SQRM – "Rodeo" LP

Does this LP measure up to whatever hype was responsible for the band's ability to sell T-shirts made out of garbage bags, let alone make said "shirts" sought after? Somewhat. This record listens like an updated "Damaged I," spread out over an entire record and recorded by Chris Corry, and the songs themselves are monotonous pounders that revolve around a couple of riffs, employing a beefcake guitar sound and hoarse, hateful, Dwid-like vocals to drive the point home. I dunno, I'm a fan of things dirgy and depressing, but this makes me think less of drinking Silk creamer straight from the carton, and more of lifting weights. (DG)
(Youth Attack)

SSSSNAKES – "Kissss Thissss" LP

After listening to this for a while I noticed an info sheet sent by the label and was amused to read some of the same descriptions that I was devising. A band that "doesn't take itself too seriously" was one of those thoughts. With track titles like "Ssssnakes or Die" and "Microphone Head," it's not quite a profound conclusion or anything. Still, it would be boring if all bands were serious, so this comes off quite refreshing on some level (like, as background music while drinking with friends). The music is reminiscent of some mid-tempo '80s stuff like DEAD MILKMEN, *Wonderful*-era CIRCLE JERKS and a little of the wackier moments of the DESCENDENTS. The ERGS! also come to mind when hearing these songs, if the ERGS! were from the UK, of course. The album is fun and certainly good for a couple of spins, but I'd say that ultimately SSSSNAKES seem more like a party band than anything else. (BG)
(Specialist Subject)

STRAIGHT ARROWS – "It's Happening" LP

People 'round these parts have been complaining about the twee and un-dangerous air of certain sectors of so-called garage nowadays... This record definitely brings to mind some of the NZ pop influence that is declawing said bands, but while STRAIGHT ARROWS may have some CLEAN appeal, they are also really gassed in the garage in a most endearing Sunset Strip circa '66 manner. Plus they can write songs! This LP is a basement dance party waiting to happen—blown out and explosive without losing any pop appeal. "Mind control / Mind control / I don't wanna know..." A pre-*Forever Changes* LOVE? With added bubblegum. (LG)
(Juvenile / Rice Is Nice)

TANTRUM – "L'azione Stupida Che None Mai Finita" 2xEP

Japan's TANTRUM has been around for quite some time now and has multiple releases under their belt. This double-EP contains their three demo tapes plus a repress of the first EP. The record is full of noisy hardcore that copies old European sounds even down to snagging WRETCHED's logo style for their band name. Several covers appear on this release and it is all really good musically. The band even sings in Italian, which is not the first time we have seen this occur in Japanese outfits. As a massive WRETCHED and world punk fan myself, I am let down that the label is titled No Anarquia Rebelde Musica Discos, which translates to "No Anarchism Rebel Music Records." Really? This may not be the band's stance but I can't help but think it is so cheap, non-radical and uninspiring—the polar opposite of what early world punk brought to many of us, which was passion, anger and a wider view of what was happening in the world. If you are fetching just a sound, this may be what you want. *Viva el punk radical!* (MS)
(No Anarquia Rebelde Musica)

TENAFLY VIPERS – "Your Event Horizon" CD

Hard-rockin' punk rockin' from Massachusetts that lands somewhere near the melody of HOT SNAKES' post-post hardcore and a modern DEAD BOYS-ish spin with flaming guitar riffage and wreckage. Proficient, solid and would make killer background music at a bar, but the processed vocals dull out the listen for the duration of these thirteen tracks. No lyrics, D&D monster on the cover; solid enough. (KS)
(self-released)

TERMINAL GIRLS – "Weird Lights" LP

This just sounds like the FAINT or DANCE DISASTER MOVEMENT. Seriously, that shit had its fifteen minutes in 1999 and even then it was pretty unwarranted. (MM)
(FDH)

TIMMY'S ORGANISM – "Rise of the Green Gorilla" LP

How can KURT VILE fans sleep at night knowing that this fucking guy is out there, ruling the universe? Seriously. Timmy Vulgar, punko-futuro from EPILEPTIX, CLONE DEFECTS and HUMAN EYE, makes everyone else look like a fucking joke. Bottom line: there are few people in the world making music in the same league as this guy and *Rise of the Green Gorilla*, though slightly different from previous efforts, keeps the bar set incredibly high. This is not some artful grouping of bleep-blops unleashed as a vanity project, but a collection of songs that are sometimes harsh, sometimes surprisingly pretty, but always Timmy. There's a heavier reliance on electronics and synths on this LP than anything else he's done, yet his particular brand of damage is present throughout. I like to think this record is just a day-in-the-life type of document, recorded sometime in between eating a small child for breakfast and bedding a starlet from outer space around 3:00 A.M. This LP contains the lyric "We survive on marijuana and carrots," for crissakes. *Genius!!!* (MC)
(Sacred Bones)

TO HELL AND BACK – "Will We Be Torn Apart" LP

From the cover, I hoped this would be some stoned-out, trippy HAWKWIND kinda thing. Oh well. So I get some big rock-sounding bullshit with wannabe tough guy vocals, bad guitar solos and stupid, stupid lyrics. Don't get me wrong. I ain't no brain surgeon and I like me some cock rock, but these guys ain't getting none anytime soon. Oh, there's cow bell. So what? (RO)
(Peterwalkee)

TORINO 74 – CD

The dream of the '90s is alive in Wakefield, England… TORINO 74 plays emotive pop punk with tinges of JAWBREAKER, SENSELESS THINGS and most especially BROCCOLI (particularly the raspy, rough but tuneful vocals, which had me reaching for the booklet, as they sound uncannily like the Reverend Grant Myles—I thought for a minute he'd left the church and gone back to playing music). Hearing this is like getting a surprise visit from an old friend you didn't even realized you missed. Great stuff, even if it's not exactly the sound of right now. (AM)
(Fixing a Hole)

TOUCH ME SATAN – "Staring Me Down" EP

This EP feels quite a bit different from their debut of a few months ago. The first record was poppy, fun-loving and goofy. Now, with their second EP, TOUCH ME SATAN has ditched the smiles and jokes and elected to create a more straightforward, raw, bratty punk style. It looks as though they went from a four-piece to a three-piece, so that might have something to do with it. The record is good. They have short, driving punk songs, with slightly off-kilter lady vocals. Nothing too original but they make up for it with lots of energy and attitude. They have that element of punk that translates much better in a show experience, rather than on their records. But this is still totally worth checking out. (FS)
(self-released)

TRUE SONS OF THUNDER / WIZZARD SLEEVE – split 45

With WIZZARD SLEEVE, it's so refreshing to hear this druggy, synthy punk delivered by a band that doesn't come off like they're doing you a favor for sharing their "warped genius" with you. They're legit boneheads having fun, and it shows. Their tune, "Setting Fire to Your Loft," ranks among their very best. Also, bonus points for the Calvin and Hobbes pissing on Scion label design. TRUE SONS OF THUNDER are wading in similar waste on their side, their first on vinyl. Featuring a couple high-profile names from Memphis' punk elite. TSOT's "Butt Bong" is a tongue-in-bung noise plod through a total inebriation haze. Spoken vocals à la the LEGENDARY STARDUST COWBOY or ROSS JOHNSON, but so fucking absurd you can't help but be impressed. It's booming on AmRep levels, yet falling apart from the moment it begins. Drug-punk rampage spread across two sides. If anything, this record reclaims art-punk from yuppies and brings it back to the punks. Take your wi-fi hummus hobo art space and shove it up your fucking ass. (MC)
(Jeth-Row)

TYLER JON TYLER – LP

'80s post-punk-ish with a strong female lead singer. The music is rather simple with clean strums on the guitar and marching-band-type drums making nice catchy melodies. The vocals are cool. Singer Rebecca has a very unique voice. Her voice is powerful, but not to the point of screeching. She gets riled up to the brink where she seems desperately trying to get you to listen to her. Of course, I already am, but I like the approach anyway. Their whole sound gives off an English vibe, but the band is actually from Chicago. This is a great album. (CK)
(Slow Fizz)

UNFUN – "Sick Outside View" LP

This is no fun at all. It seems like every song is about a bad relationships or being messed up or something that just makes the view outside sick. The music is pop punk with thick guitars and a hoarse singer that sounds like he smokes a pack a day. With a band name like UNFUN, I immediately think of JAWBREAKER, and I suppose this is a more heavy and melancholy JAWBREAKER. At any rate, UNFUN would've fit into the East Bay scene of the early-to-mid '90. If you like to tap your toes while thinking about all your troubles, this is the record. (MD)
(Fast Crowd)

THE UV RACE – "Acid Trip/Speed Freak"

"Acid Trip" is about as fun as watching someone on an acid trip or listening to someone recounting a dream. I grew up in the Bay Area so naturally I find lazy psychedelic references about as rebellious and arty as that new Werther's Originals commercial. Have you bought music in the last four years? Then you probably have something that will double as this 7". It should be noted that I have liked tunes from this Australian band before, and I dig their sound. Nonetheless, this is a certified *snooooozer*. The B-side picks up, albeit clinging to the clever illicit substance theme with "Speed Freak." This song too achieves an uncanny realism to said drug, with its climactic layers of a hundred people talking at once, but again about as fun as watching some jerk fry on the bus. Sweet Rot's cool UK '70s-era shaped sleeve is probably the best part. Actually, if I told you there was a pentagram, sunglasses, a dick nose and a cartoon fart on the cover then *that* might be best part. (JS)
(Sweet Rot)

VACATION – "Dream Dad" EP

VACATION plays a brand of blisteringly fast melodic pop punk that is undeniably born from the relics of the Midwest. The songs are fun and catchy, but they seem to go a bit too far to be anthems. *Way* too many "oohs" and "aahs" and "whoa-ohs" in the backup vocals; those dorky backups are pretty prominent in every song. You gotta use that shit sparingly or you're gonna sound cheesy. Luckily these guys can write some pretty good tunes, so they can get away with it, just barely. There is real potential for this band to rule a lot. This is good, but their next record will probably be much better. If you're into DELAY, ARRIVALS or SASS DRAGONS, you'll dig these guys. (FS)
(Let's Pretend)

VACCINE – "Crimes in Blood" 5"

Music really can't sound much angrier than VACCINE. This tiny platter features five hateful blasts of raw, primal straight edge aggression that also tackles right-on (in my mind) topics and manages to somehow fully satiate in less than two minutes. Maybe I'm biased since Joe played in the most important band that I've encountered thus far in my life, but the drumming here is absolutely insane and in the same way as the JERRY'S KIDS LP seems like one endless offbeat fill after another. An awesome lil' release. (JU)
(Painkiller)

VACCINE – "Rat Race" EP

Damn, this must be one of the more brutal records Clean Plate has put out in years. By now people probably know this is ex-members of so and so, which is not very relevant to the insanely violent hardcore that they play. Super pissed-off straight edge lyrics, like Mike Judge ghostwriting a record on Slap-A-Ham or Pessimiser. You know the drill, I'm not gonna use the P-word again. Oh yeah, I really like what this band is doing but can you give us a little more bang for our buck? Buying all these two-minute releases really cuts into the beer fund, dudes. (AH)
(Red Room)

LES VANDALES – "1st Demo, 1984" 12"

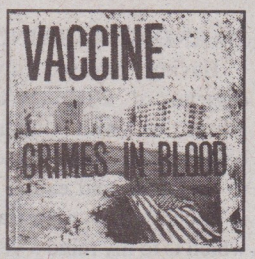
My introduction to LES VANDALES came in 2007 when I reviewed their unreleased-until-then 7" and was completely floored with its greatness. Now this new record is the French band's 1984 demo put to wax. I'd like to re-state something I said in the review of the 7", which is that hearing something this great that was essentially unknown until now is an exciting thing. There is so little out there that hasn't been exploited to the max. This band was so ripping and would hold up well alongside your BGKs, your DISARMs and your SVART FRAMTIDs as far as a classic '80s European HC sound goes in terms of their fast thrash approach with a bouncing bass-led edge. As the source material would suggest, this was taken form a tape and suffers *very* slightly from warble but the job they have done in cleaning up was quite successful. On the other hand, I think it's funny that the label had enough respect for *MRR*'s importance and significance towards punk to include Tim Yo's original review of the demo on the insert, yet they wouldn't send a copy for review/inclusion in the library. The reason being that the record sold out in one day. Well, hopefully that should raise the point that if you feel this stuff is important enough to reissue—and it obviously is if it sold out that fast—why the fuck only press 300 copies with five different variations? I'd hope a repress is in the works, because while I think what we do should remain in secret and people should still have to work a little towards digging up these obscurities to some extent, manufactured collectability is bogus. (JU)
(Who Cares?)

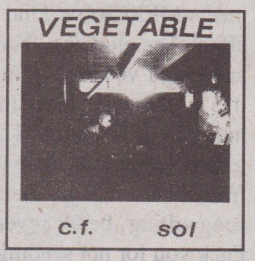
THE VARUKERS – "One Struggle One Fight" LP

This LP is a total '80s UK thrash monster, and Havoc has been kind (and lucky) enough to give it a proper reissue, which means that it will be readily available for years to come…young punks rejoice. Bombastic drums are given a larger-than-life production that killed lesser '80s bands, but here they just propel the DISCHARGE worship that VARUKERS were known for to monstrous heights. Guitars are cavernous, huge and layered on top of more massive guitars, creating an almost unreal wall of sound that rivals the drums. The performance is still punk as fuck, even when presented with such a massive recording—there are missed drum hits, sloppy entrances after guitar breaks, and even some lackluster vocal delivery that most singers would probably like to have another go at if time and money permitted, but VARUKERS just rip through the record like they are playing live (the record closes with three live tracks to prove my point: total ragers). This is mandatory listening for new punks—it's like going to school for hardcore—and old punks need to revisit this complete classic. (WN)
(Havoc)

VEGETABLE – "C.f./Sol"

If you'd told me this was a long-lost demo from some Manchester Music Collective bedroom DIY band I would have no trouble believing you. Sparse, minimal pop music from the Mesozoic (or is that Messthetic?) era, written and performed circa yesterday for your consumption tomorrow. DESPERATE BICYCLES





meets DOG FACED HERMANS in the sweltering desert of the American Southwest. Wonderful. (AM)
(Gilgongo)

LES VIERGES – "En Concert" 2x7"

Damn. I'm not really sure what to say about this one. The most obvious thing to mention is the packaging… Wow. The double-7" comes in a top-notch, high-gloss gatefold jacket *with* a bonus CD included!! I'm not even sure if the songs on the CD are the same as on the vinyl, but there are extra tracks on the CD for sure. As for the music, I definitely have a hard time describing this as punk in any way—it has rather more of a country/rockabilly vibe—and the lyrics are in French. Wish I could say more, but that's all I got for this one… (ML)
(Be Fast)

WARCHILDREN – "Theme for War Children" EP

Woah… scrappy, messy hardcore like the stuff that came out of weird places in the Midwest in the mid '80s. UNITED MUTATION or the DISAPPOINTMENTS. The whole thing feels like it's about to fall apart any second, with twisted Ginn-esque guitars and songs that speed up and slow down. A little chaotic for me, but those not afraid of confusion should dig in… (TB)
(No Patience)

WARNING//WARNING – "My World" EP

Having released my absolute favorite cassette of 2010, WARNING//WARNING graces us with another EP's worth of boundary-pushing noize punk. Compared to the demo and earlier EP, this little platter is much more noise-saturated and sloppy, which is to my mind a very good thing indeed. Designed to be played at maximum volume, this finds the band mining a DISORDER-meets-MERZBOW kind of style to very great effect. The plodding "Noise in Mind" is unlike anything I've heard from this band before, and it' s a "pleasant" foray into boneheaded, glue-huffing 1-2 UK punk. The B-side amps up the tempo and sounds more like the missing tracks from the first EP, just better. More noisy, better songwriting, better reverb, better everything! Fuck you for not sending me a reviewer copy. One of the best bands going in the world today and getting better with every release. (AU)
(Kick Rock / Flower of Carnage)

WEAK TEETH – "Welcome to Mensa" EP

If you regularly read my reviews (but I don't know *why* you would), you might remember sometime in the last couple months I made mention of what was once referred to as being "negative youth crew." Maybe that is a subgenre that is gaining some steam. This record certainly falls under its guise. WEAK TEETH plays fast melodic hardcore with chanted backups and all. In the note these guys sent along with their record, it says this is for fans of STRIKE ANYWHERE, PROPAGANDHI and FROM ASHES RISE. I can't say I'd recommend this to fans of FROM ASHES RISE, and would only recommend it to those who like the newer PROPAGANDHI. The first comparison makes sense, though. (BD)
(Cottage)

V/A – "Buffalo Brutality" EP

I don't think the reviewing gods at *MRR* knew I grew up outside of Buffalo, NY when they gave this to me. That was a long time ago, when Buffalo didn't have an underground scene other than a couple metal bands. Buffalo is a hellhole and has been for at least 30 years. It's these types of awful places I expect a lot of raging hardcore, punk and metal to come out of. In recent years there has been a fair number of great bands to come out of Western NY and there is even a recording studio now that focuses on the hardcore/punk/grindcore bands in the little town I grew in, Lockport, NY. OK, enough rambling about the past and changes; let's see what Buffalo has to offer now. RESIST CONTROL starts off with two solid hardcore tracks. They mix an '80s hardcore sound with fastcore and aren't afraid to slow down and get discordant for a second. Nice! INERDS do noisy, chaotic hardcore. Almost sounds like a live recording. Good stuff. SCHEISSE KRIEG has a big, heavy, crusty hardcore sound. More good stuff. ORDINARY MEN AND WOMEN's track is slow, heavy and distorted in a BUZZOV•EN sort of way. Side B starts with the long-running Buffalo grind band AVULSION. I've been a fan for a long time but also haven't heard anything from them since their 2004 7". Their track is solid grindcore. Nice to see they're still doing it. ANCIENTS OF EARTH have a heavy, slow, melodic sound in the FALL OF EFRAFA sort of way but that's not exactly right. I just can't place the it. MORAX contains members of ANCIENTS OF EARTH and SCHEISSE KRIEG and have a rough big hardcore sound not far from TRAGEDY. I really didn't expect this 7" to be this good. (MH)
(Warm Bath)

V/A – "100 Bands Seven Inch Volume One" EP

I fucking love short songs. Ever since I heard my first nine-second joke metal track I have had a soft-spot for tracks less than 30 seconds long. *MRR* picked the right reviewer for this 7". When I saw it, I really didn't believe it. 100 bands on *one* 7"? Are you fucking kidding me? If you've listened to other records like this, like the classic *Blllleeeeaaauuurrrrgghhh!* comps, you know that you don't listen to a record like this to listen to your favorite band or to listen to individual tracks. These types of releases are to be listened to as a whole. And most importantly these types of releases are downright fun! In the time I typed that last sentence, ten tracks by ten different bands played. I am in love with this record. Each side takes you on a journey through every heavy sound imaginable from every corner of the world. Just the list of countries covered is insane. Slovenia, Germany, Scotland, Portugal, Italy, Spain, Thailand, France, Canada, Holland, Belgium, Ireland, Slovak Republic, Singapore, Indonesia, Malaysia, Israel, Australia, Ukraine, Hungry, Greece, Columbia and on and on and on. The release comes on clear vinyl with hand-drawn artwork and a huge booklet for all 100 bands' info. A lot of them are new to me and again you don't listen to a record like this to discover a new band because of one 20-second song but there are a few better known bands like TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION, AGATHOCLES, JESUS CROST and ATTACK OF THE MAD AXEMAN. This might give you the idea that the comp leans towards grindcore, but that's not so. There is pop punk, noisecore, noise, straight edge, fastcore, grindcore, black metal, goregrind and every other punk/hardcore/metal/grindcore/noise sound imaginable. This record made me so happy. (MH)
(NHDIYST)

V/A – "Short Fast + Loud #24" 10"

Fuck y'all, this is a really good comp. Issue #24 for the venerable *Short, Fast + Loud* zine comes with this rad collection of most of my favorite fast bands and some that I'm now converted to. High points include, COKE BUST, LÄRM, CONQUEST FOR DEATH, NOISEAR, EXTORTION, BRUTAL TRUTH, LACK OF INTEREST, PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER, FLAGITIOUS IDIOSYCRASY IN THE DILAPIDATION, WASTEOID—you get the picture. I can't believe that I didn't pick this up a few weeks ago at *SF+L*'s ten-year anniversary fest. Don't be like me, get this record. Now. (BL)
(Six Weeks)

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Compact Chaos: compactchaos@gmail.com

Cottage: PO Box 23045, Providence, RI 02903

Destructors 666: www.destructors666.com

Dirtnap: 2615 SE Clinton St, Portland, OR 97202

Don Giovani: www.dongiovannirecords.com

Downsided: www.downsidedrecords.com

Dr. Strange: www.drstrange.com

Drugged Conscience: druggedconscience.com

D-Takt & Råpunk: dbeatrawpunk.blogspot.com

Escho: www.escho.net

Evil Weevil: 12 Harbor Rd. Levittown PA 19056

Farewell: Steinbruchstr. 10, Hannover GERMANY, 30629, www.punkdistro.de

Fast Crowd: 3520 29th Street, San Diego, CA 92104, www.fastcrowdrecords.com

Fat Wreck Chords: www.fatwreck.com

FDH: www.fdhmusic.com

Fixing a Hole: www.fixingahole.jpn.orz

Flower of Carnage: 2-4 Takamidai Kokurakita, Kitakyushu Fukuoka, JAPAN 805-0858, www.flowerofcarnage.com

Gilgongo: PO Box 7455, Tempe, AZ 85281, www.gilgongorecords.com

Girls of Porn: 369 Hamilton St, Apt. 2, Albany, NY 12210, girlsofadultfilm@gmail.com

Give Praise: www.givepraiserecords.com

Grave Mistake: www.gravemistakerecords.com

Gummopunx: gummopunx@chello.nl

Havoc: PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com

Headed For Disaster: www.myspace.com/headedfordisaster

Heartless: Heartlesspgh@live.com

Hockey Champ: hockeychamprecords.blogspot.com

Invisible Spies: www.invisiblespies.com

Jeth-Row: www.myspace.com/jethrowrecords

Juvenile: www.myspace.com/juvenilerecord

Kick Rock: 9 Rue Michel Servet, 42000 St. Etienne, FRANCE, www.kickrock.org

Kill Shaman: www.killshaman.com

Kink: www.kink-records.de

Last Laugh: www.lastlaughrecords.us

Let's Pretend: PO Box 1663 Bloomington, IN 47402, www.letspretendrecords.com

Los Culitos: myspace.com/losculitos

Mississippi: mail order via killrockstars.com

Modern Action: PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476, www.modernactionrecords.com

Monster Zero: PO Box 2570, 2940 AB Lekkerkerk, NETHERLANDS

Mumfords: nightmarejerk@yahoo.com

NARM discos: www.narmdiscos.com

NHDIYST: c/o Christophe Bernard, 38 Rue Du Professeur Weill, 69005 Lyon, FRANCE, nhdiystrec.free.fr

No Gimmick: www.yesgimmick.com

No Idea: PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com

Non-Commercial: www.myspace.com/noncommercialrecords

No Patience: POB 39, Hindmarsh, South Australia, 5007 AUSTRALIA, nopatience.org

No Reprieve: www.noreprieverecords.com

No Way: 324 S. Pine St., Richmond, VA 23220, nowayrecordshc@gmail.com

Nuts!: PO Box 7302, Olympia, WA 98507

Overground: PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE991NW, UK, www.overgroundrecords.co.uk

Painkiller: www.painkillerrecords.com

Pain of Mind: Haltenhoffstr. 14, 30167 Hannover, GERMANY, pain-of-mind.blogspot.com

Papagajuv Hlasatel: www.phr.cz

Prank: PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA, 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com

Punkerama: 1st Floor, 58 Wellington Place, Belfast BT1 6GF, NORTHERN IRELAND, militant.tamato@btinternet.com

Red Lounge: www.redloungerecords.de

Red Room: vaccine@yahoo.com

Red Scare: www.redscare.net

Ric Rac: ricracrecords@gmail.com

Rice is Nice: www.riceisnice.net

RIP Society: myspace.com/ripsocietyrecords

Rob's House: www.robshouserecords.com

Rotted Tooth: rottedtoothrecordings@gmail.com

Rubber Vomit: kingsongproductions@gmail.com

Rusty Knuckles: www.rustyknucklesmusic.com

Sacred Bones: www.sacredbonesrecords.com

Scavenger of Death: scavengerofdeathrecords.blogspot.com

Schizophrenic: 17 W. 4th, Hamilton, ON L9C 3M2 CANADA, www.schizophrenicrex.com

Shaman: www.myspace.com/shamanrecords

Sing Sing: www.singsingrecords.com

Six Weeks: www.sixweeksrecords.com

Slow Fizz: www.slowfizzrecords.com

Sólo Para Punks: Apdo. De Correos 1030, 28905 Getafe, SPAIN, sillaelectricapunk@gmail.com

Specialist Subject: specialistsubjectrecords.co.uk

Squirmy: c/o Vince, 870 West Euclid Avenue, Stockton, CA 95204

S-S: www.s-srecords.com

Stonehenge: BP 30005. 33037 Bordeaux Cedex, FRANCE, www.stonehengerecords.com

Sweet Rot: PO Box 78025, Vancouver BC, V5N 5W1 CANADA, sweetrot@hotmail.com

Taints: 1215 E. Iowa Ave., Denver, CO 80210, joelangie@hotmail.com

Tangled Talk: store.tangledtalk.com

Television: televisionwrecks.blogspot.com

Television Explosion: 1077 Dundas Street West, Toronto ON, CANADA, M6J 1W9, www.telephoneexplosion.com

Tenafly Vipers: myspace.com/thetenaflyvipers

That Lux Good: myspace.com/thatluxgoodrecords

Think Fast!: www.thinkfastrecords.com

Threadpull: www.threadpullrecords.com

Tic Tac Totally: PO Box 558383, Chicago, IL 60655-8383, www.tictactotally.com

To Live a Lie: www.tolivealie.com

Touch Me Satan: touchmesatan@hotmail.com

Tuneless: www.myspace.com/tunelessrecordsrocks

Unsane Asylum: www.unsaneasylum.com

Vitriol: www.vitriolrecords.com

Vinyl Rites: PO Box 924, Gainesville, FL 32602, www.vinylrites.net

Warm Bath: PO Box 652, Buffalo, NY 14215

Way Back When: Taskinlaan 9, 2361XM Warmond, NETHERLANDS, www.waybackwhenrecords.com

Who Cares?: whocaresrecs@yahoo.fr, www.whocaresrecords.com

Youth Attack: www.ihateyouthattack.com

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Robert Collins, Dan Goetz, Max and Brad Lambert.

40 OZ. FOLKLORE – Ugh, I'm really not digging this. The drums are pretty reserved and at times unsteady, the riffs are uniformly of the over-recycled (if decently executed) dime store Oi! variety, and I can't say I'm loving the vocals, which come off a bit like a bad Tom Waits impression… with occasional weird filters that really don't add anything. Overall, it just doesn't seem to come together, and I don't think it'd be anything to write home about if it did. Missable. (Max) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics. www.myspace.com/40ozfolklore)

666 PACK – Well-executed and mercilessly generic party thrash from Cheyenne, WY. I'd say who they sound like, but they have that list in the lyrics to "Monday Night 24 Pack" which is about how its fun to drink beer and listen to metal in your kitchen with your "brothers." They also feature a Gang Green cover, Ozzy concert samples, and insanely wanky guitar solos. Wack metal: embodied. (Max) (7-song CD-R, lyrics for one song, no contact)

ADAM MOWREY / 30 YEAR HEX split – ADAM MOWREY plays airy and mostly acoustic pop, but in a VELVET meets VASELINES on mushrooms kind of way that's rather endearing (don't tell the punx I said that). 30 YEAR HEX are like noisy and haunted dance friendly region rock lost in an abandoned train station—whatever the fukk that sounds like. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, hamburgertapes.blogspot.com)

ANCIENT FILTH – Whoa shit, this is a good tape. Like really good. Gnarly Mass. hardcore punk with a lot of attitude. It's faster but not super fast and there is a cool graragey rock'n'roll element to some of the guitar work that hooks me and reminds of CONFUSE a bit. Vocals are higher pitched and screamy with lyrics about defiance and general radical politics. It sounds like this band is probably fun to watch live so help them out on the upcoming tours so they can get out to the West Coast and I can see them. (Brad) (10-song tape, lyrics included, 23 Gayhead St. / Jamaica Plain, MA 02130, fnl9000@gmail.com, www.ancientfilth.com)

AT DUSK / IDOLATER – This split is dominated by the AT DUSK material with more songs that are better than the two IDOLATER tracks. AT DUSK is ambient black metal nature worship from Santa Cruz. They wrote that the vocals were even recorded "among the haunted redwoods in the presence of death at the hour of the witch." You can draw some conclusions from that. I like it. The IDOLATER tracks sound like a bedroom metal project with awkward rhyming lyrics and the name of the band is spelled wrong. I might not be getting what they are going for but the AT DUSK tracks make the disc worth it. (Brad) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, atdusknatureworship@gmail.com)

AUTONOMY – This one put a smile on my face. AUTONOMY plays catchy, caustic jams that come off as equally steeped in the more post-punk side of the UK anarcho-punk scene like ZOUNDS or RUBELLA BALLET, and the rituals of worship at the altar of Ian Curtis. I also think they sound a lot like the LOST SOUNDS, but maybe that's just me. It doesn't exactly blow my mind, but this is solid gloomy pop propelled by driving, repetitive rhythms and catchy hooks and dammit that's good enough for me. I'm stoked to hear what else this band has got in store. (Max) (5-song CD-R. No lyrics. Autonomyband.blogspot.com)

AVFART 33 – Fukkn killer Swedish D-beat crust with a singer who demands positive comparisons to POST REGIMENT. No need to go into detail beyond that, just know that this rules and might be my favorite demo of the month. Mandatory. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/avfart33)

BABY PUNCHERS – Thrashy scum punks from Southern California. Great guitar tone and a great don't-give-a-fuck delivery. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.thedryheaves.net)

BENNY'S FORGOTTEN GARDEN – Someone thought it was a good idea to make a band that sounds like B-52s mixed with the CRAMPS playing garage rock. I'm not saying it was a bad idea...I'm just saying that they thought it was a good one. (Robert) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, bfgband@yahoo.com)

BLITZKRIEG WITCHCRAFT – This sounds like two dudes playing guitar and drums really loud and writing pissed off songs about shit they hate and then playing some RUDIMENTARY PENI covers. Sounds pretty rad to me. I think I hear bass on some of the songs too but I'm not sure. The music is slow but still really hateful and aggressive with yelled lyrics that sound like the singer is flipping out during the delivery. He sounds like he doesn't get along with a lot of people but has a cool band. (Brad) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, PO Box 521174 / SLC, UT 84152, myspace.com/blitzkriegwitchcraftband)

BURIAL – Germany's finest Japanese hardcore worship hit the West Coast last year, and brought this banger in tow to tease us until the release of their next record. Blatantly aping Japanese bands like JUDGEMENT and TETSU ARRAY has served them well over the years, and they've injected CROW style speed picking into the mix with excellent results. Two new studio tracks and a live set...plus they *killed* it in the flesh. (Robert) (2-song CD-R, no lyrics, no contact info)

CAUSTIC UPROAR PART II – This demo didn't come with any sort of lyrics or artwork, which is a bummer because I'm into it and want to know more. Total teenage rec-room hardcore—probably recorded in their rec-room too – that possesses the melody and energy of early '80s Orange/Ventura County, with some additional *IQ32* sensibilities thrown in for good measure. (Dan) (12-song CD-R, lyrics not included, www.cargocollective.com/causticuproarpart2)

CAUSTIC UPROAR PART II – Ultra raw garage hardcore...that is, more aggressive than garage punk, but still sounds like it was recorded in a garage and still has that snotty teenage vibe. (Robert) (12-song cassette, no lyrics, cargocollective.com/causticuproarpart2)

CERVIX – The first demo was awesome, but it was recorded/reproduced in such a bizarre fashion that most listeners were left wondering exactly what CERVIX were supposed to sound like. Now on the second demo, CERVIX answers the question, and fans of raw chaos punk can rejoice—this rules. Still hollow and noisy, the guitar and vocals shine through on this recording, and the vocals have entered a howling world all their own, while the guitar is much more pronounced and metallic. They eschew the UK82/DISORDER, CONFUSE by way of DISCLOSE approach, and instead make their own sounds within the admittedly narrow confines of raw punk. Now they just need to get some of these jams onto wax. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o PO Box #30, New York City, NY 10276)

CHACHI ON ACID – Acoustic retardo punk with an affinity for SOCKEYE (two SOCKEYE tunes are given the treatment, in fact). That either sells you immediately or tells you to stay away. Far far away. (Robert) (19-song CD-R, no lyrics, $5ppd from: 719 John St. West, Listowel, ON N4W 1B6 CANADA, cpburrowes@hotmail.com)

CORPUS LUTEUM – Don't just send us a CD-R of your killer new tunes. Try to put a *little* effort into your band, your music, and your demo. A plain disc with your myspace page scrawled on the back is fukkn lazy as shit, and it makes me not even want to listen to your band. The culprit this time is CORPUS LUTEUM, a raw crusty hardcore act from somewhere, presumably on earth, with metal sounding guitars and female vocals delivered with a snotty gutter punk rasp. It's pretty good, and I can't tell you anything else about the band. (Robert) (4 song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/corpusluteum)

COWER – First things first: this CD-R comes with what I can only assume is paint on top and its thick enough that it makes a really fuckin hideous noise in my CD drive and eventually stopped the CD from playing. Might wanna reconsider that. Otherwise, these songs are played well, but I can't say I'm a fan of this next to other stuff I've heard from COWER, like "Hatred Songs." Rather than the crushing stoner violence of that record, this has a kind of psych-metal feel that brings to mind NEUROSIS and to a lesser extent SAVIOURS, with a palpable tinge of MEAT PUPPETS as well. Sounds potentially cool in the abstract, but the three songs on this record fell flat with me. (Max) (3-song CD-R with lyrics. Television Records televisionwrecks@yahoo.com or televisionwrecks.blogspot.com)

CROOKED TEETH – How many different ways can a guy describe "hardcore?" That's what

CROOKED TEEH play, but how can I aptly explain how much better they are than most of the things also called hardcore? Female vocals, killer guitars, and an approach to song writing/playing that reminds me of the other bands that have roamed the Southeast, from the CROOKED TEETH's breakneck attack a la C.O.C. to their mastery of the DIRECT CONTROL "endless hooks in every song" approach to hardcore. This rules. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, totallycrooked@gmail.com)

DISCONNECT – Tough mid tempo hardcore from the mean streets of Vermont. Raw and dirty with plenty of mosh friendly breakdowns...actually, the whole ten minutes listens like a Boston HC mosh-a-thon. And I like it. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, getstoked.bandcamp.com)

EARTH SURFERS – Snotty surf punks getting stoned as shit and playing Nardcore jams and then smoking more weed before they record and then they switch gears and it's time for blown out thrash. Dirty and ugly music for total dirtbags (that's a compliment). (Robert) (? song cassette, no lyrics, www.deeptapes.com)

GUERRA MUNDIAL – From the Philippines comes this CD-R containing just over ten minutes of pretty decent crust. There's not a lot I have to say about this...it bears strong influences from DOOM and HELLBASTARD, while sporting plenty of burly d-beat parts akin to, say, SKITSYSTEM. You either like it or you don't, and it is very much what it is. In my opinion, the rhythm section could be a lot steadier and the production is too slick without enough punch. But that's not to say this isn't a totally respectable demo, because it is. (Max) (4-track CD-R. Lyrics. www.myspace.com/deadcharred).

HAPPYNOOSE – This is members from AIRES AND GRACES and other bands like WAIT IN VAIN and the ACCUSED playing midtempo to slower pop punk. The music is a little more upbeat that the vocalists style and his yawning drawl lends the music a more morose feel than it would have otherwise. I found myself liking how these things played off of each other. (Brad) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, happynoose@gmail.com)

HOT MESS – If the music didn't win me over (it did: fast and dirty hardcore punk with '90s tendencies borrowed from the time before Seattle was on the lips of every label exec west of Kansas and the bands were still good), the vocals and lyrics make this a no brainer. DC's HOT MESS are four women unapologetically blazing through five songs about sex, relationships and sexual relationships. The guitar has an enviable dirty crunch that suits these in your face mid tempo tracks well. The personal approach is lacking in far too much current punk, and this is a welcome change. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, hotmessdc.bandcamp.com)

ICH BIN EIN ESEL – Mid paced garage punks from Australia...like M.O.T.O. on a later-era SOCIAL DISTORTION bender. I dig the spaced out vibe to a few of the tracks, and while this demo kinda fades into the background after a while, I could easily imagine getting wasted with these tunes blasting. (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, swashbucklinghobo.blogspot.com)

INTERRACIAL LOVE TRIANGLE – I would like to extend apologies to INTERRACIAL LOVE TRIANGLE, since this tape sat in the review box for months just waiting for someone to take it home and give it a listen. It looks so *exactly* like something I would hate that I didn't want the demo to get an unfair review (we aren't *always* cold hearted), so it languished until I felt like even a closed minded reviewer trying to be open minded would be better than no review at all. So I guess it figures that the tape rules, right? If there was any doubt as to the infectious nature of this no-fi reverb drenched garage punk during the first two tracks, then the chorus to the third will win you over: "get naked / take it all off / you look better that way." It's like a saucy and carefree JON SPENCER with tin can drums, and it's addictive in a gloriously childish way. Now, just think of all the joy you've missed out on in your silly life by having a closed mind. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, c/o 5283 Rue St. Marie, Montreal, QC H4C 1X8 CANADA)

THE LAST STAND – If you made a paint-by-numbers NYHC record, it would sound like this. Apparently three of these dudes were in SHUTDOWN, and they like to play breakdowns, though they are notably better when they play fast. I really wish I could reprint their promo sheet for your entertainment. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/thelaststandnyhc)

LIFE ENDS – A total blur of grinding crust, powerful in its presentation and unrelenting in its attack. One vocalist sounds like SPAZZ-era Lactose, but this isn't some PV throwback, just killer blasts of hardcore/grind—heavy guitars, great riffs with a drummer that's all over the place and tight as shit. Lyrics are alternately comical and confrontational, sung in Deutsch and English. (Robert) (16-song cassette, lyrics included, d.blage@gmx.de, $9ppd from: www.kink-records.de)

LIFE ERASED – There is just something about Texas crust bands that seems to resonate somewhere deep within my dreads or something. These guys are pretty fukking brutal and awesome. They do the deep growly singer and higher pitched raw screamy singer trade off thing pretty well and their guitar work is more in the vein of hardcore punk than metal. There do have a sweet power metal solo in one of the songs but mostly this is a straightforward band for fans of crust. (Brad) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.lifeerased.com)

LIMBS BIN – This blurs the lines between art, electronic noise and grind. Like Chicago's BLOODY MINDED, LIMBS BIN take the grinding hardcore approach to music and translate the execution into the language of harsh power electronics. This is not for everyone, but if you like your boundaries tested then this comes highly recommended. (Robert) (24-songs, four live sets cassette, lyrics included, $5ppd from: tickledmeat.blogspot.com)

MAKE NO GAINS – Sometimes I wax nostalgic in reviews for the lost decade of the '90s. The great heartfelt emotional hardcore, the up front politics, even the pre-commercial grunge era. However, I never wistfully dream of a return to bands influenced by RANCID, STRUNG OUT and assorted other rock club commercial punk bands that like to scream street cred and influence minions to start bands that sound like third rate versions of the already watered down version of what used to be punk. But if I ever do find myself looking for a band like that, my search will be short, because MAKE NO GAINS are right in front of me. Entirely unoriginal pop punk with crunchy guitars and whiny vocals...they are really good at what they do, I just think they should do something less lame. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, makenogains.bandcamp.com)

MEN AS WITCHES – Long, epic crust laden doom tracks. Well done, raw as fuck, and sonically pleasing. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, ntcrtr@gmail.com)

NAPALM RAID – Super intense MotorCrust from Nova Scotia. Black clad with fists in the air, these kids whip out seven tunes here that are crushingly heavy and steer clear of typical DBeat, reverb crust or trite black metal trappings—just killer political hardcore for fans of STATE OF FEAR and the like. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, c/o 13 Carlisle Drive, Dartmouth, NS B2V 1V7 CANADA, pilon_3@hotmail.com)

NEGATIVE STANDARDS – Brutally heavy and dark music from Oakland. The slower intros and interludes owe an obvious debt to NEUROSIS and to steady doom metal, but the meat of these songs is a galloping frenzy of '90s crust with only the slightest hints of melody to temper the rage. Vocals are relentless and harsh, recording is professional and perfect, and the presentation is over the top... this deserves a vinyl release, but until then I'll take the cassette and listen the shit out of it. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $6ppd from: PO Box 22083, Oakland, CA 94623, fivetentapes.blogspot.com, gatscientistrecs.blogspot.com)

NO – While these kids are no *Clockwork* Oi! genre worship band, the bouncy guitar leads definitely make me think someone (if not everyone) in this band is digging on some MAJOR ACCIDENT, who I still think are awesome, even though I haven't had them on blast in a long time. This record totally hit my big soft spot for that kind of stuff. Its not amazing, it doesn't break any new ground, but its some competently executed, catchy streetpunk with pretty standard fare political lyrics (e.g. fuck authority, up the punx). Kids gotta pogo to something, and they could do worse. (Max) (10-song CD-R lyrics included, www.myspace.com/nonewpaltz)

PARTIYA / TROTZREAKTION split – Grind/punk/crust from Belarus takes up the first half of this disc, a relentless multi vocal attack from PARTIYA—stays brutal while never losing a punk vibe (which is to say, they don't lean on metal just because they like to blast, these are punks through and through). Germany's TROTZREAKTION play perfect DeutschPunk, hitting every catchy element required to live up to that moniker. Pogo worthy jams with up front vocals, awesome. Both bands' lyrics are translated into English, German and Russian...thanks kids! (Robert) (12-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/partiya, myspace.com/trotzreaktion)

PHIBES – Coming out of New Jersey with this short tape, PHIBES throws its hat into the ring of bare-bones melodic hardcore in the tradition of the ZERO BOYS and California's YOUTH BRIGADE. This is some lean, straightforward USHC that manages to meld twitching manic energy with hooks that are just this side of pop punk. That's all cool in my book. And it even sounds good on my shitty tape deck! (max) (5-song cassette, $5 ppd in the US at bleedingedges.bigcartel.com

PORN PERSONS – Earlier today I scanned the cover for the GIRLS OF PORN EP, and now I come home and pop in the PORN PERSONS cassette...it's shaping up to be a very sexy early afternoon. Ultra noisy shit-fi garage punk from Quebec that lends itself to a moniker like "post punk/no wave girl group," but with über noisy guitars. I think I like it, but it will take me a few more listens to fully digest. (Robert) (12-song cassette, no lyrics, savourydays.

blogspot.com)

PRE MADONNA – Dreamy drum machine drive post punk that listens a lot like '80s alterna-goth. Three of the songs are totally great, one is a complete stinker. Fans of BELLICOSE MINDS and goth punk guitar leads take note. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/wearepremadonna)

THE PSYCHO SCUM PUNKS – Looks like shit, terrible name, terrible art, I had to force myself to listen to this shit. And of course, it rules. Totally rudimentary hardcore delivered with a (likely accidental) KBD edge (the accidental is usually better and more honest than the intentional). Vocals are awkwardly shouted with an intensity that should be reserved for teenagers, and the raw delivery makes even this ultra simple punk a winner. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/thepsychoscumpunks)

PUBERTY WOUNDS – If you like hardcore that's noisy and abrasive, but are sick of the fleeting hype and pretentious misanthropy surrounding a lot of the bands doing this style these days, then PUBERTY WOUNDS might be the antidote you need. Plus, they actually know how to write good, memorable songs. Of the four on here, two are mostly fast and scissor-beat beavy, while the other two are slower and a bit more intricate, with great riffs and slightly wandering guitar and bass at times. The overall tone of this demo (and the lyrics) is earnest and maladjusted, pissed off but for a reason. (Dan) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics included, pubertywounds.tumblr.com)

RATS IN THE WALLS – Ripping fast hardcore with female vocals. RATS IN THE WALLS avoid getting lumped in with melodic crust by attacking everything straight on and taking their cues from ripping USHC instead of European crust. Good stuff. (Robert) (5-songs, no lyrics, jtidal@gmail.com)

THE RESIDUALS / RUINED TONGUE split – Short and sweet, the RESIDUALS remind me of SF's TIME IN MALTA, emotional and mature mid tempo hardcore. It's pretty good...at least until the singer wails "I said I loved you/I could have sworn it was true/I gave you my heart/you only gave me the blues" during a quiet introspective guitar interlude just before the triumphant finish. Two tracks from RUINED TONGUE, low end heavy slowish emotional modern HC...the second song kicks in and it sounds less interesting. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, www.radicalfriends.net)

SHOOTING GUNS – Meandering, spaced out psychedelic stoner jams. Four tunes that land squarely in the PHARAOH OVERLORD, HAWKWIND camp. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/shootinguns)

THE SHORTS – I like when old dudes keep slogging through the same tried and true power chords, and when they do so with a gusto like this, I like it even more. Absolutely nothing new can be found on this disc, just great up tempo UK punk rock clocking in at a whopping six minutes. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, free with a blank CD-R to: 2 Pine Close, Ashurst, Hampshire, SO40 9HB UNITED KINGDOM, theshortsuk.blogspot.com)

THE SQUIRMIN HERMANS – They bill themselves as comedy/punk, but it's not really that funny and the SQUIRMIN HERMANS come off like an average bar punk band with a singer who kinda reminds me of Doc Dart gone cock rock. (Robert) (11-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/thesquirminhermans)

STAB YOUR BACK – A version of this band exists in some form in every city in America—gruff adolescent punk played by adults. This was recorded while STAB YOUR BACK was opening for ADOLESCENTS and YOUTH BRIGADE in San Louis Obispo, and most of their show seems to be in that coastal no man's land between SF and LA... This is totally competent music. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.stabyourback.com)

STNNNG – Noisy indie rock, better than average quality and very professional. Think a dumbed down SHELLAC or mellowed out JESUS LIZARD. This is a vinyl only release, but when you send this magazine a fukkn promo CD-R, then you get downgraded to the demo section—sorry label kids, though your one sheet was quite informative. (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/stnnng)

STRAWMEN – This is somewhere between the brilliance of REIGNING SOUND and the annoying crust buskers that accuse me of not being a punk when I don't give them money for playing shitty bluegrass music on the street where I shop for punk records. File this reluctantly in the "win" column, even though the singer's warble starts to sound fake after a while (it is a live recording though, so hopefully he's just caught up in the moment). Fast and rowdy with two constant jangles from competing strums on two guitars, and I don't think a single song hits the two minute mark. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, hamburgertapes.blogspot.com)

SURROGATE ACTIVITY – When bands get together to play poppy punk, they should listen to bands like SURROGATE ACTIVITY first and pledge that if it's not going to be *at least* this good, then they are not going to bother. Totally danceable tunes from Newfoundland, this falls somewhere between BAYONETTES and THIS IS MY FISTS, but with a little less edge and extra sweet on the vocals than either. Totally great stuff. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, $5ppd from: 153 Prowse Ave. Ext., St. John's, Newfoundland A1E 1W2 CANADA)

TALKY TINA – Very slick sounding college indie rock with a '60s feel. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/talkytina1)

TEMPLE – Atmospheric live noise leaning towards low end drone with psychedelic guitars howling calmly in the distance. Not even remotely punk, but good nonetheless. (Robert) (3-song cassette, no lyrics, trigger.on.the.dutendoo@gmail.com)

TIED DOWN – Live demo recordings are good... cheap and easy, perfect for getting the sounds out there, and when your guitar amp is picking up radio signals, it's even better! Raw blasts of NEGATIVE APPROACH influenced hardcore mingle with forceful fast jams that are probably catchier than this recording lets on, but the vocals are brutally shouted the whole time so the vibe is never one of a dance party. More like a knife fight. Awesome. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, $5ppd from: 153 Prowse Ave. Ext., St. John's, Newfoundland A1E 1W2 CANADA)

TYVEK – Rowdy live recordings of this killer and prolific Midwest garage punk band. The hooks come every few songs or so, but the party-o-meter is always pegged in the red. (Robert) (29-song cassette, no lyrics, fagtapes.blogspot.com)

URSUT – Pained Scandi-crust from Malmö. Steady rock tempo with perfect Swedish leads, and the dual vocals are just searing—a perfect fit to the melodic riffing. Swedish lyrics with English translations, this is great. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, c/o Not Enough Poststugan 144, 211 65 Malmö SWEDEN, myspace.com/ursut)

VARIX – Noisy fukkd all female hardcore from Minneapolis. That raucous distorted mayhem isn't isolated on the coasts, and this is as insistent as any punk I've heard in ages. Fukkn great shit. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, myspace.com/varixpunk)

WARCOLA – Ferocious Texas chaos punk—take CASUALTIES and add in Japanese hardcore shredding then make it all faster. This is a complete assault, with multiple vocals firing on all cylinders at all times, with an ever-present and indescribable Texan "fuck you" always lurking in the mix somewhere. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, no lyrics or song titles, capital_waste@hotmail.com)

WARHAWK – If the MURDER CITY DEVILS had been around a few years earlier, and later tried to market themselves as a Southern post-grunge outfit come 1995, this trainwreck of a demo is what I imagine they'd sound like. Harmonica is great if you're BOB DYLAN or BLACK SABBATH on "The Wizard," but not for anything getting reviewed in *MRR*. (Dan) (5-song CD, lyrics included, no contact info)

WARHAWKS – Tough sounding street punk from Wisconsin. A slower, more rock 'n' roll version of THE PIST? They are clearly political, but with no included lyrics and ambiguous song titles like "Black House" which appears to be about Obama, I can't tell which direction they are coming from. American flag on the cover, but there's an eagle carrying it away... what does that mean? If you have a message, then please share it —the ambiguity helps no one (and yeah, I looked at your online shit and I still can't tell). Musically, this is quality, rock club ready punk...I wish I could comment on the content. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/warhawkrock)

WE ARE ALL SAVAGES – Metallic modern crust from New York. High raspy vocals and a generally abrasive approach to the (sub)genre make up for any shortcomings—harsh and refreshing. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, jtidal@gmail.com)

V/A "Comp of Narf" – My pals at Fag Tapes have given me some interesting jams over the years, and this comp is certainly no exception. Somewhere between noise punk, garage rock and just plain noise, these bands manage to hold your interest whilst wailing away into uncharted realms of distorted bliss. FULL MEAT JACKET, SICK LLAMA, CYGNUS, TY VEK and UNCONCERTED are represented, and they were nice enough to fill the entire B side with minimal industrial noise, just so you don't get bored. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, fagtapes.blogspot.com)

V/A "Walk the Plank" – This comp bills itself as "A Compilation of East Coast Punk," but there's no info on the bands aside from contact info, and this comp is good enough that it would've been deserving of a more substantial insert, even for a CD-R release. This listens like a '90s comp of bands from suburbs and smaller towns, and musically it runs the gamut from the PIXIES/BANANAS-influenced pop-punk of FEAR OF LIPSTICK to GET WRECKED's UK82 stylings to LAST LAUGH's summing up of the best parts of YOUTH OF TODAY, but with the exception of a few cringers, the bands on here manage to mine good music out of what are often generic punk subgenres. (Dan) (17-song CD-R, lyrics not included, rippingheadachesrecords.com)

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"In short COA dish out a frantic line in brain damaged tastiness, fuzzy, trashy sometimes stupid often inept never dull, a bit like the Dwarves but without the sticky bits and obviously schooled in all things second wave UK punk / early 80's east coast hardcore and happily pilfering riffs previously owned at one time by Bators and Thunders, stuff like 'everybody I know is an asshole' and 'I wanna be an alcoholic' are instant spew venting pogo pounding shit faced anthems "
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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(TB) Tim Brooks
(EC) E.Conner
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DJ) Danielle Gresham
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(JH) Jenn Hartman
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens
(AT) Amelia Tith
(VX) XYosefX

AB #11 / $2 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
I really like the AB format. It's not flashy at all, there are no photos or drawings. It is straightforward and honest. You just read it and learn how to do useful stuff. It's like a DIY guide to lifestyle. Topics in this issue include how to live on a boat, how to build your own basic but architecturally-sound dwelling, a conversation about technology and efficiency, an analysis of higher education, and tips on a foraging diet. There is also some info about the program the zine's writers have put together to learn how to play the guitar for a couple dollars. This isn't your average DIY zine where you can learn how to make a bong out of different fruit. It's actually useful. (BL)
Lisa Ahne / PO Box 181 / Alsea, OR 97324

ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO #47 / 25¢ or a really good letter
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
Aahhh, *Zippo*. Always a pleasure. It has been getting psychedelic lately, in a good way of course. Just a lot of photos and kind of electric musings that have me thinking about them long afterwards. For example, in this issue Robert reviews all the Fleetwood Mac records that preceded *Rumors*. He talks about a memory of being in the car with his mom hearing Fleetwood Mac for the first time, around the same time that Lennon died, and associating his parents' music with really cool artwork. Also there is a funny interview with American Splits, the questions are like "what song do you want played at your funeral" instead of "what are your influences". Also he interviews a flyer artist named Lou, who claims to only make "wingnutty" flyers. My kind of man. When you read *Zippo* you usually get a bunch of contributors' opinions as well: this time around there is a great comic review of the venue the Smell in LA. Don't miss out on this folks, it is always a treat. (JB)
PO Box 4985 / Berkeley, CA 94704

ATTACK OF THE ZOMBIE SOY BOT! #10 / ?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
This is a comic per-zine that walks us through the funnier and cutesy moments of the author's life. While I am a huge comics dork, I am not a fan of per-zines much. I do think it's cool that he included a sound track to the issue and the photo both pics of him at the beginning make me wanna hug the guy (I am not a hugger), cuz he seems like some nerdy punk kid that just wants to document and share some of the quirky and funny experiences with his friends. But the stories are sort of boring to me—they seem like a bunch of inside jokes, but again, I guess if you are like this guy and just doing what you love, you can relate on some level. Fuck what I think, kid. Keep making your zine. (MB)
zombiesoybot@hotmail.com

BEAUTY IN CONFUSION AND HARMONY: SOUTHEAST ASIA FROM AMERICAN PERSPECTIVE IN THE YEAR OF THE WHITE TIGER / contact them for price or to trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs
This travelogue is detailed in its way, but disappointing in all that's left out. The zine tells the story of guy who travels through Thailand and Cambodia, with a brief stop in Burma. No details is spared in terms of the logistics of his getting around, be it motorbike, bus, "tuk tuk," etc. He quickly covers a lot of surface details, but passes up opportunities for more detailed discussions of his circumstances or feelings. In fact there is almost no information about who the author is, what he was looking to gain from the trip, the history of the region, etc. He attends massage school in Thailand, and teaches English in Cambodia, but even this stuff is barely touched upon. What we're left with is a dry-ass journal with a very limited appeal. Despite the title, there's really very little perspective here. (JM)
GAIT Publishing / www.gaitpublishing.com

THE BLACK CLOUD #4 / trades preferred or $2 in cash or stamps
8.5x11 – copied – 26pgs
Nodding heavily to Martha Stewart, The Black Cloud, has curated a punk scrapbook. The notes, pictures, and memories of a Columbus, OH punk house known simply as "the 15th house" (here's hoping that's actually what street it was on!!!). None of this is really all that relevant to me but it's cool to see some attempts at local posterity. Bret, if you are accepting submissions for your next issue I have a really good story about crashing a RENOB (boner spelled backwards) party with my rock-n-roll cover band Brassier Explosion and possibly leaving the worst first impression in all of Columbus history by then breaking into cars and raging my whiskey drunk ass all around town barefoot. It even includes a ribald encounter with one of your former housemates!!! Ew, never mind. I actually just grossed myself out. (EC)
369 E. 15th Ave / Columbus OH 43201

CLASSY PEOPLE #3 / $4ppd, $5intl, trades welcome
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 56 pgs
Micah has achieved the task of documenting every show he went to for an entire year. One hundred and seven—dang. Most of these take place in and around Indianapolis with jaunts to Texas for Chaos in Tejas. Having frequented shows around both of these places extensively myself there was a lot to recognize in these pages. Still, this wasn't a very engaging zine. He isn't afraid to give a bad review so here's hoping he can take one. HARDCORE SHOWS ARE FUCKING BORING TO READ ABOUT. Perhaps if I was still sentenced to the hell of the rust belt or he sweltering heat of my motherland (TX) I could find something compelling in these pages. When he does digress it's still not interesting. Dudes, pizza, and punk records fill these pages. I'm never offended just bored. Proof that all my dreams of transgressive culture that embraces the sounds and sweet styles of the hardcore/punk culture I hold dear is indeed hard to eek out in these places. This is why we moved to San Francisco. (EC)
Micah Jenkins / 5502 Sleet Dr. / Indianapolis ,IN 46237 / vomax25@hotmail.com

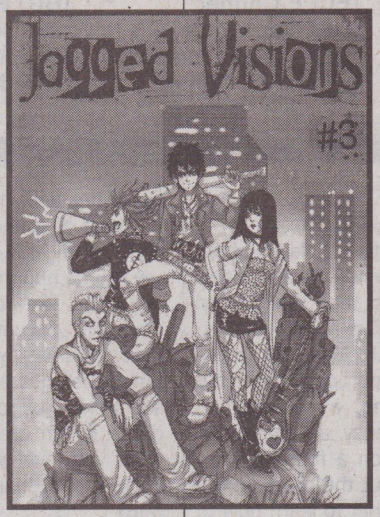
DILETTANTES & HEARTLESS MANIPULATORS #93-#96 / Free or Trades
3 x 4 – copied – 6 pgs
I put these four zines under one review because they are small in size. That being said do not let that fool you, *Dilettantes...* is full of little nuggets of odd but interesting facts/stories. In one issue the subject of depression is brought up—how we get stuck in our head and let our

fears and emotions bog us down. The next issue is simply a crudely drawn picture of a man hitting himself in the face. The third issue juxtaposes news headlines with the author's mental liner notes. And the fourth issue is about repressing Christmas and dealing with that stress. All of the issues are mini-zines folded/cut up in 1/8th page sizes with drawings or photos in the centerfold. And they appear to be produced semi-weekly. Another thing I have not seen lately in the zine-world, which I thought was intriguing. (DJ)
Spurzine / P.O. Box 41 / Flinders Lane, Victoria 8009 / Australia

ECLECTIC BILLIONAIRE QUARTERLY #2 **/ $?**
8 x 10 – copied – 18 pgs
I don't get this at all. Semi-glossy cut 'n' paste rag that appears to be a spoof of rich folks society mags. Stuff like "Humans—How many should you own?" It's gibberish. Seriously I didn't get it at all. A little help? (TB)
The American Club / 444 Highland Drive / Kohler, WI 53044

EVIL MINDED #7 / $8 US, $11 world, full color version $18 US, $22 world
8.5 x 11 – copied – 36 pgs + DVD
Crazy! I had never even heard of "visual kei," a Japanese band genre, before picking up this zine. It is a "band genre," too, as the visual appearance of the band and the craziness of their shows is what places them inside it, not the sound they play. Most of the bands in the early years of the scene were playing in a punk, metal, or gothic style. In the years that followed, commercially successful bands co-opted the style and got rid of the rough edges, so the history covered here ends around 1993. Tom, the editor, has done many hardcore punk zines and brings that same perspective here. He covers the more influential bands, and goes into extensive detail in recommending demos, LPs, and videos. The DVD included has 27 (mostly live) tracks and this shit is wild. One section focuses on bands that used Nazi imagery, and these bands were over-the-top in every regard, so a fucking Nuremberg rally is put to shame by the shit these dudes are posing with. I can't pretend to know what a Japanese person thought about this type of thing in 1988, or even today, but my perspective is that some shit opposing/exposing Japanese war crimes in China or the Philippines pre and during WWII would be "shocking" in a way more productive sense. The author says he would never promote any actual Nazis in his zine, and based on his other writings I believe him. If you want to learn about or be exposed to this scene, this zine/DVD is worth the money, which I don't say very often about $8 zines. He's selling these at costs so he can't do trades. I would say avoid this if you already have a problem staring at Youtube too much, 'cuz this'll make it worse. (JM)
Tom M. / 2964 Winter Garden Unit D / Lexington, KY 40517 /
zine4musicaldestruction@hotmail.com

FREAK OUT! #2 / $5 ppd world
11.25 x 35 – printed – 20 pgs
This is a French fanzine and I don't speak the language but from the bands they talk about are mostly ones I've heard of and are cool. There is an interview with Crazy Spirit that I wish I could read because it looks kind of fun and goofy. They also interview Gun Outfit, Telecommande, Lee "Scratch" Perry, and some bands I haven't heard of and do a lot of record reviews. The photos and art are all well done and the layout is pretty top notch for a punk 'zine. There is also a Foreign Report written about Athens, USA which I had a fun time for a minute trying to figure out which Athens they were talking about. My language deficiency ruined any hope of that, someone let me know. (BL)
Freak Out! / 11 Rue Chalopin / 69007 Lyon / France /
freakoutzine@gmail.com



GRUNTED WARNING #4/#5 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 10 pgs
Each issue of this zine consists of what appear to be newspaper clippings that are usually only a few sentences in length and cover funny, bizarre, or gruesome stories, with occasional NSFW-leaning photos also clipped from newspapers. Judging by the font used for the headlines and text, I'm guessing that most of them come from the same few publications, perhaps primarily compiled from some sort of regular "kickers" section of one newspaper in particular. In the ten minutes (at most) it'll take you to get through these, you'll read about drunken elephants, the guy who OD'd on caffeine powder, and the guy who was force-fed his own beard. I'm not ruling out that some of these might be fabricated, or at least not fact-checked, but there are worse ways to kill a few minutes. (DG)
c/o Straw / PO Box 93 / Paddington, NSW 2021 / Australia

HOKKU #6 / $1 20p
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 12 pgs
This is a slim Xerox with a hippie punk aesthetic, if Neil and Viv from *the Young Ones* were forced to become one human. It comes with a little envelope with instructions on how to make a proper cuppa tea, a pretty cool interview with Penny Rimbaud from Crass, plus a large amount of... ANARCHO POETRY!!!! Does that fill you with joy or fear? I'll leave you to guess my response... (LG)
tristabkylegemmell@hotmail.co.uk

THE INNER SWINE
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 100 pgs
Really long and really bland. That kind of writing that is trying so hard to be clever and sarcastic but is far too aware of an audience. The essays and fiction and letters to whatever else all echo the same basic three things 1. This guy likes booze 2. This guy likes girls 3. This guy thinks he's funny (he's not). I don't care. About a hundred pages of boring times. (MM)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 94146

JAGGED VISIONS #3 / $3
8.5 x 11 – copied – 40 pgs
This zine is all about Japanese punk and Noise, written by a Dutch kid. Apparently it was assembled while the writer was visiting Japan, but very little of it is travel writing. A big portion of the zine is dedicated to interviews with Japanese bands like SLANG, TONE DEAF and COSMIC NEUROSE. The interviews are a bit shaky and most answers are one sentence long or less. So, not a lot of griping dialogs, but that is probably the fault of a significant language barrier. The rest of the zine reads like an introductory coarse made for someone with no knowledge of Japanese hardcore. There are short little paragraphs about the writer's favorite bands of past and present, coupled with extensive biographies on classic Japanese punk bands like GISM and STALIN. They're more in dept than the wikipedia pages, so it's worthwhile. There is also a list of Japanese movies to check out, and Japanese tour stories from Dutch bands. It's a good read if you are looking to take a class in Japanese hardcore 101, but might be a bit dull to more well informed readers. (FS)
jaddedvisionszine@gmail.com /
www.jaggedvisionszine.wordpress.com

LANGDON OLGAR / $10/ 6 quid
7.5 x 10.5 – printed – 44 pgs
Wow, this is amazing. Put together by the women who organized the anti-street harassment group, Hollaback London, to raise funds for that and other feminist organizations. This fanzine is engaging and empowering at the same time. It looks incredible, I am not sure what printing method used but it resembles a literary journal mashed up with an old issue of *Vague* magazine... The content moves from the theoretical to the personal; women's stories of survival, assault, of existing in this rape culture and what that actually means. This is about resisting psychic death, about reinforcing your existence in the face of doubt, fear and misogyny. "It was a compliment, love/Relax and enjoy it!" It's hard for me to put into words how good this is, the writing about street harassment is just amazing, how it contextualizes it with the wider feminist struggle and with women's various forms of self-expression in the face of repression and fear. There are so many different voices represented and expressed. Every piece is powerful and well thought out—this is an incendiary document! The artwork is what brought to mind *Vague* magazine, it has that cut-up post-punk/situationalist feel. There was

one line that really stuck with me that seemed like it was alluding to the misogyny inherent in *Vice* magazine, "Just because it's free, doesn't mean you're not consuming it." Obviously this contains mostly female voices, but there are interviews with allies, including a talk with Ian MacKaye about the Fugazi song "Suggestion" which is actually pretty interesting, and one with a man who identifies as a feminist about what that means. Langdon Olgar was Lisa Simpson's one time boyfriend... (LG)
ldn.ihollaback.org/langdon-olgar

MEDIA JUNKY: A REVIEW ZINE issue 14, winter2010 / $1 or nice letter
4 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs
Self-explanatory, it's a review zine! It's quite cute, quarter-sized with cut and pasted layout. It looks like they review other zines as well as music. One can appreciate the effort to bring attention to the small-scale distribution nature of zine-worldliness, where you never know what might turn you on. This month they reviewed *Accept the Darkness, Amphetamine Wolverine Blues, Blackgaurd, Dreams & Visions, Ray X X-Rayer* and bands Agathocles, Sockeye, Greg Stromberg & Dan Susnara. They only review things with physical addresses. Pick one up or send in your own zine/band demo. (AT)
Jason Rodgers / P.O. Box 8512 / Albany, NY 12208

MUSIC THAT DOESN'T SUCK #5 / $2ppd or trade
5 x 8 – copied – 32 pgs
Now *this* is a music fanzine! Chock full of fun travel stories (going to see the Mummies), fantastic article on current Latin American punk, article on Human Skab, brief interviews, some reviews and whole heap of personality and attitude. I always like to read a zine that has it's own voice and brings something to the table you can't get from anywhere else. Nate has his own opinions and I dig that. This is well worth picking up if you are into music centered zines. (TB)
MTDSUCK@gmail.com

NANCY #1 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
LOVE IT. An interrogation of why we try to regulate the femininity of girly gay boys. A celebration of the sissy and femme. It's brainy, silly, and bubbling over with rage about misogyny in gay male culture. It's always so weird and disheartening when gender rigidity pops up in queer spaces, but when it gets recognized and called out and named for what it is—God, it's like a breath of fresh air. (JH)
Alex Creep / www.creepclub.co.uk/nancy / creepclub@gmail.com

NO THANKS FUCK EVERYTHING #6 / $3 ppd US/$4 ppd world or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 33 pgs
Mike nails it again with another stellar issue of *No Thanks Fuck Everything*. This time around, he interviews Germ Attak, Reckless Aggression from Australia, and Shiva who does *Accept the Darkness* zine out of Brooklyn.

He writes about Discharge's essential records and his picks for the best Discharge influenced bands, there's also more writing about NYC hip-hop and his experiences working as a teacher. In this issue he goes through what he considers to be the best Gang Starr songs, as well as the best NYC hip-hop songs in general. On the teaching front, a few things Mike talks about include the transition from teaching middle schoolers to kindergarteners, the problems with teacher tenure, and his thoughts on charter schools. This is one of the best music zines that's coming out of the US right now, and is well worth your time if you haven't taken notice yet. (DG)
c/o Friedberg, 6016 N. Kimball #1, Chicago, IL 60625 /
twomonstrousnuclearsteinbecks@gmail.com

NUTS! #6 / $6.50 or trade
11.25 x 35 – printed – 28 pgs
Olympia has been quite the hotbed for interesting punk bands and artists over the past few years, and *Nuts!* has done a great job of documenting the wide musical/ideological range of what's coming out of the area; from Broken Water and their queer feminist politics to the soda-loving ways of Red & Black, as discussed in this issue's interviews. And you'd better be able to take a lot of art, because this zine is chock full of intricate sketches and collages from various contributors, along with some poetry, a perzine-style piece on Olympia bands coming to Oakland, and so forth. I think that more than a lot of zines, this one really offers an un-self-conscious window into the brains and thought processes of the contributors, such as the story of how John from Weird TV and Stephie from Hysterics became fanatical about each other's bands, or on a more humorous level, the 101 things for which HPP could be an acronym. This issue also comes with a split flexi with Milk Music on one side, and Carrie Keith from Sisters doing solo acoustic stuff. (DG)
PO Box 7302 / Olympia, WA 98507

ONT ROAD #15 / $3 US, ?1.5 UK, ?2 EU, ?4 World
8.25 x 5.75 – printed – 40 pgs.
This issue of *Ont Road* finds our adventurous traveling editor, a Brit, in the Czech Republic, Romania, and the island of Mallorca(!), exploring the richness of experience and attending a few punk shows along the way. Right there should be enough for an issue alone, but then there's the journey down the West Coast of North America, roaming Vancouver to Vegas. Amusing experiences and observations are given, as well as occasional photos, and thankfully the writer is not trying to mimic *Cometbus* or anything; his delivery is typed, not quite as introspective, but original and entertaining. But traveling only constitutes half of the content—the rest of the pages are devoted to punk music. It's interesting to see written accolades on Bad Religion, Manic Street Preachers, and the Warped Tour right along with a story on how pathetic Concrete Sox have become lately. But again, it's cool to see an honest and original viewpoint that's not trying to be cool by only name dropping the "right" bands or copying other travel zines. Finishing off the issue is a brief article on a DIY dart championship event and a funny open letter to Lady Gaga. I don't know if it's just the winter blues setting in but reading this is making me jones to travel right now. (BG)
Ont Road Fanzine / 14 Hessle Mount / Leeds / LS6 1EP / UK / ska1ska@yahoo.com

RAZORCAKE #60 / $4
8 x 10.75 – printed – 112 pgs.
I read this thing last night from cover to cover and as a result I'm suffering from lack of sleep typing this up early in the morning before work. But well worth it, I say! *Razorcake* is the *Flipside* of today and in some ways even better. The music coverage is limited to a few interesting and in-depth interviews or articles on bands that you want to know more about, as opposed to loads of short and pointless interviews largely of bands you could care less about. This time around is a terrific interview with the Red Dons, one of the greatest groups around today. The backgrounds to some of their lyrics are revealed, especially those coming from the bass player and his fascinating experiences living in the Middle East. There're also wonderful tributes to Ari Up of the Slits and Jess "the Mess" of Broken Bottles. Oh yeah, I almost forgot, there's also a good interview with Wyn Davis, who was an engineer at Total Access studios, the epicenter of all the early SST recordings. Even though he wasn't much of a punk himself, his insights make an interesting read. The most impressive article of the issue, however, deals with the subject of how to go about creating your own independent record label. Everything you need to know is explained here, from recording tips to distribution advice. This article alone should be widely distributed as an essential resource. And

all of this is merely a fragment of what makes this magazine so wonderful. Just about every column (always my favorite part to read) is well written, often full of humor, and fun to read. As if all of that wasn't enough, there are a ton of comics and reviews all over the place. Totally recommended! (BG)
Razorcake / PO Box 42129, Los Angeles, CA 90042 / www.razorcake.org

ROCK 'N' ROLL BLANK STORIES#1 /$1
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
There seems to be a growing subset of zines that take their cue from *Mad Libs*. I don't know if this is such a great development, but a 32 page zine of Bruce Springsteen stories in which you supply the verbs, nouns and adjectives is nothing if not amusing. Michael's idea is to produce a series of these each with a different musician as its subject so once you finish supplying the details to the Boss's *Nebraska* recording session meeting with a pizza delivery guy, you can look forward to doing the same for stories involving other rock 'n' rollers. Once this expands into the world of punk, some real magic is going to happen. If I might suggest; perhaps a Peter and the Test Tube Babies issue in the future? (CR)
xboogdishx@hotmail.com

ROCKTOBER #48 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 136 pgs
Hell Yeah! Chicago represent! This is a gem that comes from the best city in the world and covers more music than you can shake a fucking stick at. If you are not familiar with this zine and you like comics, punk music and beyond, this is a mandatory reader for the curious and intelligent! 136 fucking packed as fuck pages with interviews of Nancy Faust (queen of the organists who graces the ballparks of Chicago), Vera Ramone and her new book, an article by British Invader Ian Whitcomb, an intriguing article about Helen Wooten (Chicago's soul legend), a revealing article about Cleveland '80s rockers Easter Monkeys, a dead rocker salute, columns covering metal, punk funk, rock etc... in a more archival than editorial way. One of my favorite sections is the "updates" which span from the "Masked Rocknroll Update" to "Truck Mucis Update" to "Midget Rocknroll Update" to "Robot Rocknroll Update," the shit is amazing. There are tons and tons of music and book and comics reviews (including punk and garage). Flip this magazine over and you have a comics extravaganza going on featuring Gumball Head (if you drink good beer, you know who this is...), an obit about legend Frank Frazetta, and an amazing bio/article about Jim Osborne. This magazine is a steal at $4. The writing is good and the articles are interesting. You will be a better person for taking advantage of the knowledge they are giving you here... Get it! (MB)
1507 E. 53rd St. #617 Chicago, IL 60615 / www.rocktober.com / jake@roctober.com

SAPATTACK #1 / $2, trades welcome
8.5 x 7 – copied – 24 pgs
Splattery punk love story. It's a lot like listening to someone tell tour stories—lots of beer, lots of minor characters you don't know, probably way more exciting if you were actually there. (JH)
Matt & Alex / 3232 Blaisedell Ave S. #106 / Minneapolis, MI 55408 /
thehennepinups@gmail.com

SHORT, FAST AND LOUD! #24
8.5 X 11 – printed – 50pgs
Ya'll know the deal with this zine by now. It's a music fanzine that closely mirrors yours truly, (top tens, columns, interviews, reviews) but narrows its content to only the most brutal aspects of punk. You know; power violence, grind, thrash, only the hardest of the hard stuff. This zine rules; it covers that aspect of punk really well. This issue in particular has interviews with Eric Wood of BASTARD NOISE, Chris Dodge of Slap A Ham, and COMPLETED EXPOSITION. Just wish the font size wasn't so small in the columns and reviews. That shit is making my eyes hurt. (FS)
sixweeksrecords@comcast.net / sixweeksrecords.com

THE STUDENT INSURGENT Volume 22 #1 / Free or $15 for year subscription
8.5 x 11 – printed – 24 pgs
It's been a while since I've been assigned this, but I remember it having more substance to it somehow? This reads just like a notice board at a student co-op house, a bunch of random poetry and brief articles pertaining to radical student activities on campus, and bumper sticker style slogans stating the obvious. It doesn't seem like much effort went into it somehow, like a bunch of stoners got together and decided capitalism sucks maaaaaan. The page with "Dear UO students, it's time to put down your iPhones and pick u a newspaper. It's time to wake up" seemed sort of patronizing and irrelevant. Like really is picking up a newspaper going to do anything? That's your call to arms!!?? Jeez. Bumper sticker politics are depressing and trite. There are a lot of letters in here congratulating the editors on doing a great job and really giving it to the man, but I don't see it. All the text is super huge, adding to the impression that there isn't much to this in terms of content. At any rate this edition of this publication seems self-congratulatory and obvious, and definitely not as radical or insightful as it has been in the past. I can't imagine anyone that doesn't know the editors giving a shit about this. (LG)
1228 University of Oregon / Eugene, Oregon 97403
studentinsurgent@gmail.com

UPTOWN PROBLEMS: AN ABORTED JOURNAL OF "RADICAL SELF-HELP" winter 2010-11 / $5 PPD, no trades
5.5 x 8 – printed – 32 pgs
This "magazine" kinda looks like a take-out menu from a fancy restaurant in the financial district. A glossy green cover conceals clean fonts and ornamental bullet points that separate the abundance of esoteric remarks to deep "thoughts" he threatens might be the next *Vice,* but without the corporate pornographic fun stuff. The menu—I'm guessing was written and cooked up by anti-intellectual chef/editor Nick Clemente himself—consists of help-your-own-sorry-ass anti-worship, life-death talk, neck tattoos, bike messenger bro-therly advice and other who-gives-a-shit personal moments that reveal his grossly self-aware privilege. I can't tell if he chose this form to impress his dad and fellow bike messengers, or he is trying do demonstrate that bettering ones self through personal enlightenment comes with moments of idiocy. I can't argue that isn't true at times. Your enlightenment has caused me to be enlightened similarly, let me demonstrate:
• Zines are awesome because they are do-it-yourself space-making for self-expression and you never have to answer to a publisher.
• Bike messengers have less sex drive because 9-5 adrenaline danger is hard on the balls, and they really only get off by drinking beer with other bike messengers
• Less people in your social circle are likely to find out what a rip-off you are if you put your ideas/appropriated bullshit into a zine than if you were to publish it on your blog or facespace. It can be an extremely vulnerable experience in which the creator may be rewarded with either a pat on the back for saying something redundant in a different fashion, or self-liberation from the bondage of trying to *not* be like everybody else
• I'm turning in this review a day later than I was supposed to. Fuck deadlines! We're already dead!—or are we?
• Magazines are cultural digests that capitalize on suckers that can afford a yearly subscription
• My roommate said the editor probably just hasn't had good sex in a while (apparently true: not since he "was 22 to a girl that read *Cosmo* or something")
• I find that jumping on a trampoline while topless for five minutes a day is way more fun than having a drunk douche bag on top of me for three minutes.
• It can also lower my risk of developing breast cancer
• My guess is that the girl that offered great sex probably snuck a finger up his butt (too drunk to remember?); orgasms are better when you have something up your butt.
• Expanding your asshole is the same as expanding your mind. Don't think too hard. (AT)
Uptown Problems / 1621 North Kedzie Avenue #3 / Chicago, IL 60647 / uptownproblems@gmail.com

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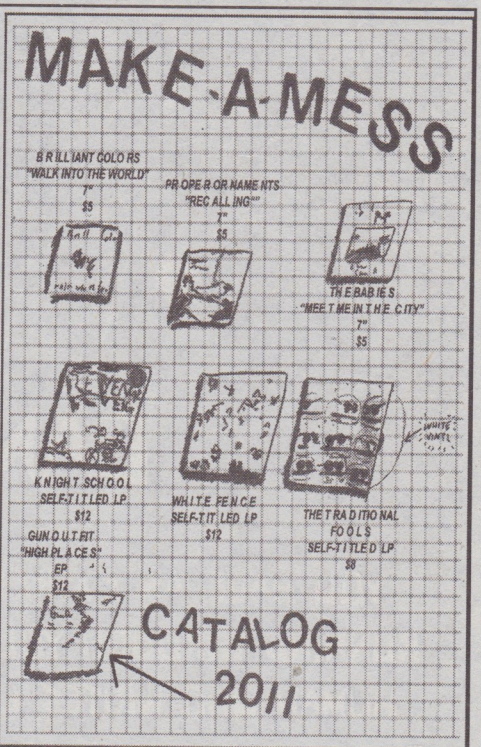

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